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THE  
COMPLETE WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

COMPRISING HIS

PLAYS AND POEMS,

WITH

A HISTORY OF THE STAGE, A LIFE OF THE POET, AND AN  
INTRODUCTION TO EACH PLAY:

THE TEXT OF THE PLAYS

CORRECTED BY THE MANUSCRIPT EMENDATIONS CONTAINED IN THE RECENTLY  
DISCOVERED FOLIO OF 1632.

By J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq., F. S. A.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

GLOSSARIAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

AND

NOTES TO THE EMENDATIONS, CONTAINING THE READINGS OF FORMER EDITIONS,

By JOHN L. JEWETT.

With New and Original Designs by T. M. Matteson, Engraved by Alexander Anderson

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# ROMEO AND JULIET.



ACT I.—Scene 1.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.  
 PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.  
 MONTAGUE, } Heads of two hostile Houses.  
 CAPULET, }  
 Uncle to Capulet.  
 ROMEO, Son to Montague.  
 MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to  
 Romeo.  
 BENVOLIO, Nephew to Montague, and Friend to  
 Romeo.  
 TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.  
 FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan.  
 FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.

BALTHASAR, Servant to Romeo.  
 SAMPSON, } Servants to Capulet.  
 GREGORY, }  
 PETER, Another Servant to Capulet.  
 ABRAM, Servant to Montague.  
 An Apothecary.  
<sup>1</sup> Musicians.  
 CHORUS. Boy; Page to Paris; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to Montague.  
 LADY CAPULET, Wife to Capulet.  
 JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.  
 Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; male and female Relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, during the greater Part of the Play, in Verona: once, in the fifth Act, at Mantua.

## PROLOGUE.

CHORUS.

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
 In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
 From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
 Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
 From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
 A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
 Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows  
 Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.  
 The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
 And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
 Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
 Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
 The which if you with patient ears attend,  
 What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—A public Place.

*Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with Swords, and Bucklers.*

*Sam.* Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry <sup>a</sup> coals.  
*Gre.* No, for then we should be colliers.  
*Sam.* I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.  
*Gre.* Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.  
*Sam.* I strike quickly, being moved.  
*Gre.* But thou art not quickly moved to strike.  
*Sam.* A dog of the house of Montague moves me.  
*Gre.* To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to

<sup>a</sup> To "To carry coals" is to put up with insults.



stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

*Sam.* A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

*Gre.* That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

*Sam.* 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore, I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

*Gre.* The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

*Sam.* 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

*Gre.* The heads of the maids?

*Sam.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

*Gre.* They must take it in sense, that feel it.

*Sam.* Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand; and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

*Gre.* 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here come two of the house of the Montagues.

*Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.*

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

*Gre.* How! turn thy back, and run?

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No marry: I fear thee!

*Sam.* Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

*Gre.* I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* Is the law of our side, if I say—ay?

*Gre.* No.

*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, sir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

*Sam.* If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better.

*Sam.* Well, sir.

*Enter BENVOLIO, at a Distance.*

*Gre.* Say—better: here comes one of my master's kinsman.

*Sam.* Yes, better, sir.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

*Ben.* Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords with his.*]

*Enter TYBALT.*

*Tyb.* What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? [*Draws.*]

Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me. [*Word.*]

*Tyb.* What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

*Enter several persons of both Houses, who join the Fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs or Partisans.*

*1 Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

*Enter CAPULET, in his Gown; and Lady CAPULET.*

*Cap.* What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

*La. Cap.* A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

*Cap.* My sword, I say?—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

*Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.*

*Mon.* Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go. [*foe.*]

*La. Mon.* Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a

*Enter the Prince, with his Train.*

*Prin.* Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel!—

Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins, On pain of torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,

By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,

Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;

And made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,

Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.

If ever you disturb our streets again,

Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace:

For this time all the rest depart away.

You, Capulet, shall go along with me;

And, Montague, come you this afternoon,

To know our farther pleasure in this case,

To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt the Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET,*

*Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.*]

*Mon.* Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?—Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

*Ben.* Here were the servants of your adversary, And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.

I drew to part them: in the instant came

The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;

Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,

He swung about his head, and cut the winds,

Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,

Came more and more, and fought on part and part,

Till the prince came, who parted either part. [*day*]

*La. Mon.* Oh! where is Romeo? saw you him to-

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,

A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;

Where, underneath the grove of sycamore

That westward rooteth from the city's side,

So early walking did I see your son.

Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,

And stole into the covert of the wood:

I, measuring his affections by my own, [*found,*]

Which then most sought where most might not be

\* "Poor John" is *hake*, dried and salted.—<sup>b</sup> To "bite the thumb" was a common mode of insult, in order to begin a quarrel, in Shakespeare's time.—<sup>c</sup> Gregory alludes to *Tybalt*, who enters immediately after *Benvolio*.—<sup>d</sup> Swaggering; dashing.

\* Angry.—<sup>e</sup> Pikes.—<sup>f</sup> "Free-town," said to be the castle of the Capulets.



Being one too many by my weary self,  
Pursu'd my humor, not pursuing his,  
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:  
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the farthest east begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself;  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,  
And makes himself an artificial night.  
Black and portentous must this humor prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

*Mon.* I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

*Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means?

*Mon.* Both by myself, and many other friends;  
But he, his own affections' counsellor,  
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—  
But to himself so secret and so close,  
So far from sounding and discovery,  
As is the bud bit with ' the envious worm,  
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,  
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.  
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,  
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

*Enter ROMEO, at a distance.*

*Ben.* See, where he comes: so please you, step  
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied. [*aside*;

*Mon.* I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,  
To hear true \*shriff.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.*]

*Ben.* Good morrow, cousin.

*Rom.* Is the day so young?

*Ben.* But new struck nine.

*Rom.* Ah me! sad hours seem long.  
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

*Ben.* It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's  
hours? [*short.*]

*Rom.* Not having that, which, having, makes them

*Ben.* In love?

*Rom.* Out.

*Ben.* Of love?

*Rom.* Out of her favor where I am in love.

*Ben.* Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,  
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

*Rom.* Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!  
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—  
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!  
O any thing, of nothing first created!  
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!  
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—  
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.  
Dost thou not laugh?

*Ben.* No, coz; I rather weep.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?

*Ben.* At thy good heart's oppression.

*Rom.* Why, such, <sup>2</sup>Benvolio, is love's transgres-  
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast; [*sion.*—  
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd  
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,  
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.  
Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs;  
Being <sup>3</sup>puff'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:  
What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.  
Farewell, my coz. [*Going*

*Ben.* Soft, I will go along:

Am if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

*Rom.* Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here:

This is not Romeo; he's some other where.

*Ben.* Tell me in <sup>b</sup>sadness, who <sup>4</sup>'is't that you love  
*Rom.* What! shall I groan, and tell thee?

*Ben.* Groan. why, no;  
But <sup>c</sup>sadly tell me, who.

*Rom.* Bid a sick man in <sup>b</sup>sadness make his will;  
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.—

In <sup>b</sup>sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

*Ben.* I aim'd so near, when, I suppos'd you lov'd.

*Rom.* A right good mark-man!—And she's fair I  
love.

*Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

*Rom.* Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit

With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit;

And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,

From love's weak childish bow she lives <sup>b</sup>encharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,

Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:

O! she is rich in beauty; only poor,

That when she dies with beauty dies her store.

*Ben.* Then she hath sworn, that she will still live  
chaste? [*waste*;

*Rom.* She hath, and in that sparing makes huge

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise; too wisely fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be rul'd by me; forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O! teach me how I should forget to think.

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes:

Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'Tis the way

To call her's, exquisite, in <sup>d</sup>question more.

These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair:

He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

Show me a mistress that is passing fair;

What doth her beauty serve, but as a note

Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A street.

*Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.*

*Cap.* But Montague is bound as well as I,  
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,  
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honorable <sup>e</sup>reckoning are you both;  
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

*Cap.* But saying o'er what I have said before.

My child is yet a stranger in the world,

She hath not seen the change of fourteen years:

Let two more summers wither in their pride,

Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*Par.* Younger than she are happy mothers made.

<sup>b</sup> "In sadness," i. e., seriously.—<sup>c</sup> Seriously; gravely.—  
<sup>d</sup> That is, "To make her exquisite beauty more the subject of  
conversation."—<sup>e</sup> Estimation; account.



*Cap.* And too soon marr'd are those so early married.

Earth<sup>2</sup> up hath swallowed all my hopes but she,  
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:  
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,  
My will to her consent is but a<sup>a</sup> part;  
An she agree, within her scope of choice  
Lies my consent and fair according voice.  
This night I hold an old accusom'd feast,  
Whereto I have invited many a guest,  
Such as I love; and you, among the store,  
One more most welcome makes my number more.  
At my poor house look to behold this night  
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:  
Such comfort, as do lusty young<sup>b</sup> men feel,  
When well-appareld April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads, even such delight  
Among fresh female buds shall you this night  
Inherit at my house: hear all, all see,  
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:  
Which, on more view of many, mine being one,  
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.  
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about  
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,  
Whose names are written there, and to them say,  
[*Giving a Paper.*]

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt CAPULET and PARIS.*]

*Serv.* Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—in good time.

*Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burn—  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish; [ing,  
Turn giddy, and be<sup>c</sup> help by backward turning;  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

*Rom.* Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

*Ben.* For what, I pray thee?

*Rom.* For your broken shin.

*Ben.* Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:  
Shut up in prison, kept without my food, [low.  
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—<sup>d</sup> Good-den, good fel-

*Serv.* God gi' good den.—I pray, sir, can you read?

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my misery. [but,

*Serv.* Perhaps you have learn'd it without book;  
I pray, can you read any thing you see?

*Rom.* Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

*Serv.* Ye say honestly. Rest you merry. <sup>4</sup>[*Going.*]

*Rom.* Stay, fellow; I can read. [Reads.

"Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters;  
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the  
lady widow of Vitruvius; Signor Placentio, and his  
lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine;  
mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair  
niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his  
cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena."

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

*Serv.* Up.

*Rom.* Whither? to supper?

*Serv.* To our house.

*Rom.* Whose house?

*Serv.* My master's.

*Rom.* Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

*Serv.* Now, I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*]

*Ben.* At this same ancient feast of Capulet's  
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lovest,  
With all the admired beauties of Verona:  
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,  
Compare her face with some that I shall show,  
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye  
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;  
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,  
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

*Ben.* Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,  
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;  
But in those crystal scales let there be weigh'd  
Your lady's love against some other maid,  
That I will show you shining at this feast,  
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.

*Rom.* I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,  
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

*Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

*La. Cap.* Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me. [old,

*Nurse.* Now, by my maiden-head at twelve year  
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—  
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

*Enter JULIET.*

*Jul.* How now! who calls?

*Nurse.* Your mother.

*Jul.* Madam, I am here: [awhile,

*La. Cap.* This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave  
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again:  
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.  
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

*Nurse.* Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

*La. Cap.* She's not fourteen.

*Nurse.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,  
And yet to my<sup>5</sup> teen be it spoken I have but four,  
She is not fourteen. How long is it now  
To Lammastide?

*La. Cap.* A fortnight, and odd days.

*Nurse.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,  
Come Lammastide at night shall she be fourteen.  
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—  
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;  
She was too good for me. But, as I said,  
On Lammastide at night shall she be fourteen  
That shall she, marry: I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;  
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—  
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;  
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,  
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall:  
My lord and you were then at Mantua.—  
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,  
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple  
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,  
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!

<sup>a</sup> "Is but a part," i. e., is in comparison but a part.—  
<sup>b</sup> "Young men" was formerly used for *yeomen*.—<sup>c</sup> "Inherit,"  
i. e., possess.—<sup>d</sup> "Good den," i. e., good day; good morning.

<sup>e</sup> To "crush a cup of wine," was a cant phrase, as we  
now say, "crack a bottle of wine."—<sup>f</sup> Scarcely.—<sup>g</sup> Sorrow.—  
<sup>h</sup> To "bear a brain" was to possess much mental capacity,  
or a good memory.

Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,  
To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years;  
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,  
She could have run and waddled all about,  
For even the day before she broke her brow:  
And then my husband—God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man,—took up the child:  
"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holy-dam,  
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—"Ay."  
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!  
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,  
I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?"

quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it "stinted, and said—"Ay."

*La. Cap.* Enough of this: I pray thee, hold thy peace.

*Nurse.* Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh,  
To think it should leave crying, and say—"Ay:"  
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow  
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone,  
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.

"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?  
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;  
Wilt thou not, Jule?" it "stinted, and said—"Ay."

*Jul.* And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

*Nurse.* Peace! I have done. God mark thee to  
his grace,

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:  
An I might live to see thee married once,  
I have my wish.

*La. Cap.* Marry, that marry is the very theme  
I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,  
How stands your disposition to be married?

*Jul.* It is an honor that I dream not of.

*Nurse.* An honor! were not I thine only nurse,  
I would say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

*La. Cap.* Well, think of marriage now; younger  
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem, [than you,  
Are made already mothers: by my count,  
I was your mother, much upon these years  
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—  
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

*Nurse.* A man, young lady! lady, such a man,  
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

*La. Cap.* Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

*Nurse.* Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

*La. Cap.* What say you? can you love the gentle-  
This night you shall behold him at our feast: [man?  
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,  
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.  
Examine every married lineament,  
And see how one another lends content;  
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,  
Find written in the margin of his eyes.  
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,  
To beautify him only lacks a cover:  
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,  
For fair without the fair within to hide.  
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,  
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;  
So shall you share all that he doth possess  
By having him, making yourself no less.

*Nurse.* No less? nay, bigger women grow by men.

*La. Cap.* Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking move;

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,  
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, the guests are come, supper served  
up, you called, my young lady asked for, the Nurse  
cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I  
must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

*La. Cap.* We follow thee.—Juliet, the county  
stays.

*Nurse.* Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.  
[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.—A Street.

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six  
Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and others, preceded by  
a Drum.*

*Rom.* What, shall this speech be spoke for our  
excuse,

Or shall we on without apology?

*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity:

We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,  
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,  
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;  
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke  
After the prompter, for our entrance:

But, let them measure us by what they will,  
We'll measure them a <sup>d</sup> measure, and be gone.

*Rom.* Give me a torch; I am not for this ambling:  
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

*Mer.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

*Rom.* Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes,  
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,  
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

*Mer.* You are a lover: borrow Cupid's wings,  
And soar with them above a common bound.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,  
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

*Ben.* And, to sink in it, should you burden love;  
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

*Rom.* Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,  
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough with love;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—  
Give me a case to put my visage in:

[*Putting on a Mask.*

A visor for a visor!—what care I,  
What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

*Ben.* Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,  
But every man betake him to his legs.

*Rom.* A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,  
Tickle the senseless <sup>r</sup>rushes with their heels;  
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—  
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on:  
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

*Mer.* Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own  
word.

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire  
Of this save-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st  
Up to the ears. Come, we burn <sup>d</sup> day-light, ho!

*Rom.* Nay, that's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, sir, in delay  
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.  
Take our good meaning, for our judgment <sup>h</sup>hits  
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

*Rom.* And we mean well in going to this mask,  
But 'tis no wit to go.

\* To "stint" is to stop.—<sup>b</sup> "A man of wax," i. e., as well made as wax work.

<sup>c</sup> Count.—<sup>d</sup> Dance.—<sup>e</sup> A torch-bearer was formerly an attendant to every troop of maskers.—<sup>f</sup> Note; mark.—<sup>g</sup> Alluding to the custom, previous to the use of carpets, of strewing rooms with rushes.—<sup>h</sup> To burn daylight was a phrase applied to superfluous actions.



*Mer.* Why, may one ask?  
*Rom.* I dreamt a dream to-night.  
*Mer.* And so did I.  
*Rom.* Well, what was yours?  
*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.  
*Rom.* In bed asleep, while they do dream things true. [you.]  
*Mer.* O! then, I see, queen Mab hath been with  
 She is the fairies' midwife: and she comes  
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
 Drawn with a team of little <sup>a</sup> atoms  
 Over men's noses as they lie asleep:  
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;  
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:  
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:  
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
<sup>1</sup> Pick'd from the lazy finger of a <sup>2</sup> milkmaid.  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
 And in this state she gallops night by night  
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:  
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:  
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:  
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;  
 Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
 Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.  
 Sometime she gallops o'er a <sup>3</sup> counsellor's nose,  
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:  
 And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
 Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
 Then he dreams of another benefice.  
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon  
 Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;  
 And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,  
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,  
 That plats the manes of horses in the night;  
 And bakes the <sup>b</sup> elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
 Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.  
 This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,  
 That presses them, and learns them first to bear,  
 Making them women of good carriage.  
 This, is she—  
*Rom.* Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!  
 Thou talk'st of nothing.  
*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams,  
 Which are the children of an idle brain,  
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,  
 And more inconstant than the wind, who woos  
 Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
 And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
 Turning his <sup>4</sup> tide to the dew-dropping south.  
*Ben.* This wind, you talk of, blows us from our  
 Supper is done, and we shall come too late. [selves;]  
*Rom.* I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,  
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,  
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date  
 With this night's revels; and expire the term  
 Of a despised life, clos'd in my <sup>5</sup> breath,  
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:  
 But he, that hath the steerage of my course,  
 Direct my sail.—On, lusty gentlemen.  
*Ben.* Strike, drum. [Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> Atoms.—<sup>b</sup> Fairy locks.

## SCENE V.—A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

*Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.*

*1 Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take  
 away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!  
*2 Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one  
 or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a  
 foul thing.

*1 Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the  
 court-cupboard, look to the plate.—Good thou,  
 save me a piece of <sup>d</sup> marchpane; and, as thou lov-  
 est me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and  
 Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

*2 Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

*1 Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked  
 for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

*2 Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly,  
 boys: be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.  
 [They retire.]

*Enter CAPULET, &c., with the Guests, and the  
 Maskers.*

*Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their  
 toes

Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you:—  
 Ah, ha, my mistresses! which of you all  
 Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,  
 I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?  
 You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,  
 That I have worn a visor, and could tell

<sup>7</sup> [To ROMEO, &c.]

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,  
 Such as would please:—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.  
 You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians,  
 play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[Music plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up,  
 And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—  
 Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.  
 Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,  
 For you and I are past our dancing days:  
 How long is't now, since last yourself and I  
 Were in a mask?

*2 Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

*1 Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so  
 'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio, [such  
 Come pentecost as quickly as it will,  
 Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.]

*2 Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;  
 His son is thirty.

*1 Cap.* Will you tell me that?  
 His son was but a ward two years ago.

*Rom.* What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand  
 Of yonder knight. <sup>8</sup> [Pointing to JULIET.]

*Serv.* I know not, sir.

*Rom.* O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.  
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night  
 Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear;  
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.  
 The <sup>9</sup> measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,  
 And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.  
 Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!  
 I never saw true beauty till this night.

*Tyb.* This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—  
 Fetch me my rapier, boy.—<sup>9</sup> [Exit Boy.] What!  
 dares the slave

<sup>8</sup> The court-cupboard was a sideboard, or stand for plate.—

<sup>9</sup> Marchpane was a kind of sweet cake, composed of almonds, filberts, pistachios, etc.—<sup>9</sup> "A hall!" an exclamation signi-  
 fying make way! give place! make room!—Dance.

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,  
To flee and scorn at our solemnity?  
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,  
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin. [you so?

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm

*Tyb.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;

A villain, that is hither come in spite,  
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is it?

*Tyb.* 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,  
He bears him like a portly gentleman;  
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,  
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.

I would not for the wealth of all this town,  
Here, in my house, do him disparagement;  
Therefore, be patient, take no note of him:

It is my will; the which if thou respect,  
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,  
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

*Tyb.* It fits, when such a villain is a guest.  
I'll not endure him.

1 *Cap.* He shall be endur'd:

What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—go to;

1 *Go to:* am I the master here, or you?

You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—  
You'll make a mutiny among my guests.

You will set cock-a-hoop: you'll be the man.

*Tyb.* Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy.—Is't so, indeed?—

This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—

Well said, my hearts!—You are a <sup>b</sup>prince; go:—

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame!

I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts!

*Tyb.* Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,  
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit.

*Rom.* If I profane with my unworthiest hand  
[To JULIET.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand  
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too  
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this;

For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,  
And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss.

*Rom.* Have not saints lips, and holy <sup>c</sup>palmer's too?

*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

*Rom.* O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

*Jul.* Saints do not move, though grant for prayers'  
sake. [take.

*Rom.* Then move not, while my prayer's effect I  
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

[Kissing her.

*Jul.* Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urg'd!  
Give me my sin again.

*Jul.* You kiss by the book. <sup>2</sup>[Kissing her again.

*Nurse.* Madam, your mother craves a word with  
you. <sup>3</sup>[JULIET retires.

*Rom.* What is her mother?

*Nurse.* Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.

1 nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you—he that can lay hold of her

Shall have the chinks.

*Rom.* Is she a Capulet?

O, dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

*Ben.* Away, begone: the sport is at the best.

*Rom.* Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

<sup>4</sup>[Gong.

1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet <sup>d</sup>towards.—

Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest. <sup>5</sup>[Exit.

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentle-  
man? <sup>6</sup>[The Guests retire severally.

*Nurse.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.

*Jul.* What's he, that now is going out of door?

*Nurse.* Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

*Jul.* What's he, that follows here, that would not

*Nurse.* I know not. [dance?

*Jul.* Go, ask his name.—If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

*Nurse.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

<sup>7</sup>[Going and returning.

The only son of your great enemy.

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

<sup>8</sup>[Exeunt all Guests.

*Nurse.* What's this? what's this?

*Jul.* A rhyme I learn'd even now

Of one I danc'd withal. [One calls within, JULIET!

*Nurse.* Anon, anon.—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[Exeunt.

### Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,

And young affection gapes to be his heir;

That <sup>a</sup>fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;

But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved any where:

But passion lends them power, time means to meet,  
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—An open Place, adjoining CAPULET'S  
Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

*Rom.* Can I go forward, when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

*Ben.* Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

*Mer.* He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

*Ben.* He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

*Mer.* Nay, I'll conjure too.—

<sup>d</sup> "Towards," i. e., ready; at hand.—<sup>e</sup> "That fair," i. e., that beauty.

<sup>a</sup> "Scath you," i. e., do you an injury.—<sup>b</sup> "A princox," i. e., a pert, forward youth.—<sup>c</sup> Pilgrims.



Romeo, humors, madman, passion, lover!  
 Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:  
 Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;  
 Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove;  
 Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,  
 One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,  
 Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so true,  
 When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—  
 He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;  
 The <sup>b</sup>ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—  
 I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,  
 By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,  
 By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,  
 And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,  
 That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

*Ben.* An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him  
 To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle  
 Of some strange nature, letting it there stand  
 Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;  
 That were some spite. My invocation  
 Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,  
 I conjure only but to raise up him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,  
 To be consorted with the humorous night:  
 Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.  
 Now will he sit under a medlar tree,  
 And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,  
 As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—  
 O Romeo! that she were, O! that she were  
 An open *et cætera*, thou a poprin pear!  
 Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;  
 This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.—  
 Come, shall we go?

*Ben.* Go, then; for 'tis in vain  
 To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—CAPULET'S Garden.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?  
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.—  
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,  
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,  
 That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:  
 Be not her maid, since she is envious;  
 Her vestal livery is but <sup>3</sup>white and green,  
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—  
 It is my lady; O! it is my love:  
 O, that she knew she were!—  
 She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?  
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—  
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:  
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,  
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes  
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.  
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?  
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,  
 As daylight doth a lamp: her eyes in heaven  
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,  
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.  
 See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
 O! that I were a glove upon that hand,  
 That I might touch that cheek.

*Jul.*

Ah me!

<sup>a</sup> Alluding to an old ballad, called 'The King and the Beggar.'—<sup>b</sup> *Ape* was an expression of tenderness, as *poor fool*, etc.—<sup>c</sup> Humid; damp.

*Rom.*

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,  
 As is a winged messenger of heaven  
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
 When he bestrides the lacy-passing clouds,  
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?  
 Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:  
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Rom.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:

Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.  
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
 Belonging to a man. O! be some other name.  
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose,  
 By any other name would smell as sweet;  
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
 Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name;  
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,  
 Take all myself?

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word.

<sup>6</sup>[*Starting forward.*]  
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;  
 Henceforth I never will be Romeo. [night,

*Jul.* What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in  
 So stumblest on my counsel?

*Rom.*

By a name

I know not now to tell thee who I am:  
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,  
 Because it is an enemy to thee:  
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

*Jul.* My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words  
 Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound.  
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

*Rom.* Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,  
 And the place death, considering who thou art,  
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here. [walls;

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'erperch these  
 For stony limits cannot hold love out:  
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt;  
 Therefore, thy kinsmen are no <sup>4</sup>let to me.

*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,  
 Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,  
 And I am proof against their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world they saw thee here.

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;

And <sup>5</sup>but thou love me, let them find me here:  
 My life were better ended by their hate,  
 Than death <sup>6</sup>prorogued, wanting of thy love.

*Jul.* By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

*Rom.* By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;  
 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot: yet, wert thou as far  
 As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,  
 I would adventure for such merchandise.

*Jul.* Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;  
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,  
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.  
 Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
 What I have spoke: but farewell <sup>6</sup>compliment.

<sup>4</sup> Hinderance. — <sup>5</sup> "But," i. e., unless. — <sup>6</sup> Postponed. — <sup>7</sup> "Farewell compliment," i. e., farewell attention to forms.

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;  
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou may'st prove false: as lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo!

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,  
And therefore thou may'st think my havior light;  
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those that have more cunning to be <sup>a</sup> strange.  
I should have been more strange, I must confess,  
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,  
My true love's passion: therefore, pardon me;  
And not impute this yielding to light love,  
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,  
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O! swear not by the moon, th' inconstant  
That monthly changes in her circled orb, [moon,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;  
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,  
I have no joy of this contract to-night:

It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,  
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night!  
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,  
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.  
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest  
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;  
And yet I would it were to give again. [pose, love?

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose?  
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again;

And yet I wish but for the thing I have.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurse calls within.

I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!—

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.  
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,  
Being in night, all this is but a dream,  
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night  
If that thy bent of love be honorable, [indeed.  
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,  
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,  
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;  
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,  
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [Within.] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,  
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [Within.] Madam!

Jul. By and by; I come.—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:  
To-morrow will I send.

Rom.

So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night. [Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy  
light.— [books;

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their  
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.  
[Going.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,  
To lure this <sup>b</sup>tercel-gentle back again!  
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;  
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,  
And make her airy voice more hoarse than mine  
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:  
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear.

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow  
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here, till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,  
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,  
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;  
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:  
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. [row,  
Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow  
That I shall say good night, till it be morning. [Exit.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy  
breast!—

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;  
His help to crave, and my good hap to tell. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning  
night,  
Checquering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;  
And <sup>c</sup>flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and <sup>d</sup>Titan's fiery wheels.  
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye  
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,  
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers:  
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;  
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;  
And from her womb children of divers kind  
We sucking on her natural bosom find:  
Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but for some, and yet all different.  
O! mickle is the powerful <sup>e</sup>grace that lies  
In herba, plants, stones, and their true qualities:  
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give;

<sup>b</sup>The *tercel-gentle* is the male of the goshawk.—  
<sup>c</sup>"Flecked," i. e., spotted; dappled.—<sup>d</sup>"Titan's," i. e., the  
sun's.—<sup>e</sup>"Mickle is the powerful grace," i. e., great is the  
efficacious virtue.



Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,  
 Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:  
 Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
 And vice sometime's by action dignified.  
 Within the infant rind of this weak flower  
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:  
 For this, being smelt, with that <sup>1</sup>act cheers each part;  
 Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
 Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
 In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;  
 And where the worser is predominant,  
 Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* Good morrow, father.

*Fri.* *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—  
 Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,  
 So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
 And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
 But where <sup>2</sup>unbusied youth, with unstuff'd brain,  
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.  
 Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,  
 Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature:  
 Or if not so, then here I hit it right—  
 Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*Rom.* That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

*Fri.* God pardon sin! wert thou with Rosaline?

*Rom.* With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*Fri.* That's my good son: but where hast thou  
 been, then?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
 I have been feasting with mine enemy;  
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,  
 That's by me wounded: both our remedies  
 Within thy help and holy physic lies:  
 I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo!  
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

*Fri.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy dight;  
 Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift. [set

*Rom.* Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is  
 On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;  
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine  
 By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,  
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,  
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,  
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

*Fri.* Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!  
 Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
 So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies  
 Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
*Jesu Maria!* what a deal of brine

Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
 How much salt water thrown away in waste  
 To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
 The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,  
 Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;  
 Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
 Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.  
 If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,  
 Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:  
 And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence,  
 then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

*Rom.* Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

*Fri.* For dotting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'st me bury love.

*Fri.*

Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:  
 The other did not so.

*Fri.* O! she knew well,  
 Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.  
 But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
 In one respect I'll thy assistant be;  
 For this alliance may so happy prove,  
 To turn your households' rancor to pure love.  
*Rom.* O! let us hence; I stand on sudden <sup>a</sup>haste.  
*Fri.* Wisely, and slow: they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

*Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.*

*Mer.* Where the devil should this Romeo be?—  
 Came he not home to-night?

*Ben.* Not to his father's: I spoke with his man.

*Mer.* Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench,  
 that Rosaline,  
 Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

*Ben.* Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,  
 Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life.

*Ben.* Romeo will answer it.

*Mer.* Any man that can write may answer a letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how  
 he dares, being dared.

*Mer.* Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead!  
 stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run <sup>b</sup>thor-  
 ough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his  
 heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's <sup>c</sup>butt-shaft;  
 and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

*Mer.* More than prince of <sup>d</sup>cats, I can tell you.  
 O! he is <sup>a</sup>a courageous captain of compliments.  
 He fights as you sing <sup>e</sup>prick-song, keeps time, dis-  
 tance, and proportion; resists me his minims rest, one,  
 two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher  
 of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of  
 the very first house, of the first and second <sup>f</sup>cause.  
 Ah, the immortal <sup>g</sup>passado! the punto <sup>h</sup>reverso  
 the <sup>i</sup>hay!—

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fan-  
 tasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—"By Jesu,  
 a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good  
 whore!"—Why, is not this a lamentable thing,  
<sup>b</sup>grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with  
 these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these  
<sup>c</sup>pardonnez-mois, who stand so much on the new  
 form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?  
 O, their <sup>d</sup>bons, their <sup>e</sup>bons!

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dried herring.—O  
 flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for  
 the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his  
 lady, was a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a bet-  
 ter love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopa-  
 tra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots;  
 Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—  
 Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French saluta-  
 tion to your French <sup>f</sup>slop. You gave us the coun-  
 terfeit fairly last night.

<sup>a</sup> "I stand on sudden haste," i. e., I am in great haste.

<sup>b</sup> Through.—<sup>c</sup> Arrow.—<sup>d</sup> An allusion to "Tybalt, prince of cats," in the story-book of Reynard the Fox. —<sup>e</sup> "Prick-song," i. e., a song by notes *pricked* down.—<sup>f</sup> "Of the first house," i. e., of the first rank among duellists.—<sup>g</sup> Terms of the fencing-school.—<sup>h</sup> Humorously apostrophizing his ancestors.—<sup>i</sup> "French slop," i. e., wide-kneed French trowsers

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

*Mer.* The slip, sir, the <sup>a</sup>slip: can you not conceive?

*Rom.* Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

*Mer.* That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

*Rom.* Meaning—to courtesy.

*Mer.* Thou hast most kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A most courteous exposition.

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

*Rom.* Pink for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why, then is my <sup>b</sup>pump well flowered.

*Mer.* Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

*Rom.* O single-soled jest! solely singular for the singleness.

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits fail.

*Rom.* Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

*Mer.* Nay, if our wits run the wild-geese chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-geese in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

*Rom.* Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

*Mer.* I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

*Rom.* Nay, good goose, bite not.

*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter <sup>c</sup>sweetening; it is a most sharp sauce.

*Rom.* And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

*Mer.* O! here's a wit of <sup>d</sup>cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

*Rom.* I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide abroad—goose.

*Mer.* Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

*Ben.* Stop there, stop there.

*Mer.* Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

*Ben.* Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

*Mer.* O! thou art deceived. I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

*Rom.* Here's goodly <sup>e</sup>geer!

*Enter Nurse and PETER.*

*Mer.* A sail, a sail!

*Ben.* Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

*Nurse.* Peter, prythee give me my fan.

*Mer.* Prythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye good <sup>f</sup>den, fair gentlewoman.

*Nurse.* Is it good den?

*Mer.* 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the <sup>g</sup>prick of noon.

*Nurse.* Out upon you! what a man are you.

*Rom.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

*Nurse.* By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

*Rom.* I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

*Nurse.* You say well.

*Mer.* Yea! is the worst well? very well took, i'faith; wisely, wisely.

*Nurse.* If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

*Ben.* She will invite him to some supper.

*Mer.* A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

*Rom.* What hast thou found?

*Mer.* No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

*An old hare <sup>h</sup>hoar, and an old hare hoar, <sup>i</sup>[Singing.*

*Is very good meat in lent:*

*But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,*

*When it hoars ere it be spent.—*

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

*Rom.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewell, ancient lady;

*Farewell, lady, lady, lady. <sup>2</sup>[Singing.*

*[Exit MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]*

*Nurse.* Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his <sup>j</sup>ropery?

*Rom.* A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

*Nurse.* An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flint-gills; I am none of his <sup>k</sup>skains-mates.—And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

*Pet.* I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

*Nurse.* Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers.—Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out: what she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behavior, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very <sup>l</sup>wicked dealing.

*Rom.* Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

*Nurse.* Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, lord! she will be a joyful woman.

*Rom.* What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

*Nurse.* I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

*Rom.* Bid her devise some means to come to <sup>m</sup>hrist

<sup>a</sup> A pun on counterfeit money called *slips*.—<sup>b</sup> "Pump well flowered." It was the custom to wear ribbons in the shoes, in the shape of flowers.—<sup>c</sup> Sweetening: an apple so named.—<sup>d</sup> "Cheverel," i. e., soft stretching leather.—<sup>e</sup> Business.—<sup>f</sup> "God ye good den," i. e., God give you a good even.

<sup>g</sup> Point.—<sup>h</sup> Hoary; mouldy.—<sup>i</sup> Roguery.—<sup>k</sup> Swaggering companions.—<sup>l</sup> Confession.



This afternoon;  
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell  
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

*Nurse.* No, truly, sir; not a penny.

*Rom.* Go to; I say, you shall.  
[*Giving her money.*]

*Nurse.* This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

*Rom.* And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee,  
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll 'quite thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress. [you, sir.

*Nurse.* Now, God in heaven bless thee!—Hark

*Rom.* What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

*Nurse.* Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,  
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

*Rom.* I warrant thee; my man is true as steel.

*Nurse.* Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady

—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—

O!—There's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that

would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul,

had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I

anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the

properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so,

she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world.

Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a

letter?

*Rom.* Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

*Nurse.* Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R

is for thee? no: I know it begins with some other

letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it,

of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to

hear it.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

*Nurse.* Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

*Pet.* Anon?

*Nurse.* Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[Exit.

#### SCENE V.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

*Jul.* The clock struck nine, when I did send the

In half an hour she promis'd to return. [Nurse;

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

O! she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams

Driving black shadows over lowering hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me: but old folks, seem as dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and dull as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God! she comes.—O honey nurse! what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

*Nurse.* Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit PETER.

*Jul.* Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st

thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

*Nurse.* I am weary, give me leave awhile.—

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

*Jul.* I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news;

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse,

speak.

*Nurse.* Jesu, what haste! can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath? [breath

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath, when thou hast

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?

The excuse that thou dost make in this delay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

*Nurse.* Well, you have made a simple choice; you

know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he;

though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg

excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a

body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they

are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,

—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy

ways, wench: serve God.—What, have you dined

at home?

*Jul.* No, no: but all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

*Nurse.* Lord, how my head aches! what a head

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. [have I:

My back! o't' other side.—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

*Jul.* I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

*Nurse.* Your love says like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,

And, I warrant, a virtuous.—Where is your mother?

*Jul.* Where is my mother?—why, she is within!

Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st!

“Your love says like an honest gentleman,—

Where is your mother?”

*Nurse.* O, God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultrie for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

*Jul.* Here's such a coil—Come, what says Romeo?

*Nurse.* Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurse.* Then, hie you hence to friar Laurence's cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks;

They'll be in scarlet straightway at my news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune!—Honest nurse, fare-

well. [Exit.

#### SCENE VI.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

*Fri.* So smile the heavens upon this holy act,

That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

*Rom.* Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy

That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare;

It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Fri.* These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,

\* “Like a tackled stair,” i. e., like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship.

† Bustle.

Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*Enter JULIET.*

Here comes the lady.—O! so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:  
A lover may bstride the gossamers  
That idle in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

*Jul.* Good even to my ghostly confessor.

*Fri.* Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

*Rom.* Ah, Juliet! if the measure of thy joy  
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more  
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath  
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue  
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both  
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,  
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:  
They are but beggars that can count their worth;  
But my true love is grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum the sum of half my wealth. [*work*;

*Fri.* Come, come with me, and we will make short  
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,  
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—A Public Place.

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and Servants.*

*Ben.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:  
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,  
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl;  
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of those fellows that,  
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me  
his sword upon the table, and says, "God send me  
no need of thee!" and, by the operation of the  
second cup, draws him on the drawer, when, indeed,  
there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like such a fellow?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack, in thy  
mood, as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be  
moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

*Ben.* And what to?

*Mer.* Nay, an there were two such, we should  
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.  
Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath  
a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou  
hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking  
nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast  
hazel eyes: what eye, but such an eye, would spy  
out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels,  
as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath  
been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling.  
Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the  
street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath  
lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with  
a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter?  
with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband?  
and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling!

*Ben.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any  
man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour  
and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee-simple? O simple!

\* Conceit here means imagination.

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Enter TYBALT, and others.*

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Tyb.* Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—  
Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us? Couple  
it with something; make it a word and a blow.

*Tyb.* You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if  
you will give me occasion.

*Mer.* Could you not take some occasion without  
giving?

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.—

*Mer.* Consort! what! dost thou make us min-  
strels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear  
nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's  
that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

<sup>2</sup>[*Striking his hilt.*

*Ben.* We talk here in the public haunt of men:  
Either withdraw unto some private place,

<sup>3</sup>And reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us. [*gaze*;

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes  
my man.

*Mer.* But, I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:  
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;  
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

*Tyb.* Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford  
No better term than this—thou art a villain.

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much exceed the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting:—villain am I none;  
Therefore farewell: I see, thou know'st me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore, turn and draw.

*Rom.* I do protest, I never injur'd thee;  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender  
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, dishonorable, vile submission!

<sup>a</sup>*A la stoccata* carries it away.

[*Draws* <sup>b</sup>as TYBALT is going

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

*Tyb.* What would'st thou have with me?

*Mer.* Good king of <sup>c</sup>cats, nothing, but one of your  
nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and,  
as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of  
the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his  
<sup>d</sup>scabbard by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about  
your ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, sir, your passado.

[*They fight.*

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons.—Gentlemen, for shame  
Forebear this outrage!—Tybalt—Mercutio—  
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying  
In Verona streets.—Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio!

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*

*Mer.* I am hurt;—<sup>e</sup>[*ROMEO supports MERC.*

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.*

What! art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis  
enough.—

<sup>b</sup> Consort was the old term for a company of musicians.—

<sup>c</sup> *A la stoccata*, the Italian term for a thrust with a rapier,—

<sup>d</sup> Alluding to his name; see Act II. Sc. 4.—<sup>e</sup> Scabbard.



Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[Exit Page.]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—a plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me: I have it, and soundly too:—your houses!

[Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour Hath been my cousin.—O sweet Juliet! Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper soften'd valor's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's dead; That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend: This but begins the woe others must end. [pend;]

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain! Away to heaven, <sup>a</sup>respective lenity, And fire-ey'd fury be my <sup>c</sup>conduct now!—Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again, That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul Is but a little way above our heads, Staying for thine to keep him company: Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him. [here, Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst <sup>d</sup>consort him Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shalt determine that.

[They fight; TYBALT falls.]

Ben. Romeo, away! begone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death, If thou art taken.—Hence!—begone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [Exit ROMEO.]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. <sup>1</sup>You, sir:—go with me; I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, their Wives, and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince! I can discover all The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl: There lies the man, slain by young Romeo, That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio. [child!]

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spill'd Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art <sup>e</sup>true,

For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin!

Prin. <sup>2</sup>Who began this bloody fray?

[slay:]

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay; Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink How <sup>1</sup>nice the quarrel was; and urg'd withal Your high displeasure:—all this, uttered With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd, Could not take truce with the unruly spleen Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast; Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point, And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats Cold death aside, and with the other sends It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity Retorts it <sup>3</sup>home. Romeo he cries aloud, "Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points, And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm, An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled; But by and by comes back to Romeo, Who had but newly entertain'd revenge, And to't they go like lightning; for ere I Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain, And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly. This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague; Affection makes him false, he speaks not true: Some twenty of them fought in this black strife, And all those twenty could but kill one life. I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give: Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio; Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend: His fault concludes but what the law should end, The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence, Immediately we do exile him hence: I have an interest in your hate's proceeding, My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding; But I'll <sup>a</sup>amerce you with so strong a fine, That you shall all repent the loss of mine. I will be deaf to pleading and excuses, Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses; Therefore, use none: let Romeo hence in haste, Else, when he's found, that hour is his last. Bear hence this body, and attend our will: Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt]

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, Towards Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner As Phaeton would whip you to the west, And bring in cloudy night immediately.—Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night, That <sup>a</sup>enemies' eyes may wink, and Romeo Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—Lovers can see to do their amorous rites By their own beauties; or if love be blind, It best agrees with night.—Come, <sup>b</sup>civil night Thou sober-suited matron, all in black, And learn me how to lose a winning match Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:

<sup>a</sup> Aspired to; ascended.—<sup>b</sup> "Respective," i. e., considerate.  
—<sup>c</sup> Conductor.—<sup>d</sup> Accompany.—<sup>e</sup> "As thou art true," i. e., as thou art just and upright.

<sup>f</sup> "How nice," i. e., how trifling, unimportant.—  
<sup>g</sup> "Amerce," i. e., punish by fine.—<sup>h</sup> "Civil," i. e., grave solemn.

Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my <sup>a</sup> cheeks,  
 With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,  
 Think true love acted simple modesty.  
 Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night;  
 For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
 Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—  
 Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,  
 Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,  
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
 That all the world will be in love with night,  
 And pay no worship to the <sup>b</sup> garish sun.—  
 O, I have bought the mansion of a love,  
 But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,  
 Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day,  
 As is the night before some festival  
 To an impatient child that hath new robes,  
 And may not wear them. O! here comes my nurse.

*Enter Nurse, <sup>1</sup> with a Ladder of Cords.*

And she brings news; and ev'ry tongue, that speaks  
 But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—  
 Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?  
 That Romeo bade thee fetch? [the cords]

*Nurse.* Ay, ay, the cords. [Throws them down.]

*Jul.* Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring  
 thy hands? [dead!]

*Nurse.* Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's  
 We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

*Jul.* Can heaven be so envious?

*Nurse.* Romeo can,  
 Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—  
 Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

*Jul.* What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but <sup>c</sup> I,

And that bare vowel, *I*, shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not I, if there be such an *I*;

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.

If he be slain, say—I; or if not—no:

Brief sounds determine <sup>2</sup> or my weal or woe.

*Nurse.* I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore blood;—I <sup>d</sup> swooned at the sight.

*Jul.* O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at

To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty: [once!]

Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here,

And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

*Nurse.* O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had:

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

*Jul.* What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?

My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom;

For who is living, if those two are gone?

*Nurse.* Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;

Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished. [blood?]

*Jul.* O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's

*Nurse.* It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;

A damned saint, an honorable villain!—

O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst <sup>3</sup> pour the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—

Was ever book containing such vile matter,

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

*Nurse.*

There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua vita*:—

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

*Jul.*

Blister'd be thy tongue,

For such a wish! he was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For 'tis a throne where honor may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

*Nurse.* Will you speak well of him that kill'd  
 your cousin?

*Jul.* Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall <sup>a</sup> smooth thy  
 name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my hus-  
 band:

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me. I would forget it fain;

But, O! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished!

That—banished, that one word—banished,

Hath 'slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,

And needily will be rank'd with other griefs,—

Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which <sup>a</sup> modern lamentation might have mov'd?

But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

Romeo is banished!—to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead:—Romeo is banished!—

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

*Nurse.* Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

*Jul.* Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall  
 be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,

Both you and I, for Romeo's exile'd:

<sup>4</sup> [Taking them up.]

He made you for a highway to my bed,

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse: I'll to my wedding bed,

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

*Nurse.* Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo

To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:

I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

<sup>a</sup> These are terms of falconry.—<sup>b</sup> Gaudy; showy.—

<sup>c</sup> In Shakespeare's time the particle *ay* was written *I*.—

<sup>d</sup> Swooned.

<sup>a</sup> "Smooth," i. e., speak well of.—<sup>b</sup> "Hath slain," i. e., is  
 worse than the loss of.—<sup>c</sup> "Modern," i. e., common; trite.



*Jul.* O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.*

*Fri.* Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful  
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts, [man:  
And thou art wedded to calamity. [doom?

*Rom.* Father, what news? what is the prince's  
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?

*Fri.* Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company:  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom. [doom?

*Rom.* What less than dooms-day is the prince's  
*Fri.* A gentler judgment<sup>1</sup> parted from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Rom.* Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

*Fri.* Hence from Verona art thou banished:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death:—then, banished  
Is death misterm'd: calling death banishment,  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath brush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:  
This is death mercy, and thou seest it not.

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;  
But Romeo may not.—More a validity,  
More honorable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
This may flies do, when I from this must fly,  
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?  
But Romeo may not; he is banished.  
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:  
They are free men, but I am banished.  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
But—banished—to kill me; banished?  
O friar! the damned use that word in hell;  
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word—banished?

*Fri.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

*Rom.* O! thou wilt speak again of banishment.

*Fri.* I'll give thee armor to keep off that word;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy:  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.

*Fri.* O! then I see that madmen have no ears.

*Rom.* How should they, when that wise men have  
no eyes?

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy<sup>b</sup> estate.

*Rom.* Thou canst not speak of<sup>2</sup> that thou dost not  
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, [feel.  
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,  
Doting like me, and like me banished, [thy hair,  
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear  
And fall upon the ground as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

*Fri.* Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thy<sup>3</sup> [Falling  
self. [Knocking within.

*Rom.* Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,  
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.  
[Knocking.

*Fri.* Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—  
Romeo, arise;  
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while.—Stand up;  
[Knocking.

Run to my study.—By and by.—God's will!  
What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come.  
[Knocking.

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's  
your will? [know my errand:

*Nu se.* [Within.] Let me come in, and you shall  
I come from lady Juliet.

*Fri.* Welcome, then.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* O holy friar! O! tell me, holy friar,  
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo? [drunk.

*Fri.* There on the ground, with his own tears made

*Nurse.* O! he is even in my mistress' case;  
Just in her case.

*Fri.* O woeful sympathy!  
Piteous predicament!

*Nurse.* Even so lies she,  
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—  
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:  
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;  
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

*Rom.* Nurse! <sup>4</sup>[*Romeo groans.*

*Nurse.* Ah sir! ah sir!—Death is the end of all. <sup>5</sup>[*Rising suddenly.*

*Rom.* Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?  
Doth she not think me an old murderer,  
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy  
With blood remov'd but little from her own?

Where is she? and how doth she? and what says  
My conceal'd<sup>c</sup> lady to our cancell'd love? [weeps;

*Nurse.* O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and  
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,  
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,  
And then down falls again.

*Rom.* As if that name,  
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,  
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand  
Murder'd her kinsman.—O! tell me, friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion. [Drawing his sword.

*Fri.* Hold thy desperate hand!  
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;  
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote  
The unreasonable fury of a beast:  
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man;  
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!  
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,  
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.  
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself,  
And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee,

<sup>b</sup> "Dispute with thee of thy estate," i. e., converse with thee of thy condition.—<sup>c</sup> "My conceal'd lady," i. e., 'my lady whose marriage, or relation to me, is concealed.'

<sup>a</sup> Worth; value.

By doing damned hate upon thyself?  
 Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?  
 Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet  
 In thee at once, which thou at once would'st lose.  
 Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,  
 Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,  
 And usest none in that true use indeed  
 Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.  
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
 Digressing from the valor of a man;  
 Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,  
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;  
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
 Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,  
 Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,  
 Is set afire by thine own ignorance,  
 And thou dismember'd with thine own <sup>a</sup>defence.  
 What! rouse thee, man: thy Juliet is alive,  
 For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;  
 There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,  
 But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too;  
 The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,  
 And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:  
 A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;  
 Happiness courts thee in her best array;  
 But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,  
 Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.  
 Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.  
 Go, get thee to thy love, as was <sup>1</sup>agreed,  
 Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;  
 But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,  
 For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;  
 Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time  
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,  
 Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back,  
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy  
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—  
 Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;  
 And bid her hasten all the house to bed,  
 Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:  
 Romeo is coming. [night,

*Nurse.* O Lord! I could have stay'd here all the  
 To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—  
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

*Rom.* Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

*Nurse.* <sup>2</sup>Here is a ring she bid me give you, sir.  
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[Exit Nurse.]

*Rom.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

*Fri.* Go hence. Good night; and here stands all  
 your <sup>b</sup>state:—

Either be gone before the watch be set,  
 Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.  
 Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,  
 And he shall signify from time to time  
 Every good hap to you that chances here.  
 Give me thy hand: 'tis late; farewell; good night.

*Rom.* But that a joy past joy calls out on me,  
 It were a grief so brief to part with thee:  
 Farewell. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS:

*Cap.* Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,  
 That we have had no time to move our daughter.  
 Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,  
 And so did I:—well, we were born to die.—  
 'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:  
 I promise you, but for your company,

I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

*Par.* These times of woe afford no time to woo.—  
 Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

*La. Cap.* I will, and know her mind early to-  
 morrow;

To-night she's mew'd up <sup>3</sup>in her heaviness.

*Cap.* Sir Paris, I will make a <sup>c</sup>desperate tender  
 Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd  
 In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;

Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,  
 And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—  
 But, soft! what day is this?

*Par.* Monday, my lord.

*Cap.* Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is  
 too soon;

O' Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her,  
 She shall be married to this noble earl.—

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado:—a friend, or two;—

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much.

Therefore, we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

*Par.* My lord, I would that Thursday were to-  
 morrow.

*Cap.* Well, get you gone; o' Thursday be it then.—

Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!

Afore me! it is so very late, that we

May call it early by and by.—Good night. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

*Jul.* Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale; look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

*Jul.* Yon light is not day-light; I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,

To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua:

Therefore, stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale <sup>d</sup>reflex of Cynthia's <sup>e</sup>bow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

I have more <sup>e</sup>care to stay, than will to go:—

Come, death, and welcome: Juliet wills it so.—

How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

*Jul.* It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords, and unpleasant sharps.

Some say, the lark makes sweet <sup>f</sup>division;

This doth not so, for she divideth us:

Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;

O! now I would they had chang'd voices too,

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

<sup>a</sup> "Dismember'd with thine own defence," i. e., torn to pieces with thine own weapons.—<sup>b</sup> "Here stands all your state," i. e., 'the whole of your fortune depends on this.'

<sup>c</sup> Bold; adventurous.—<sup>d</sup> "Reflex of Cynthia's bow," i. e., reflection of the moon.—<sup>e</sup> Inclination.—<sup>f</sup> A division in music is a variation in melody.



Hunting thee hence with <sup>a</sup>hunts-up to the day.  
O! now be gone: more light and light it grows.

*Rom.* More light and light, more dark and dark  
our woes.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Madam!

*Jul.* Nurse.

[*ber:*

*Nurse.* Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:  
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*

*Jul.* Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

*Rom.* Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Descending.*

*Jul.* Art thou gone so? love, lord! ay, husband,  
friend!

I must hear from thee <sup>1</sup>every hour in the day,  
For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

*Rom.* Farewell! I will omit no opportunity  
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

*Jul.* O! think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

*Rom.* I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve  
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

*Jul.* O God! I have an ill-divining soul:

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

*Rom.* And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit ROMEO.*

*Jul.* O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

For then, I hope thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

*La. Cap.* [*Within.*] Ho! daughter, are you up?

*Jul.* Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause <sup>b</sup>procures her hither?

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet?

*Jul.*

Madam, I am not well.

*La. Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's  
death?

What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou <sup>a</sup>would'st, thou could'st not make him  
live;

[*love;*

Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

*Jul.* Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

*La. Cap.* So shall you feel the loss, but not the  
Which you weep for.

[*friend*

*Jul.*

Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

*La. Cap.* Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for  
his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

*Jul.* What villain, madam?

*La. Cap.* That same villain, Romeo.

*Jul.* Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man, like <sup>3</sup>him, doth grieve my heart.

*La. Cap.* That is, because the traitor murderer  
lives.

[*hands.*

*Jul.* Ay, madam, from the reach of these my  
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

*La. Cap.* We will have vengeance for it, fear  
thou not:

Then, weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—  
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—  
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram  
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;  
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

*Jul.* Indeed, I never shall be satisfied  
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—  
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.—

Madam, if you could find out but a man  
To bear a poison, I would temper it,  
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,  
Soon sleep in quiet.—O! how my heart abhors  
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—  
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt  
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

[*a man.*

*La. Cap.* Find thou the means, and I'll find such  
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needy time.  
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

[*child;*

*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father,  
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

*La. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday  
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,

[*morn,*

The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church  
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

*Jul.* Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed

Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,

I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,

Rather than Paris.

<sup>4</sup>*La. Cap.* These are news indeed!

Here comes your father; tell him so yourself.

And see how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter CAPULET and Nurse.*

*Cap.* When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew;  
But for the sunset of my brother's son

It rains downright.—

How now! a conduit, girl? what! still in tears?

Evermore showering? In one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife!

Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

[*thanks.*

*La. Cap.* Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you

I would, the fool were married to her grave.

[*wife.*

*Cap.* Soft, take me with you, take me with you,

How! will she none? doth she not give us, thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*Jul.* Not proud you have, but thankful that you

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

[*have:*

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* How now, how now, chop-logic! What is

this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—

And yet not proud?—Mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pouds,

But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!

You tallow face!

\* The *hunts-up* was a tune to awaken sportsmen; also, a morning song to a new married woman.—Brings.

*La. Cap.* Fie, fie! what, are you mad!

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient  
wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;  
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd  
That God had lent us but this only child;  
But now I see this one is one too much,  
And that we have a curse in having her.  
Out on her, a hilding!

*Nurse.* God in heaven bless her!  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

*Cap.* And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,  
Good prudence: smatter with your gossips; go.

*Nurse.* I speak no treason.

*Cap.* O! God ye good den.

*Nurse.* May not one speak?

*Cap.* Peace, you mumbling fool!  
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.

*La. Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* God's bread! it makes me mad.  
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd; and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Stuff'd (as they say) with honorable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—  
And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining b mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer—"I'll not wed,"—"I cannot love,"—  
"I am too young,"—"I pray you, pardon me."—  
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you;  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:  
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.  
And you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,  
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.  
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Is there no pity in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—  
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*La. Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.  
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*]

*Jul.* O God!—O nurse! how shall this be pre-  
vented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
How shall that faith return again to earth,  
Unless that husband send it me from heaven  
By leaving earth?—Comfort me, counsel me.—  
'Alack! that heaven should practise stratagems  
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—  
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
Some comfort, nurse.

*Nurse.* Faith, here 'tis. Romeo  
Is banished, and all the world to nothing,  
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;  
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.  
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the county.  
O! he's a lovely gentleman;  
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,  
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first: or if it did not,  
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,  
As living here and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*Nurse.* And from my soul too;  
Or else beshrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen!

*Nurse.* What?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.  
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,  
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*]

*Jul.* Ancient damnation! O, most wicked fiend!  
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,

Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue  
Which she hath praised him with above compare  
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;  
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—  
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;  
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.*

*Fri.* On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

*Par.* My father Capulet will have it so;

And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

*Fri.* You say, you do not know the lady's mind:  
Uneven is the course; I like it not.

*Par.* Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,  
And, therefore, have I little talk'd of love;  
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.  
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,  
That she doth give her sorrows so much way,  
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,  
To stop the inundation of her tears;  
Which, too much minded by herself alone,  
May be put from her by society.

Now do you know the reason of this haste?

*Fri.* I would I knew not why it should be slow'd  
[*Aside.*]  
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Par.* Happily met, my lady, and my wife.

*Jul.* That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

*Par.* That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

*Jul.* What must be shall be.

*Fri.* That's a certain text.

*Par.* Come you to make confession to this father?

*Jul.* To answer that, I should confess to you.

*Par.* Do not deny to him that you love me.

*Jul.* I will confess to you that I love him.

*Par.* So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

*Jul.* If I do so, it will be of more price,

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

*Par.* Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

*Jul.* The tears have got small victory by that

For it was bad enough before their spite. [*report.*]

*Par.* Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that

*Jul.* That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

*Jul.* It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,

\* Base woman.—<sup>b</sup> Puppet.



Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

*Fri.* My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—  
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

*Par.* God shield, I should disturb devotion!—  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:  
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

[*Exit PARIS.*]

*Jul.* O! shut the door; and when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

*Fri.* O Juliet! I already know thy grief;  
It strains me past the compass of my wits:  
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this count.

*Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:  
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

<sup>3</sup>[*Showing it.*]

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,  
Shall be the <sup>a</sup>label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,  
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
Shall play the <sup>b</sup>umpire; arbitrating that,  
Which the <sup>c</sup>commission of thy years and art  
Could to no issue of true honor bring.  
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,

<sup>4</sup>[*Offers to strike.*]

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*Fri.* Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,  
Which craves as desperate an execution  
As that is desperate which we would prevent.  
If, rather than to marry county Paris,  
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,  
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake  
A thing like death to chide away this shame,  
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;  
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,  
From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;  
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,  
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,  
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;  
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;  
And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

*Fri.* Hold, then: go home, be merry, give consent  
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;  
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,  
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:  
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;  
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humor; for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;  
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To pale ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:

<sup>a</sup> The seals of deeds were formerly appended on distinct slips or labels affixed to the deed.—<sup>b</sup> "Shall play the umpire," i. e., shall decide the struggle between me and my distress.—<sup>c</sup> Authority; power.

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death  
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes  
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:  
Then, as the manner of our country is,  
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,  
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave:  
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,  
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.  
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shalt Romeo by my letters know our drift;  
And hither shall he come, and he and I  
Will watch thy waking, and that very night  
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.  
And this shall free thee from this present shame,  
If no unconstant <sup>d</sup>toy, nor womanish fear,  
Abate thy valor in the acting it.

*Jul.* Give me, give me! O! tell me not of fear.

*Fri.* Hold; get you gone: be strong and prosperous  
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed  
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

*Jul.* Love, give me strength, and strength shall  
help afford.  
Farewell, dear father.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET's House.

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and Servants.*

*Cap.* So many guests invite as here are writ.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.  
*2 Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try  
if they can lick their fingers.

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so?

*2 Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick  
his own fingers: therefore, he that cannot lick his  
fingers goes not with me.

*Cap.* Go, begone.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

*Nurse.* Ay, forsooth.

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do some good on her.

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Nurse.* See, where she comes from <sup>e</sup>shrift with  
merry look.

*Cap.* How now, my headstrong! where have you  
been gadding?

*Jul.* Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests, and am enjoin'd  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, <sup>f</sup>[*Kneeling.*]  
And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you:  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

*Cap.* Send for the county: go tell him of this.  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

*Jul.* I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;  
And gave him what <sup>g</sup>becoming love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

*Cap.* Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:  
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county:  
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—  
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,  
All our whole city is much bound to him.

*Jul.* Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,  
To help me sort such needful ornaments  
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

<sup>d</sup> "No unconstant toy," i. e., no fickle freak; no light caprice; no change of fancy.—<sup>e</sup> Confession.

*La. Cap.* No, not till Thursday: there is time enough.

*Cap.* Go, nurse, go with her.—We'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

*La. Cap.* We shall be short in our provision: 'Tis now near night.

*Cap.* Tush! I will stir about, And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife. Go thou to Juliet; help to deck up her: I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone; I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—They are all forth: well, I will walk myself To county Paris, to prepare him up Against to-morrow. My heart is wond'rous light, Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—JULIET's Chamber.

*Enter JULIET and Nurse.*

*Jul.* Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse, I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night; For I have need of many orisons To move the heavens to smile upon my state, Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

*Jul.* No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries As are behoveful for our state to-morrow: So please you, let me now be left alone, And let the nurse this night sit up with you; For, I am sure, you have your hands full all, In this so sudden business.

*La. Cap.* Good night: Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

*Jul.* Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins, That almost freezes up the heat of life: I'll call them back again to comfort me.—Nurse!—What should she do here? My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all, Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?—No, no; this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a Dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead, Lest in this marriage he should be dishonor'd, Because he married me before to Romeo? I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it should not, For he hath still been tried a holy man: I will not entertain so bad a thought.—How if, when I am laid into the tomb, I wake before the time that Romeo Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point. Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault, To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in, And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes? Or, if I live, is it not very like, The horrible conceit of death and night, Together with the terror of the place,—As in a vault, an ancient receptacle, Where, for these many hundred years, the bones Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd; Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth, Lies \*festering in his shroud; where, as they say, At some hours in the night spirits resort:—

\* Corrupting.

Alack, alack! is it not like, that I, So early waking,—what with loathsome smells, And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth, That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—O! if I wake, shall I not be <sup>b</sup> distraught, Environed with all these hideous fears, And madly play with my forefathers' joints, And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud? And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone, As with a club, dash out my desperate brains? O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—Romeo! Romeo! Romeo!—here's drink—I drink to thee. [*She throws herself on the bed.*]

### SCENE IV.—CAPULET's Hall.

*Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*

*La. Cap.* Hold; take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse. [*Cap.* pastry.

*Nurse.* They call for dates and quinces in the

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.—Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica: Spare not for cost.

*Nurse.* Go, go, you cot-quean, go. Get you to-bed: 'faith you'll be sick to-morrow For this night's watching. [*Now*

*Cap.* No, not a whit. What! I have watch'd ere All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

*La. Cap.* Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

*Cap.* A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow, What's there? [*Now,*

*Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.*

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

*Cap.* Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1 Serv.*—Sirrah, fetch drier logs:

Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs, And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

*Cap.* 'Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha! Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith! 'tis day: The county will be here with music straight,

[*Music within.*]

For so he said he would.—I hear him near.—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

*Enter Nurse.*

Go, waken Juliet; go, and trim her up:

I'll go and chat with Paris.—Hie, make haste, Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already. Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE V.—JULIET's Chamber; JULIET on the Bed.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!— [*Now:*

What! not a word?—You take your pennyworths Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

<sup>b</sup> Distracted.—“The pastry,” i. e., the room where the pastry was made.



The county Paris hath set up his rest,  
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,  
Marry and amen, how sound is she asleep!  
I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!  
Ay, let the county take you in your bed:  
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?—  
What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!  
I must needs wake you. Lady! lady, lady!—  
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—  
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!  
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

*Enter Lady CAPULET.*

*La. Cap.* What noise is here?

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* What is the matter!

*Nurse.* Look, look! O heavy day!

*La. Cap.* O me! O me!—my child, my only life,  
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—  
Help, help!—call help.

*Enter CAPULET.*

*Cap.* For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord is  
come. [the day!]

*Nurse.* She's dead, deceas'd: she's dead; alack!

*La. Cap.* Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,  
she's dead.

*Cap.* Ha! let me see her.—Out, alas! she's cold;  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated:  
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Nurse.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* O woful time!

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me  
wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.*

*Fri.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return.—

O son! the night before thy wedding day  
Hath death lain with thy wife: there she lies,  
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.  
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;  
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,  
And leave him all; life, living, all is death's!

*Par.* Have I thought long to see this morning's face,  
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

*La. Cap.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!  
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw  
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,  
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,  
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

*Nurse.* O wo, O woful, woful, woful day!

Most lamentable day! most woful day,  
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woful day, O woful day!

*Par.* Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!  
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,  
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—

O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

*Cap.* Deepis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!  
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now  
To murder, murder our solemnity?—

O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—  
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;

And with my child my joys are buried. [not

*Fri.* Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure lives  
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all;

And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death,  
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion,  
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd;  
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd  
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O! in this love you love your child so ill,  
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

She's not well married that lives married long,  
But she's best married that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse: and, as the custom is,

In all her best array bear her to church;

For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*Cap.* All things, that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our instruments to melancholy bells;

Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

*Fri.* Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—

And go, sir Paris:—every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave.

The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;

Move them no more, by crossing their high will. [

[*Exeunt CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS, and*

*Friar.*

1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be  
gone.

*Nurse.* Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put up;  
for, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

*Enter PETER.*

*Pet.* Musicians, O, musicians! "Heart's ease,  
Heart's ease!" O! an your will have me live, play  
—"Heart's ease."

1 *Mus.* Why "Heart's ease?"

*Pet.* O, musicians! because my heart itself plays  
"My heart is full of woe!" O! play me some marry  
"dump, to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we: 'tis no time to play now.

*Pet.* You will not, then?

*Mus.* No.

*Pet.* I will, then, give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

*Pet.* No money, on my faith; but the <sup>b</sup>gleek: I  
will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then, will I give you the serving-creature.

*Pet.* Then, will I lay the serving-creature's dag-  
ger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re*  
you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me?

[*Drawing his Dagger.*

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out  
your wit.

*Pet.* Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-  
beat you with <sup>a</sup>my iron wit, and put up my iron dag-  
ger.—Answer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,*

*And doleful dumps the mind oppress,*

*Then music, with her silver sound;*

Why, "silver sound?" why, "music with her silver  
sound?" What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet  
sound.

<sup>a</sup> Dumps were heavy mournful tunes.—<sup>b</sup> To gleek is to  
coff; and a gleekman signified a minstrel.

*Pet.* 'Thou pratest!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

*2 Mus.* I say "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

*Pet.* 'Thou pratest too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

*3 Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

*Pet.* O! I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is "music with her silver sound," because musicians have seldom gold for sounding:—

*Then music with her silver sound,  
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[*Exit.*]

*1 Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same.

*2 Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

*Enter ROMEO.*

*Rom.* If I may trust the flattering <sup>4</sup>death of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.  
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.  
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;  
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.  
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

*Enter BALTHASAR.*

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?  
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?  
How doth my lady? Is my father well?  
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;  
For nothing can be ill if she be well.  
*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:  
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,  
And her immortal part with angels lives.  
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,  
And presently took post to tell it you.  
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,  
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

*Rom.* Is it e'en so? then, I defy you, stars!—  
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,  
And hire post horses; I will hence to-night.

*Bal.* I do beseech you, sir, have patience:  
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import  
Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush! thou art deceiv'd:  
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.  
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*Bal.* No, my good lord.

*Rom.* No matter; get thee gone,  
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit BALTHASAR.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.  
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.  
I do remember an apothecary,  
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted  
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
Culling of simples: meager were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:  
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,  
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.  
Noting this penury, to myself I said—  
And if a man did need a poison now,  
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.  
O! this same thought did but forerun my need,  
And this same needy man must sell it me.  
As I remember, this should be the house:  
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—  
What, ho! Apothecary!

*Enter Apothecary.*

*Ap.* Who calls so loud?

*Rom.* Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art  
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have [*poor;*  
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding <sup>a</sup>geer  
As will disperse itself through all the veins,  
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;  
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath  
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law  
Is death to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hang <sup>b</sup>on thy back,  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:  
The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then, be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, consents.

<sup>6</sup>[*Exit and returns.*]

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.  
*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength  
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

*Rom.* There is thy gold; worse poison to men's  
souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world, [*sell:*  
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not  
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.  
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—  
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me  
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

*Enter Friar JOHN.*

*John.* Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter Friar LAURENCE.*

*Law.* This same should be the voice of friar John.—  
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?  
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

*John.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out,  
One of our order, to associate me,  
Here in this city visiting the sick,  
And finding him, the searchers of the town,  
Suspecting that we both were in a house  
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,  
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;  
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

*Law.* Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

*John.* I could not send it,—here it is again,—

<sup>7</sup>[*Giving it.*]

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of infection.

<sup>a</sup> "Geer," i. e., stuff.



*Lau.* Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
The letter was not <sup>a</sup>nice, but full of charge  
Of dear import; and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;  
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.

*John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it.<sup>1</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Lau.* Now must I to the monument alone.  
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;  
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:  
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Churchyard; in it the Monument  
of the Capulets.

*Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing Flowers, and a Torch.*

*Par.* Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. [*aloof*;  
Under yond' yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go.

<sup>2</sup>[*Giving a basket.*]

*Page.* I am almost afraid to <sup>3</sup>stay alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Retires.*]

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I  
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones, [*strew.*]  
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,  
Or wanting that with tears distill'd by moans:  
The obsequies, that I for thee will keep,  
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep!

[*The Boy whistles.*]

The boy gives warning something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?  
What! with a torch?—muffle me, night, a while.

[*Retires.*]

*Enter ROMEO AND BALTHASAR, with a Torch,  
Mattock, &c.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock, and the wrenching  
Hold, take this letter: early in the morning [*iron.*]  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death  
Is partly to behold my lady's face;  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring, a ring that I must use  
In dear <sup>b</sup>employment. Therefore hence, be gone:  
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry  
In what I farther shall intend to do,  
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.  
The time and my intents are savage, wild;  
More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

*Bal.* I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

*Rom.* So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take  
thou that: [<sup>4</sup>*Giving his Purse.*]

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

*Bal.* For all this same, I'll hide me here about:  
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [<sup>5</sup>*Exit.*]

*Rom.* Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the Monument.*]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

*Par.* This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,  
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—  
And here is come to do some villainous shame  
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—

[*Advancing.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.  
Can vengeance be pursu'd farther than death?  
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:  
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

*Rom.* I must, indeed; and therefore came I  
hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;  
Fly hence and leave me:—think upon these gone;  
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,  
Put not another sin upon my head,  
By urging me to fury:—O! be gone.

By heaven, I love thee better than myself,  
For I come hither arm'd against myself.  
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*Par.* I do defy <sup>7</sup>commiseration,  
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me? then, have at thee,  
boy. [*They fight.*]

*Page.* O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.  
[*Exit Page.*]

*Par.* O! I am slain. [*Falls.*—If thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

*Rom.* In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:—  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris!—  
What said my man, when my betossed soul  
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,  
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:  
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?  
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,  
To think it was so?—O! give me thy hand,  
<sup>8</sup>[*Taking it.*]

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!  
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—  
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,  
For here lies Juliet; and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting <sup>c</sup>presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the Monument.*]

How oft, when men are at the point of death,  
Have they been merry, which their keepers call  
A lightning before death: O! how may I  
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!  
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,  
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:  
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet  
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,  
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—  
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?  
O! what more favor can I do to thee,  
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,  
To sunder his that was thine enemy?  
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah! dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? <sup>9</sup>I will believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous;  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour.

<sup>a</sup> "Was not nice," i. e., was upon no trivial or unimportant subject.—<sup>b</sup> "In dear employment," i. e., in a matter of importance.

For fear of that I still will stay with thee,  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again: here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O! here  
Will I set up my everlasting rest,  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearyed flesh.—Eyes, look your last:  
Arms, take your last embrace; and lips, O! you,  
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss  
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.—  
Come bitter \*conduct, come, unsavory guide!  
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.  
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[*Dies*<sup>1</sup> near JULIET.

*Enter, at the other End of the Churchyard, Friar LAURENCE, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade; \*and BALTHASAR following.*

*Fri.* Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night  
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's there?

*Bal.* Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

*Fri.* Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,  
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light  
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,  
It burneth in the Capulets' monument.

*Bal.* It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,  
One that you love.

*Fri.* Who is it?

*Bal.* Romeo.

*Fri.* How long hath he been there?

*Bal.* Full half an hour.

*Fri.* Go with me to the vault.

*Bal.* I dare not, sir.

My master knows not, but I am gone hence;

And fearfully did menace me with death,  
If I did stay to look on his intents. [me;

*Fri.* Stay, then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon  
O! much I fear some ill unthrifty thing.

*Bal.* As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,  
I dreamt my master and another fought,  
And that my master slew him. [*Exit.*

*Fri.* Romeo!—[*Advancing.*

Alack, alack! what blood is this, which stains

The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—

What mean these masterless and gory swords

To lie discolor'd by this place of peace!

[*Entering the Monument.*

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what! Paris too?

And steep'd in blood?—Ah! what an unkind hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs.

[*JULIET wakes.*

*Jul.* O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am.—Where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*

*Fri.* I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.

A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;

And Paris too: Come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet.—[*Noise again.*] I dare no  
longer stay. [*Exit.*

*Jul.* Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—

O churl! drink all, and left no friendly drop,

To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;  
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,  
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*  
Thy lips are warm!

1 *Watch.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—which way?

*Jul.* Yea, noise!—then I'll be brief.—O happy  
dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's Dagger.*

This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself;*] there \*rest, and  
let me die. [*Dies.*

*Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.*

*Page.* This is the place; there, where the torch  
doth burn. [*Churchyard.*

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody: search about the  
Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—

And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,

Who here hath lain these two days buried.—

Go, tell the Prince,—run to the Capulets,—

Raise up the Montagues,—some others search.—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;

But the true ground of all these piteous woes

We cannot without circumstance descry.

*Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.*

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found him in  
the churchyard. [*hither.*

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the Prince come

*Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.*

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,  
and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

*Enter the Prince and Attendants.*

*Prince.* What misadventure is so early up,

That calls our person from our morning rest?

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.*

*Cap.* What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

*La. Cap.* O! the people in the street cry Romeo,

Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run

With open outcry toward our monument. [*ears?*

*Prince.* What fear is this which startles in your

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, [*slain;*

Warm and new kill'd. [*der comes.*

*Prince.* Search, seek, and know how this foul mur-

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's

With instruments upon them, fit to open [*man,*

These dead men's tombs. [*bleeds!*

*Cap.* O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his \*house

Is empty on the \*back of Montague,

And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

*La. Cap.* O me! this sight of death is as a bell,

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*Enter MONTAGUE and others.*

*Prince.* Come, Montague; for thou art early up,

To see thy son and heir more early down.

*Mon.* Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;

Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.

What farther woe conspires against mine age?

*Prince.* Look, and thou shalt see.

*Mon.* O thou untaught! what manners is in this,

To press before thy father to a grave?

*Prince.* Seal up the mouth of \*outcry for a while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities,

<sup>b</sup> "His house," i. e., *its* (the dagger's) scabbard.—<sup>c</sup> "On the back;" the dagger was anciently worn behind the back.



And know their spring, their head, their true descent;  
 And then will I be general of your woes,  
 And lead you even to death. Mean time forbear,  
 And let mischance be slave to patience.—  
 Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

*Fri.* I am the greatest, able to do least,  
 Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
<sup>1</sup>Do make against me, of this direful murder;  
 And here I stand, both to impeach and purge  
 Myself condemned, and myself excus'd. [this.]

*Prince.* Then, say at once what thou dost know in

*Fri.* I will be brief, for my short date of breath  
 Is not so long as is a tedious tale.  
 Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;  
 And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:  
 I married them; and their stolen marriage-day  
 Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death  
 Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;  
 For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.  
 You, to remove that siege of grief from her,  
 Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,  
 To county Paris: then, comes she to me,  
 And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means  
 To rid her from this second marriage,  
 Or in my cell there would she kill herself.  
 Then gave I her, (so tutor'd by my art)  
 A sleeping potion; which so took effect  
 As I intended, for it wrought on her  
 The form of death. Meantime, I writ to Romeo,  
 That he should hither come, as this dire night,  
 To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,  
 Being the time the potion's force should cease:  
 But he which bore my letter, friar John,  
 Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight  
 Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone,  
 At the prefixed hour of her waking,  
 Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,  
 Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,  
 Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:  
 But, when I came, (some minute ere the time  
 Of her awakening) here untimely lay  
 The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.  
 She <sup>2</sup>waked; and I entreated her come forth,  
 And bear this work of heaven with patience:  
 But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,  
 And she, too desperate, would not go with me,  
 But (as it seems) did violence on herself.  
 All this I know, and to the marriage

Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this  
 Miscarried by my fault, let my old life  
 Be sacrificed some hour before <sup>3</sup>the time,  
 Unto the rigor of severest law.

*Prince.* We still have known thee for a holy man.—  
 Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

*Bal.* I brought my master news of Juliet's death,  
 And then in post he came from Mantua,  
 To this same place, to this same monument.  
 This letter he early bid me give his father;  
 And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,  
 If I departed not, and left him there.

*Prince.* Give me the letter, I will look on it.—  
 Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—  
 Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

*Page.* He came with flowers to strew his lady's  
 And bid me stand aloof, and so I did: [grave,  
 Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb,  
 And, by and by, my master drew on him;  
 And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prince.* This letter doth make good the friar's words,  
 Their course of love, the tidings of her death;  
 And here he writes, that he did buy a poison  
 Of a poor 'pothecary; and therewithal  
 Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—  
 Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!  
 See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,  
 That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love;  
 And I, for winking at your discords too,  
 Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

*Cap.* O, brother Montague! give me thy hand:  
 This is my daughter's jointure; for no more

<sup>4</sup>[*They shake hands.*]

Can I demand.

*Mon.* But I can give thee more;  
 For I will raise her statue in pure gold,  
 That, while Verona by that name is known,  
 There shall no figure at such rate be set,  
 As that of <sup>5</sup>fair and faithful Juliet.

*Cap.* As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;  
 Poor sacrifices of our enmity. [brings,

*Prince.* A glooming peace this morning with it  
 The sun for sorrow will not show his head.

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;  
 Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:

For never was a story of more woe,  
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*]

# TIMON OF ATHENS.



Act IV.—Scene 3.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS, }  
LUCULLUS, } <sup>1</sup> Three flattering Lords  
SEMPRONIUS, }

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false Friends.

APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian <sup>2</sup> Captain.

FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS, }  
LUCILIUS, } Servants to Timon.  
SERVILIUS, }

CAPHIS, }  
PHILOTUS, } Servants to Timon's Creditors.  
TITUS, }  
LUCIUS, }  
HORTENSIVS, }

<sup>3</sup> Servants of Varro, Ventidius, and Isidore;  
two of Timon's Creditors.

Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers  
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant,  
An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA, }  
TIMANDRA, } Mistresses to Alcibiades.

<sup>4</sup> Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others,  
at several Doors.*

*Poet.* Good day, sir.

*Pain.* I am glad you're well.

*Poet.* I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

*Pain.* It wears, sir, as it grows.

*Poet.* Ay, that's well known;

But what particular rarity? what strange,  
Which manifold record not matches? See,  
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power  
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

*Pain.* I know them both: th' other's a jeweller.

*Mer.* O! 'tis a worthy lord.

*Jew.*

Nay, that's most fix'd.

*Mer.* A most incomparable man; <sup>a</sup> breath'd, as it  
To an untirable and continue goodness: [were,  
He <sup>b</sup> passes.

*Jew.* I have a jewel here— <sup>5</sup> [Showing it.

*Mer.* O! pray, let's see't. For the lord Timon, sir?

*Jew.* If he will touch the <sup>c</sup> estimate; but, for that—

*Poet.* "When we for recompense have prais'd the  
It stains the glory in that happy verse [vile,  
Which aptly sings the good."

*Mer.* 'Tis a good form.

*Jew.* And rich: here is a water, look ye.

*Pain.* You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedi-  
To the great lord. [cation

*Poet.* A thing slipp'd idly from me.  
Our poesy is as a gum, which <sup>6</sup> issues

<sup>a</sup> "Breath'd," i. e., exercised, inured by constant practice.—<sup>b</sup> "Passes," i. e., exceeds; goes beyond common bounds.—<sup>c</sup> "Touch the estimate," i. e., come up to the price.



From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint  
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame  
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies  
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

*Pain.* A picture, sir.—When comes your book  
forth?

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my <sup>a</sup>presentment, sir.  
Let's see your piece.

*Pain.* 'Tis a good piece. <sup>1</sup>[*Showing it.*]

*Poet.* So 'tis: this comes off <sup>b</sup>well, and excellent.

*Pain.* Indifferent.

*Poet.* Admirable! How this grace  
Speaks his own standing; what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth; how big imagination  
Moves in this lip; to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might <sup>c</sup>interpret

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch; is't good?

*Poet.* I'll say of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial <sup>d</sup>strife  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators, who pass over the Stage.*

*Pain.* How this lord is follow'd!

*Poet.* The senators of Athens:—happy men!

*Pain.* Look, more! <sup>[visitors.]</sup>

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of  
I have in this rough work shap'd out a man,  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug  
With amplest entertainment: my free drift  
Halts not <sup>e</sup>particularly, but moves itself  
In a wide sea of <sup>2</sup>verse: no levell'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold,  
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

*Pain.* How shall I understand you?

*Poet.* I will <sup>f</sup>unbolt to you.  
You see how all conditions, how all minds,  
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as  
Of grave and austere quality) tender down  
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues, and <sup>g</sup>properties to his love and tendance,  
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd <sup>h</sup>flatterer  
To Apemantus, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together.

*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,  
That labor on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their <sup>i</sup>states: amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,  
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame;  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wasts to her,  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

*Pain.* 'Tis conceiv'd to <sup>k</sup>scope.  
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd

<sup>a</sup> That is, 'as soon as my book has been presented to Timon.'—<sup>b</sup> "This comes off well," i. e., this is well executed.—<sup>c</sup> "Might interpret," i. e., might venture to supply words.—<sup>d</sup> "Artificial strife," i. e., the contest of art with nature.—<sup>e</sup> "My free drift halts not particularly," i. e., my design stops not at any particular character.—<sup>f</sup> "Unbolt," i. e., open; explain.—<sup>g</sup> "Properties," i. e., appropriates.—<sup>h</sup> "The glass-fac'd flatterer," i. e., one who shows by reflection the looks of his patron.—<sup>i</sup> "To propagate their states," i. e., to improve their conditions.—<sup>k</sup> "Conceiv'd to scope," i. e., largely conceived.

In our <sup>l</sup>condition.

*Poet.* Nay, sir, but hear me on.

All those which were his fellows but of late,  
(Some better than his value) on the moment  
Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with tendance,  
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,  
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him  
Drink the free <sup>m</sup>air.

*Pain.* Ay, marry, what of these?

*Poet.* When Fortune, in her shift and change of  
mood,  
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,  
Which labor'd after him to the mountain's top,  
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show,  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's  
More pregnant than words. Yet you do well,  
<sup>2</sup>To show lord Timon that: mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servants of VENTIDIUS talking with him.*

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you?

*Ven. Serv.* Ay, my good lord: five talents is his  
debt;

His means most short, his creditors most strait:  
Your honorable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up; which failing,  
Periods his comforts.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius! Well;  
I am not of that feather, to shake off  
My friend when he <sup>4</sup>most needs me. I do know him  
A gentleman that well deserves a help,  
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

*Ven. Serv.* Your lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;  
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.—  
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

*Ven. Serv.* All happiness to your honor! [*Exit.*]

*Enter an old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

*Tim.* I have so: what of him? [*thee.*]

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man before  
*Tim.* Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

*Enter LUCILIUS.*

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy  
creature,  
By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,  
And my estate deserves an heir, more rais'd  
Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well; what farther?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I; no kin else,  
On whom I may confer what I have got:  
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost  
In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort;  
Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon:  
His honesty rewards him in itself;

<sup>1</sup> "In our condition," i. e., in our art; in painting.—  
<sup>2</sup> "Through him drink the free air," i. e., breathe freely at  
his will only.

It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*Old Ath.* She is young, and apt:

Our own precedent passions do instruct us

What levity's in youth.

*Tim.* [*To LUCILIUS.*] Love you the maid?

*Luc.* Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose

Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd,  
If she be mated with an equal husband?

*Old Ath.* Three talents on the present; in future all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:

To build his fortune I will strain a little,

For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,

And make him weigh with her.

*Old Ath.* Most noble lord,  
Pawn me to this your honor, she is his.

*Tim.* My hand to thee; mine honor on my promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping,

Which is not 'ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labor, and long live your  
lordship.

*Tim.* I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:  
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

*Pain.* A piece of painting, which I do beseech  
Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;

For since dishonor traffics with man's nature,

He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are

Even such as they give<sup>b</sup> out. I like your work,

And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance

Till you hear farther from me.

*Pain.* The gods preserve you!

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentleman: give me your  
hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

*Jew.* What, my lord, dispraise?

*Tim.* A mere satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,

It would 'unclew me quite.

*Jew.* My lord, 'tis rated  
As those which sell would give; but you well know,  
Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters. Believe't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd.

*Mer.* No, my good lord; he speaks the common  
Which all men speak with him. [*tongue,*]

*Tim.* Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

*Jew.* We'll bear, with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good  
morrow; 'd when thou art Timon's dog, and these  
knaves honest. [*know'st them not.*]

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves? thou

*Apem.* Are they not Athenians?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy  
name.

*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Of nothing so much, as that I am not like  
Timon.

*Tim.* Whither art going?

*Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

*Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.

*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

*Apem.* The best, for the innocence.

*Tim.* Wrought he not well that painted it?

*Apem.* He wrought better that made the painter;  
and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

*Pain.* Y'are a dog.

*Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation: what's  
she, if I be a dog?

*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* No; I eat not lords.

*Tim.* An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

*Apem.* O! they eat lords; so they come by great  
bellies.

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*Apem.* So thou apprehend'st. Take it for thy  
labor.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Not so well as 'plain-dealing, which will  
not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet!

*Poet.* How now, philosopher!

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art not one?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then, I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then, thou liest: look in thy last work,  
where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.* That's not feign'd; he is so.

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee  
for thy labor: he that loves to be flattered is worthy  
o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

*Tim.* What would'st do then, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord  
with my heart.

*Tim.* What, thyself?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore?

*Apem.* That I had<sup>1</sup> so hungry a wish to be a lord.  
—Art not thou a merchant?

*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Traffic confound thee, if the gods will!

*Mer.* If traffic do it, the gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound  
thee!

*Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.*

*Tim.* What trumpet's that?

*Serv.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and  
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

*Tim.* Pray, entertain them; give them guide to  
us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

You must needs dine with me.—Go not you hence,  
Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner's done  
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.*

Most welcome, sir!

*Apem.* So, so, there.—

<sup>a</sup> "Ow'd to you," i. e., due to you; held for your service.

<sup>b</sup> "Such as they give out," i. e., what they profess to be.

<sup>c</sup> "Unclew me quite," i. e., draw out the whole mass of  
my fortunes.—"When," i. e., which will happen when.

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the proverb, 'Plain dealing is a jewel, but  
they who use it die beggars.'



Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—  
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet  
knaves,  
And all this courtesy! The 'strain of man's bred  
Into baboon and monkey.

*Alci.* Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed  
Most hungrily on your sight.

*Tim.* Right welcome, sir:  
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time  
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*]

*Enter two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

*Apem.* The more accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

*Apem.* Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat

*Lord.* Fare thee well; fare thee well. [*fools.*]

*Apem.* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I  
mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make  
thy requests to thy friend. [*these hence.*]

2 *Lord.* Away, 'unappeasable dog, or I'll spurn

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall  
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes [*we in,*  
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,  
Is but his steward: no 'd meed, but he repays  
Sevenfold above itself: no gift to him,  
But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
All use of 'quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,  
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same. A Room of State in  
TIMON'S House.

*Hautboys playing loud Music. A great banquet served  
in; FLAVIUS and others attending: then, enter  
TIMON, ALCIABIDES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEM-  
PRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VEN-  
TIDIUS, whom TIMON redeemed from prison, and  
Attendants: then comes, dropping after all, APE-  
MANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.*

*Ven.* Most honor'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods  
to remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,

Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help  
I deriv'd liberty.

*Tim.* O! by no means,  
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love.

I gave it freely ever; and there's none

Can truly say, he gives, if he receives.

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.

*Ven.* A noble spirit!

*Tim.* Nay, my lords,  
Ceremony was but devis'd at first,

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
Pray, sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*]

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confessed it.

*Apem.* Ho, ho! confess'd it? hang'd it, have you

*Tim.* O, Apemantus!—you are welcome. [*not!*]

*Apem.* No, you shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. [*there*

*Tim.* Fie! thou'rt a churl: you have got a humor

Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis* 'est,

But yond' man is ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

*Apem.* Let me stay at thine 'sapperil, Timon:

I come to observe; I give thee warning out.

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee; thou art an Atheni-  
an, therefore, welcome. I myself would have no  
power; pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, 'b for  
I should ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a  
number of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!  
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat in one  
man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them  
up 'too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:

Methinks, they should invite them without knives,

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that sits  
next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges the  
breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest  
man to kill him: it has been proved. If I were a  
huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,  
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:  
Great men should drink with 'harness on their  
throats. [*Round.*]

*Tim.* My lord, in 'heart; and let the health go

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way? A brave fellow!—he  
keeps his tides well. Those health will make thee  
and thy state look ill, Timon.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a 'fire,  
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:

This and my food are equals, there's no odds;

Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS' GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no self;

I pray for no man, but myself.

Grant I may never prove so 'fond,

To trust man on his oath or bond:

Or a harlot for her weeping;

Or a dog that seems a sleeping;

Or a keeper with my freedom;

Or my friends, if I should need 'em,

Amen. So fall to't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks*]

Much good 'd do't thy good heart, Apemantus!

*Tim.* Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field  
now.

*Alci.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies,  
than a dinner of friends.

*Alci.* So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's

'That is, 'Anger is a short madness.'—<sup>a</sup> Peril.—<sup>b</sup> For is  
used for *because*.—<sup>c</sup> The allusion is to a pack of hounds  
trained to pursuit, by being gratified with the blood of an  
animal which they kill; and the wonder is, that the animal,  
on which they are feeding, cheers them to the chase.—  
<sup>d</sup> Armor.—<sup>e</sup> My lord, in heart,' i. e., my lord's health is  
*sincerity*.—<sup>f</sup> Foolish.

\* "Strain," i. e., race; generation.—<sup>b</sup> "Fred out," i. e.,  
degenerated.—<sup>c</sup> Part; separate.—<sup>d</sup> Meed here means *desert*.  
—<sup>e</sup> "All use of quittance," i. e., all the customary returns  
made in discharge of obligations.

no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

*Apem.* 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

*1 Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever <sup>a</sup> perfect.

*Tim.* O! no doubt, my good friends; but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from <sup>b</sup> thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er had need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O! what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes. O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

*Apem.* Thou weep'st to made them drink, Timon.

*2 Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And at that instant, like a babe, sprung up.

*Apem.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard. [much.]

*3 Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me *Apem.* <sup>c</sup> Much! [Tucket sounded.]

*Tim.* What means that trumpet?—How now!

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies! What are their wills?

*Serv.* There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

*Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter CUPID.*

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear, Taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

*Tim.* They're welcome all. Let them have kind admittance:

Music, make their welcome. [Exit CUPID.]

*1 Lord.* You see, my lord, how amply 'y're belov'd.

*Music.* Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.

*Apem.* Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance: they are mad women.  
Like madness is the glory of this life,  
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.  
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;  
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
Upon whose age we void it up again,  
With poisonous spite, and envy.

Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?

Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves  
Of their friends' gift?

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,  
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done.  
Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Haulboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace,  
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, [fair ladies,  
Which was not half so beautiful and kind:  
You have added worth unto't, and lustre,  
And entertain'd me with mine own device;  
I am to thank you for it.

*1 Lady.* My lord, you take us <sup>1</sup> ever at the best.

*Apem.* 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet  
Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Lad.* Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exit CUPID, and Ladies.]

*Tim.* Flavius!

*Flav.* My lord.

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord. [Aside.] More jewels yet!  
There is no crossing him in his humor;  
Else I should tell him,—well,—i' faith, I should,  
When all's spent, he'd be <sup>d</sup> cross'd then: and he could,  
'Tis pity <sup>e</sup> bounty had not eyes 'behind,  
That man might ne'er be wretched for his <sup>f</sup> mind.

[Exit, and returns with the Casket.]

*1 Lord.* Where be our men?

*Serv.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

*2 Lord.* Our horses!

*Tim.* O, my friends! [lord,  
I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good  
I must entreat you, honor me so much,  
As to <sup>h</sup> advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,  
Kind my lord.

*1 Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

*All.* So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Flav.* I beseech your honor,  
Vouchsafe me a word: it does concern you near.

*Tim.* Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:  
I pr'ythee, let's be provided to show them entertain-  
ment.

*Flav.* I scarce know how.

[Aside.]

*Enter another Servant.*

*2 Serv.* May it please your honor, lord Lucius,  
Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

*Tim.* I shall except them fairly: let the presents

*Enter a third Servant.*

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now! what news?

*3 Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honorable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honor two brace of greyhounds.

*Tim.* I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,  
Not without fair reward.

<sup>a</sup> "For ever perfect," i. e., arrived at the perfection of happiness.—<sup>b</sup> That is, 'Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of *endeavourment*, the title of *friend*, did you not, &c.—<sup>c</sup> Much! was an ironical expression of doubt, suspicion, or contempt.

<sup>d</sup> A quibble on the word *cross'd* is intended; to be *cross'd* is to have one's hand crossed with money, or with coins being a *cross*; also, to be *crossed*, thwarted.—<sup>e</sup> "Bounty," i. e., profusion.—<sup>f</sup> "Eyes behind," to see the miseries that follow it.—<sup>g</sup> "For his mind," i. e., for his nobleness of soul.—<sup>h</sup> "Advance this jewel," i. e., raise it to honor by wearing it.



*Flav. [Aside.]* What will this come to?  
 He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,  
 And all out of an empty coffer:  
 Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,  
 To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
 Being of no power to make his wishes good.  
 His promises fly so beyond his state,  
 That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes  
 For every word: he is so kind, that he now  
 Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.  
 Well, would I were gently put out of office,  
 Before I were forc'd out!  
 Happier is he that has no friend to feed  
 Than such as do even enemies exceed.  
 I bled inwardly for my lord. *[Exit.]*

*Tim.* You do yourselves  
 Much wrong: you bate too much of your own merits.  
 Here, my lord, a trifle of our love. *[receive it.]*

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will

3 *Lord.* O! he's the very soul of bounty.

*Tim.* And now I remember, my lord, you gave  
 Good words the other day of a bay courser  
 I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it. *[that.]*

2 *Lord.* O! I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord: I know  
 Can justly praise, but what he does affect: [no man  
 I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;  
 I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All *Lords.* O! none so welcome.

*Tim.* I take all, and your several visitations,  
 So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:  
 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,  
 And ne'er be weary.—*Alcibiades,*  
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich:  
 It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living  
 Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast  
 Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alcib.* Ay, devil'd land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—

*Tim.* And so  
 Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,—

*Tim.* All to you.—Lights! more lights!

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,  
 Honor, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon.

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

*[Exeunt ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]*

*Apem.* What a coil's here!  
 Serving of 'becks, and jutting out of bums!  
 I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums  
 That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:  
 Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.  
 Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,  
 I'd be good to thee.

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd  
 too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and  
 then thou would'st sin the faster. Thou giv'st so  
 long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself  
 in paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomps,  
 and vain glories?

*Tim.* Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I  
 am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and  
 come with better music. *[Exit.]*

*Apem.* So;—thou wilt not hear me now;—  
 Thou shalt not then; I'll lock thy heaven from thee.  
 O, that men's ears should be  
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! *[Exit.]*

<sup>a</sup> "All to you," i. e., all happiness attend you.—<sup>b</sup> Coil is  
 bustle, tumult.—<sup>c</sup> "Serving of 'becks," i. e., offering salutations.  
 —<sup>d</sup> A play upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a *limb*, and a *bow*  
 or act of obedience.—<sup>e</sup> That is, be ruined by securities entered  
 into.—<sup>f</sup> By heaven is meant *good advice*, the only thing by  
 which Timon could be saved.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in a Senator's House.

*Enter a Senator, with Papers in his Hand.*

*Sen.* And late, five thousand to Varro; and to  
 Isidore

He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum,  
 Which makes it five-and-twenty—Still in motion  
 Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.  
 If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,  
 And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:  
 If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more  
 Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;  
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight  
 A stable of horses. No porter at his gate;  
 But rather one that smiles, and still invites  
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason  
 Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho!  
 Caphis, I say!

*Enter CAPHIS.*

*Caph.* Here, sir: what is your pleasure?

*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord  
 Timon:

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd  
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—  
 "Commend me to your master"—and the cap  
 Plays in the right hand, thus;—but tell him, *sirrah*,  
 My uses cry to me. I must serve my turn  
 Out of mine own: his days and times are past,  
 And my reliances on his 'fracted dates  
 Have smit my credit. I love, and honor him,  
 But must not break my back to heal his finger.  
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief  
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,  
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone:  
 Put on a most importunate aspect,  
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,  
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,  
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

*Caph.* I go, sir.

*Sen.* Ay, go, sir.—Take the bonds along with you,  
 And have the dates in compt.

*Caph.*

I will, sir.

*Sen.*

Go. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Hall in TIMON's House.

*Enter FLAVIUS, with many Bills in his Hand.*

*Flavius.* No care, no stop: so senseless of expense,  
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
 Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account  
 How things go from him; no reserve; no care  
 Of what is to continue. Never mind  
 Was surely so unwise, to be so kind.  
 What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel.  
 I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.  
 Fie, fie, fie, fie!

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.*

*Caph.* Good even, Varro. What!

You come for money?

*Var. Serv.* Is't not your business too?

*Caph.* It is.—And yours too, Isidore?

*Isid. Serv.*

It is so.

*Caph.* Would we were all discharg'd!

<sup>a</sup> "Sound," i. e., give out; proclaim.—<sup>b</sup> "Ceased," i. e.,  
 stopped; stayed.—<sup>c</sup> Broken; violated.—<sup>d</sup> "Good even" was  
 the salutation from noon.

*Var. Serv.*

I fear it.

*Caph.* Here comes the lord.*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c., as from hunting.**Tim.* So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,  
*My Alcibiades.*—With me! what is your will?*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.*Tim.* Dues! Whence are you?*Caph.* Of Athens here, my lord.*Tim.* Go to my steward.*Caph.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion

To call upon his own, and humbly prays you,

That with your other noble parts you'll suit,

In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend,

I pry'thee, but repair to me next morning.

*Caph.* Nay, my good lord,—*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, good my lord,—*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore:

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

*Caph.* If you did know, my lord, my master's  
wants,— [weeks,*Var. Serv.* 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six  
And past,—*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my lord;

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath.—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords.*]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither: pray you.

[*To FLAVIUS.*]

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of debt, broken bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts,

Against my honor?

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business;

Your importunity cease till after dinner,

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends.See them well entertain'd. [*Exit TIMON.*]*Flav.* Pray, draw near. [*Exit FLAVIUS.*]*Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.**Caph.* Stay, stay; here comes the fool with Ape-  
mantus: let's have some sport with 'em.*Var. Serv.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.*Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog!*Var. Serv.* How dost, fool?*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow?*Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee.*Apem.* No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away.[*To the Fool.*]*Isid. Serv.* [*To VAR. SERV.*] There's the fool hangs  
on your back already.*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single; thou'rt not on  
him yet.*Caph.* Where's the fool now?*Apem.* He last asked the question.—Poor rogues,  
and usurers' men; bawds between gold and want.*All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus?*Apem.* Asses.*All Serv.* Why?*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not  
know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?*All Serv.* Gramercies, good fool. How does your  
mistress?*Fool.* She's e'en setting on water to scald such  
chickens as you are. Would, we could see you at  
Corinth.*Apem.* Good: gramercy.*Enter Page.**Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress' page.*Page.* [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain!  
what do you in this wise company?—How dost  
thou, Apemantus?*Apem.* Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I  
might answer thee profitably.*Page.* Pry'thee, Apemantus, read me the super-  
scription of these letters: I know not which is  
which.*Apem.* Canst not read?*Page.* No.*Apem.* There will little learning die, then, that  
day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this  
to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and  
thou'lt die a bawd.*Page.* Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt  
famish, a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone.[*Exit Page.*]*Apem.* Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I  
will go with you to lord Timon's.*Fool.* Will you leave me there?*Apem.* If Timon stay at home.—You three serve  
three usurers?*All Serv.* I would they served us.*Apem.* So would I,—as good a trick as ever hang-  
man served thief.*Fool.* Are you three usurers' men?*All Serv.* Ay, fool.*Fool.* I think, no usurer but has a fool to his ser-  
vant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When  
men come to borrow of your masters, they approach  
sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my  
mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The  
reason of this?*Var. Serv.* I could render one.*Apem.* Do it, then, that we may account thee a  
whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding,  
thou shalt be no less esteemed.*Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, fool?*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something like  
thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a  
lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a  
philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial  
one. He is very often like a knight; and general-  
ly in all shapes, that man goes up and down in from  
fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much  
foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.*Apem.* That answer might have become Apeman-  
tus.*All Serv.* Aside, aside: here comes lord Timon.*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.**Apem.* Come, with me, fool; come.*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother,  
woman; sometime, the philosopher.[*Exeunt APEMANTUS, and Fool after him.*]*Flav.* Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you  
anon. [*Exeunt Serv.*]*Tim.* You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this  
time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me,

That I might so have rated my expense

As I had leave of means?

*Flav.*

You would not hear me:

\* "You'll suit," i. e., you will be consistent with your other  
noble qualities.



At many leisures I propos d.

*Tim.* Go to:  
Perchance, some single vantages you took,  
When my indisposition put you back;  
And that unaptness made you minister,  
Thus to excuse yourself.

*Flav.* O, my good lord!  
At many times I brought in my accounts,  
Laid them before you: you would throw them off,  
And say, you found them in mine honesty.  
When for some trifling present you have bid me  
Return so "much, I have shook my head, and wept;  
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you  
To hold your hand more close: I did endure  
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have  
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,  
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,  
Though you hear now, ' yet now's a time too late,  
The greatest of your having lacks a half  
To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.  
*Flav.* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;  
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues. The future comes apace;  
What shall defend the interim? and at length  
How goes our reckoning?

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.  
*Flav.* O, my good lord! the world is but a word;  
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone?

*Tim.* You tell me true.  
*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,  
Call me before th' exactest auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,  
When all our offices have been oppress'd  
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept  
With drunken "spilth of wine; when every room  
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,  
I have retir'd me to a wasteful "nook,  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Pr'ythee, no more.  
*Flav.* Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this  
lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,  
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?  
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord  
Timon's,

Great "Timon's, noble, worthy, royal "Timon's?  
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couch'd.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no farther.  
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.  
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,  
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart,  
If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
And try the "argument of hearts by borrowing,  
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,  
As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts!  
*Tim.* And, in some sort, these wants of mine are  
"crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these  
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you  
Mistake my fortunes: I am wealthy in my friends.  
Within there!—Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.*

*Serv.* My lord, my lord,—  
*Tim.* I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord  
Lucius;—to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his  
honor to-day:—you, to Sempronius. Commend me  
to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occa-  
sions have found time to use them toward a supply  
of money: let the request be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.  
*Flav.* Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph!

*Tim.* Go you, sir, [To another *Serv.*] to the sen-  
ators,

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have  
Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o' the instant  
A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold,  
(For that I knew it the most general way)  
To them to use your signet, and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is't true? can't be?

*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at 'fall, want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honorable,—  
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—  
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity.—  
And so, "intending other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard "fractions,  
With certain "half-caps, and cold-moving nods,  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them!—  
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; these old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind,  
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—  
Go to Ventidius,—[To a *Serv.*] 'Pr'ythee, [To  
FLAVIUS,] be not sad;

Thou art true, and honest: "ingeniously I speak,  
No blame belongs to thee.—[To *Serv.*] Ventidius  
lately

Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd  
Into a great estate: when he was poor,  
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,  
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;  
Bid him suppose some good necessity  
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd  
With those five talents:—that had, [To FLAV.]  
give it these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,  
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

*Flav.* I would, I could not think it; that thought  
is bounty's foe:  
Being "free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in LUCULLUS'S  
House.

FLAMINIUS waiting. *Enter a Servant to him.*

*Serv.* I have told my lord of you; he is coming  
down to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

"So much," i. e., a certain sum.—"Offices," i. e., the  
apartments allotted to culinary offices.—"Spilth is any thing  
spilt or wasted.—"The argument," i. e., the contents: the  
argument of a book was a brief sum of all it contained.—  
"Crown'd," i. e., dignified; made respectable.

"At fall," i. e., at an ebb.—"Intending," i. e., turning  
their attention to.—"Fractions," i. e., broken hints.—A  
half cap is a cap slightly moved, not put off.—"Ingeniously  
—"Free," i. e., liberal; not parsimonious.

*Enter LUCULLUS.*

*Serv.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul.* [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night.—Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very <sup>a</sup>respectively welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honorable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

*Flam.* 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honor to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and 'honesty is his: I have told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from it.

*Re-enter Servant with Wine.*

*Serv.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

*Lucul.* Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who exits.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

<sup>1</sup>[*Giving money.*

*Flam.* Is't possible, the world should so much differ,  
And we alive that 'liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,  
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*

*Lucul.* Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

[*Exit LUCULLUS.*

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may  
Let molten coin be thy damnation, [*scald thee!*]  
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!  
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,  
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!  
I feel my master's <sup>a</sup>passion. This slave  
Unto <sup>b</sup>his humor has my lord's meat in him:  
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,  
When he is turn'd to poison?  
O! may diseases only work upon't, [*tune,*  
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of na-  
Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
To expel sickness, but prolong his <sup>c</sup>hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Public Place.

*Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

*Luc.* Who? the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honorable gentleman.

*1 Stran.* We 'know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumors: now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

*Luc.* Fie! no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

*2 Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How?

*2 Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honorable man? there was very little honor showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Ser.* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honor.—My honored lord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honorable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Ser.* May it please your honor, my lord hath sent—

*Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord, he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

*Ser.* He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with <sup>a</sup>five hundred talents.

*Luc.* I know, his lordship is but merry with me: He cannot want <sup>a</sup>five hundred talents.

*Ser.* But in the meantime he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not <sup>a</sup>virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Ser.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honorable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honor!—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do; the more beast <sup>a</sup>I, I say.—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honor will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honorable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

*Ser.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit SERVILIUS.*

<sup>a</sup> Respectfully. — <sup>b</sup> Honesty here means liberality. —  
<sup>c</sup> "Alive that liv'd," i. e., alive now that lived then.  
<sup>d</sup> "Passion," i. e., suffering; grief. — <sup>e</sup> "His hour," i. e., his hour of suffering.

<sup>f</sup> Acknowledge. — <sup>g</sup> That is, 'If he did not want it for a good use.'



True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed ;  
And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius ?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this

Is the world's soul ; and just of the same piece  
Is every flatterer's <sup>1</sup>port.\* Who can call him  
His friend, that dips in the same dish ? for, in  
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,  
And kept his credit with his purse,  
Supported his estate ; nay, Timon's money  
Has paid his men their wages : he ne'er drinks,  
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip ;  
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man,  
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape !)  
He does deny him, in respect of <sup>b</sup>his,  
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,  
I never tasted Timon in my life,  
Nor came any of his bounties over me,  
To mark me for his friend ; yet, I protest,  
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
And honorable carriage,  
Had his necessity made use of me,  
I would have put my wealth into donation,  
And the best half should have return'd to him,  
So much I love his heart. But, I perceive,  
Men must learn now with pity to dispense :  
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in SEMPRONIUS'S House.

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in't, humph !  
'bove all others ?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus ;  
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
Whom he redeem'd from prison : all these  
Owe their estates unto him.

*Serv.* My lord,  
They have all been <sup>c</sup>touch'd, and found base metal ;  
For they have all denied him.

*Sem.* How ! have they denied him ?  
Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him,  
And does he send to me ? Three ? humph !  
It shows but little love or judgment in him : [cians,  
Must I be his last refuge ? His friends, like physi-  
Thrice give him over ; must I take the cure upon me ?  
He has much disgrac'd me in't : I am angry at him.  
That might have known my place. I see no sense  
But his occasions might have woo'd me first ; [for't,  
For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
That e'er received gift from him :  
And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
That I'll requite it last ? No : so it may prove  
An argument of laughter to the rest,  
And amongst lords I be thought a fool.  
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;  
I'd such a <sup>d</sup>courage to do him good. But now return,  
And with their faint reply this answer join ;  
Who bates mine honor shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*]

*Serv.* Excellent ! Your lordship's a goodly villain.  
The devil knew not what he did, when he  
made man <sup>e</sup>politic : he crossed himself by't ; and I

\* "Port," i. e., behavior ; bearing.—<sup>b</sup> "In respect of his," i. e., in respect of his fortune.—<sup>c</sup> Alluding to the trial of metals by the touchstone.—<sup>d</sup> "Such a courage," i. e., such ardor ; such an eager desire.—<sup>e</sup> "Politic," i. e., crafty ; full of cunning shifts.

cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul ? takes virtuous copies to be wicked ; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,  
Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead,  
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
Now to guard sure their master :  
And this is all a liberal course allows ;  
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his <sup>f</sup>house.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*Var. Serv.* Well met ; good-morrow, Titus and  
*Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro. [*Hortensius.*  
*Hor.* Lucius ?

What, do we meet together ?

*Luc. Serv.* Ay ; and, I think,  
One business does command us all, for mine  
Is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs, and ours.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

*Luc. Serv.* And, sir,  
Philotus too !

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother.  
What do you think the hour ?

*Phi.* Laboring for nine.

*Luc. Serv.* So much ?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet ?

*Luc. Serv.* Not yet.

*Phi.* I wonder on't : he was wont to shine at seven.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are waxed shorter  
with him :

You must consider, that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's ; but not, like his, recoverable.  
I fear 'tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse ;  
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little.

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll show you how t' observe a strange event.  
Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* Most true, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,  
For which I wait for money.

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :  
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
And send for money for 'em. [ness :

*Hor.* I'm weary of this <sup>g</sup>charge, the gods can wit-  
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns ;

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine. [what's yours ?

1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep : and it should seem  
by the sum,  
Your master's confidence was above mine ;  
Else, surely, his had equal'd.

*Enter FLAMINIUS.*

*Tit.* One of lord Timon's men.

<sup>f</sup> "Keep his house," i. e., keep within doors for fear of  
duns.—<sup>g</sup> "This charge," i. e., this office or employment.

*Luc. Serv.* Flaminus! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?—

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit* FLAMINIUS.]

*Enter* FLAVIUS *in a Cloak, muffled.*

*Luc. Serv.* Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, sir?

*1 Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

*Flav.* What do you ask of me, my friend?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.* Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting, 'Twere sure enough. Why then prefer'd you not Your sums and bills, when your false masters ate Of my lord's meat? Then, they could smile, and Upon his debts, and take down the interest [fawn Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but To stir me up; let me pass quietly: [wrong, Believe't, my lord and I have made an end: I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Flav.* If 'twill not serve, 'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

*1 Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

*2 Var. Serv.* No matter what: he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

*Enter* SERVILIUS.

*Tit.* O! here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

*Ser.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't; for, take't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him: he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

*Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers, are not And if<sup>1</sup> he be so far beyond his health, [sick: Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods.

*Serv.* Good gods!

*Tit.* We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

*Flam.* [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

*Enter* TIMON, *in a rage*; FLAMINIUS, *following.*

*Tim.* What! are my doors oppos'd against my passage? Have I been ever free, and must my house [sage? Be my retentive enemy, my jail? The place which I have feasted, does it now, Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

*Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

*Tit.* My lord, here is my bill.

*Luc. Serv.* Here's mine.

*Hor. Serv.* And mine, my lord.

*Both Var. Serv.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* All our bills.

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to [the girdle.

*Luc. Serv.* Alas! my lord,—

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?—

*1 Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*2 Var. Serv.* My lord,—

*Tim.* Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*

*Hor.* Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* TIMON and FLAVIUS.

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me, the Creditors?—devils! [*slaves!*

*Flav.* My dear lord,—

*Tim.* What if it should be so?

*Flav.* My lord,—

*Tim.* I'll have it so.—My steward!

*Flav.* Here, my lord.

*Tim.* So fitly! Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempromius; all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Flav.* O my lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul: There is not so much left to furnish out A moderate table.

*Tim.* Be't not in thy care: go, I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. The Senate-house.

*The Senate sitting. Enter* ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

*1 Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't: the fault's bloody; 'tis necessary he should die.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

*2 Sen.* Most true: the law shall bruise him.

*Alcib.* Honor, health, and compassion to the senate!

*1 Sen.* Now, captain?

*Alcib.* I am an humble suitor to your virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law, And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy

Upon a friend of mine; who, in hot blood,

Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth

To those that without heed do plunge into't.

He is a man, setting his<sup>2</sup> fault aside,

Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;

(An honor in him which buys out his fault)

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,

Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his foe:

And with such sober and unnoted passion

He did<sup>3</sup> reprove his anger, ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but<sup>4</sup> mov'd an argument.

*1 Sen.* You<sup>5</sup> undergo too<sup>6</sup> strict a paradox,

Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:

Your words have took such pains, as if they labor'd

To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valor; which, indeed,

Is valor misbegot, and came into the world

When sects and factions were newly born.

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer [wrongs

The worst that man can<sup>7</sup> breathe, and make his

His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, care-

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart, [lessly,

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,

What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

*Alcib.* My lord,—

<sup>a</sup> "With 'em," i. e., with the bills; a quibb. upon bills, which also meant battle-axes.

<sup>b</sup> Undertake.—<sup>c</sup> "Too strict," i. e., too hard.—<sup>d</sup> Utter.



1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:  
To revenge is no valor, but to bear.

*Alcib.* My lords, then, under favor, pardon me,  
If I speak like a captain.  
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,  
And not endure all threats? sleep upon't,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
Without repugnancy? if there be  
Such valor in the bearing, what make we  
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,  
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,  
And the ass more captain than the lion; the fellow,  
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,  
If wisdom be in suffering. O, my lords!  
As you are great, be pitifully good:  
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?  
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest<sup>b</sup> gust;  
But in defence, 'c by mercy, 'tis most just.  
To be in anger, is impiety;  
But who is man, that is not angry?  
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

*Alcib.* In vain? his service done  
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

[vice,

*Alcib.* Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair ser-  
And slain in fight many of your enemies.  
How full of valor did he bear himself  
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em,  
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin, that often  
Drowns him, and takes his valor prisoner.

2 Were there no foes, that were itself enough  
To overcome him: in that beastly fury  
He has been known to commit outrages,  
And cherish factions. 'Tis infer'd to us,  
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

*Alcib.* Hard fate! he might have died in war.  
My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
And be in debt to none, yet, more to move you,  
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:  
And for, I know, your reverend ages love  
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all  
My honor to you, upon his good returns.  
If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore;  
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,  
On height of our displeasure. Friend, or brother,  
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

*Alcib.* Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,  
I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How!

*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen.

What!

*Alcib.* I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;  
It could not else be, I should prove so<sup>d</sup> base.  
To sue, and be denied such common grace.  
My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?  
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:  
We banish thee for ever.

*Alcib.*

Banish me!

Banish your dotage, banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days' shine Athens contain thee,

<sup>a</sup> "What make we abroad?" i. e., "what have we to do in the field?"—<sup>b</sup> *Gust* here means *rashness*.—<sup>c</sup> "By mercy," i. e., I call mercy to witness: an adjuration.—<sup>d</sup> *Base* for dishonored.

Attend our weightier judgment And, not to swell  
our spirit,

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*  
*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough; that  
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you.  
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their money, and let out  
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,  
Rich only in large hurts:—all those, for this?  
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate  
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!  
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd:  
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up  
My discontented troops, and lay for<sup>e</sup> hearts.  
'Tis honor with most lands to be at odds;  
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—A Banquet-hall in TIMON'S House.

*Mus.* Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter  
divers Lords, at several Doors.

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think, this hon-  
orable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts 'tiring, when  
we encountered. I hope, it is not so low with him,  
as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his  
new feasting.

1 Lord. I should think so. He hath sent me an  
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did  
urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me be-  
yond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my im-  
portunate business, but he would not hear my ex-  
cuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me,  
that my provision was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I under-  
stand how all things go.

2 Lord. Every man here's so. What would he  
have borrowed of you?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

3 Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And  
how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your  
lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more  
willingly, than we your lordship.

*Tim.* [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter;  
such summer-birds are men. [*To them.*] Gentle-  
men, our dinner will not recompense this long stay:  
feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will  
fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't  
presently.

1 Lord. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your  
lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

*Tim.* O! sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

*Tim.* Ah! my good friend, what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*

2 Lord. My most honorable lord, I am e'en sick  
of shame that, when your lordship this other day  
sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

<sup>e</sup> "Lay for hearts," i. e., endeavor to win the affections of the people.—<sup>f</sup> To tire on any thing meant to be idly employed on it.

*Tim.* Think not, on't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

*Tim.* Let it not cumber your better<sup>a</sup> remembrance.

—Come, bring in all together. <sup>1</sup>[*To the Servants.*

2 *Lord.* All covered dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so; be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

*Tim.* My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast<sup>b</sup> toward.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does; but time<sup>c</sup> will show?

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

*Tim.* Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all<sup>d</sup> places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

"You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised, but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your<sup>e</sup> foes, O gods!—the senators of Athens, together with the common<sup>f</sup> tag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these, my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome."

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*

*Some speak.* What does his lordship mean?

*Some other.* I know not.

*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold,

You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water

Is your<sup>d</sup> perfection. This is Timon's lust;

Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,

Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,

Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears;

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's<sup>e</sup> flies,

Cap and knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks!

Of man, and beast, the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er!—What! dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou:—

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

<sup>a</sup> "Your better remembrance," i. e., your good memory.  
<sup>b</sup> "Toward," i. e., near at hand; in prospect.—<sup>c</sup> "In all places alike." This alludes to the mode in which guests were formerly placed at table according to rank.—<sup>d</sup> "Your perfection," i. e., the highest of your excellence.—<sup>e</sup> "Time's flies," i. e., flies of a season.—<sup>f</sup> "Minute-jacks," i. e., automaton figures appended to clocks.

*Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.*

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords!

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Push! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humor sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

*Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall, That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth, And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent; Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools, Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench, And minister in their steads! to general<sup>a</sup> filths Convert o' the instant green virginity! Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast; Rather than render back, out with your knives, And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal! Large-handed robbers your grave masters are, And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed; Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen, Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire, With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear, Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood, Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades, Degrees, observances, customs, and laws, Decline to your confounding<sup>b</sup> contraries, And let confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men, Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica, Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth, That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive, And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains, Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop Be general leprosy! breath infect breath, That their society, as their friendship, may Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee, But nakedness, thou detestable town.

<sup>c</sup>[ *Casting away his Clothes*

Take thou that too, with multiplying<sup>b</sup> bans.

Timon will to the woods; where he shall find

Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)

The Athenians, both within and out that wall!

And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow

To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!

Amen.

[*Exit.*

<sup>a</sup> "General filths," i. e., common strumpets.—<sup>b</sup> Contraries.—<sup>c</sup> Libertinism.—<sup>d</sup> "Multiplying bans," i. e., accumulating curses.



## SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House.

*Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward! where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?  
*Flav.* Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you?  
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,  
 I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!  
 So noble a master fallen! All gone, and not  
 One friend to take his fortune by the arm,  
 And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs  
 From our companion, thrown into his grave,  
 So his <sup>a</sup>familiars to his buried fortunes  
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,  
 Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,  
 A dedicated beggar to the air,  
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
 Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

*Enter other Servants.*

*Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house.  
 3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,  
 That see I by our faces: we are fellows still,  
 Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark;  
 And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
 Hearing the surges threat: we must all part  
 Into this sea of air.

*Flav.* Good fellows all,  
 The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
 Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
 Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,  
 As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
 "We have seen better days." Let each take some;

*[Giving them money.]*

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:  
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

*[They embrace, and part several ways.]*  
 O, the <sup>b</sup>fiercer wretchedness that glory brings us!  
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
 Since riches point to misery and contempt?  
 Who'd be so mock'd with glory <sup>1</sup>as to live  
 But in a dream of friendship? <sup>2</sup>and revive  
 To have his pomp, and <sup>3</sup>all state comprehends,  
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?  
 Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart;  
 Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual <sup>c</sup>blood,  
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!  
 Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?  
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.  
 My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,  
 Rich, only to be wretched, thy great fortunes  
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!  
 He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat  
 Of monstrous friends;  
 Nor hath he with him to supply his life,  
 Or that which can command it.  
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:  
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;  
 Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE III.—The Woods.

*Enter TIMON, <sup>4</sup>with a Spade.*

*Tim.* O, blessed breeding sun! draw from the earth  
 Rotten humidity; below thy <sup>d</sup>sister's orb  
 Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,

<sup>a</sup> "His familiars to his buried fortunes," i. e., those who familiarly participated in his buried fortunes.—<sup>b</sup> *Fierce* here means *vehement*.—<sup>c</sup> "Blood," i. e., propensity; disposition.—<sup>d</sup> "Thy sister's," i. e., the moon's.

Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
 Scarce is <sup>e</sup>divident, touch them with several fortunes,  
 The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,  
 (To whom all sores lay siege) can bear great fortune,  
 But <sup>f</sup>by contempt of nature.

Raise me this beggar, and <sup>g</sup>decline that lord;  
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
 The beggar native honor.

It is the pasture lards the <sup>h</sup>rother's sides, *[dares,*  
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who

In purity of manhood stand upright,  
 And say, "This man's a flatterer?" If one be,  
 So are they all; for every <sup>i</sup>grise of fortune

Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pates  
 Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;  
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorrd

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
 His <sup>j</sup>semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
 Destruction <sup>k</sup>fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

*[Digging.]*

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate  
 With thy most <sup>l</sup>operant poison—What is here?

<sup>6</sup>*[Finding gold.]*

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,  
 I am no <sup>m</sup>idol votarist. Roots, you <sup>n</sup>clear heavens!  
 Thus much of this will make black, white; foul,  
 fair;

*[iant.]*

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, val-  
 Ha! you gods, why this? What this? You gods <sup>o</sup>

why, this  
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,  
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads.

This yellow slave  
 Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;  
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
 With senators on the bench: this is it,  
 That makes the <sup>p</sup>wappen'd widow wed again:

She, whom the <sup>q</sup>spital-house, and ulcerous sores  
 Would cast the <sup>r</sup>gorge at, this embalms and spices  
 To the April <sup>s</sup>day again. Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds  
 Among the route of nations, I will make thee  
 Do thy right nature.—*[March afar off.]*—Ha! <sup>t</sup>a

drum?—Thou'rt <sup>u</sup>quick,  
 But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief,  
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.—

Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

*[Reserving some gold.]*

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with Drum and Fife, in warlike  
 manner; and PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.*

*Alcib.* What art thou there?  
 Speak. *[heart]*

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy  
 For showing me again the eyes of men! *[thee]*

*Alcib.* What is thy name? Is man so hateful to  
 That art thyself a man?

*Tim.* I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.  
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
 That I might love thee something.

*Alcib.* I know thee well;  
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

*Tim.* I know thee too; and more, than that I  
 know thee,

<sup>e</sup> "Divident," i. e., different; separate.—<sup>f</sup> *But by* is used here *for without*.—<sup>g</sup> *Rother*-beasts are horned cattle.—<sup>h</sup> "Grise," i. e., step; degree.—<sup>i</sup> "Semblable," i. e., like.—<sup>j</sup> "Fang," i. e., seize.—<sup>k</sup> *Operative*.—<sup>l</sup> *Pure*.—<sup>m</sup> *Sorrowful*.—<sup>n</sup> *Hospital*.—<sup>o</sup> To "cast the gorge" is to revolt or turn the stomach.—<sup>p</sup> To the April day," i. e., to the freshness of youth.—<sup>q</sup> "Thou'rt quick," i. e., thou hast life and motion in thee.

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, <sup>a</sup>gules:  
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;  
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine  
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubin look.

*Phry.* Thy lips rot off!

*Tim.* I will not kiss thee; then, the rot returns  
To thine own lips again.

*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to this change?  
*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light to give:  
But then, renew I could not, like the moon;  
There were no suns to borrow of.

*Alcib.* Noble Timon,  
What friendship may I do thee?

*Tim.* None, but to  
Maintain my opinion.

*Alcib.* What is it, Timon?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none:  
if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for  
thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,  
for thou art a man!

*Alcib.* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

*Alcib.* I see them now; then was a blessed time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

*Timan.* Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the  
<sup>b</sup>Voic'd so regardfully? [world

*Tim.* Art thou Timandra?

*Timan.* Yes. [thee:

*Tim.* Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use  
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.  
Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves  
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth  
To the tub-fast, and the <sup>c</sup>diet.

*Timan.* Hang thee, monster!

*Alcib.* Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits  
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—  
I have 'd had but little gold of late, brave Timon,  
The want whereof doth daily make revolt  
In my penurious band: I have heard and griev'd,  
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,  
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbor states,  
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

*Tim.* I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

*Alcib.* I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Ti-  
mon. [trouble?

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost  
I had rather be alone.

*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well:  
Here is some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep it, I cannot eat it.

*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

*Alcib.* Ay Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all in thy conquest;  
And thee after, when thou hast conquered:

*Alcib.* Why me, Timon?

*Tim.* That, by killing of villains,  
Thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one.

Pity not honor'd age for his white beard;

He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy <sup>d</sup>trenchant sword; for those milk-  
paps,

That through the window-bars bore at man's eyes,  
Are not within the leaf of pity writ, [babe,  
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the  
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:  
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,  
And mince it sans <sup>e</sup>remorse: swear against <sup>f</sup>objects;  
Put armor on thine ears, and on thine eyes,  
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,  
Nor sight of priests, in holy vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:  
<sup>g</sup>[Throwing it.

Make large confusion; and thy fury spent,  
Confound'd be thyself! Speak not; be gone.

*Alcib.* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold  
thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel. [upon thee!

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse

*Phry. & Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon:  
hast thou more?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
And to make whores <sup>h</sup>abhor'd. Hold up, you sluts,  
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,—  
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,  
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,  
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,  
I'll trust to your <sup>i</sup>conditions: be whores still;  
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,  
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;  
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,  
And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six  
months,

Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs  
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,  
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore  
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face: [still;  
A pox of wrinkles!

*Phry. & Timan.* Well, more gold.—What then?—  
Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,  
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,  
That he may never more false title plead,  
Nor sound his <sup>j</sup>quilets shrilly: hoar the <sup>k</sup>flamen,  
That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
And not believes himself: down with the nose,  
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away  
Of him, that his particular to foreseee,

Smells from the general <sup>l</sup>weal: make curl'd-pate  
ruffians bald;

And let the unscar'd braggarts of the war

Derive some pain from you. Plague all,

That their activity may defeat and quell

The source of all erection.—There's more gold:

<sup>6</sup>[Throwing it.

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,

And ditches <sup>7</sup>grave you all!

*Phry. & Timan.* More counsel with more money,  
bounteous Timon.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first: I have  
given you earnest.

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards Athens! Fare-  
well, Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alcib.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm?

*Tim.* Men daily find it. Get thee away,

<sup>a</sup> Gules, a term in heraldry denoting red.—<sup>b</sup> 'Voic'd so regardfully,' i. e., praised so highly.—<sup>c</sup> Alluding to the cure then in practice for *tues venera*.—<sup>d</sup> Cutting.

<sup>e</sup> "Sans remorse," i. e., without pity.—<sup>f</sup> Dispositions.—<sup>g</sup> Subtleties.—<sup>h</sup> "Flamen," i. e., priest.—<sup>i</sup> To 'foresee his particular' is 'to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves right scent of public good.'—<sup>j</sup> To grave is to bury.



And take thy beagles with thee.

*Alcib.* We but offend him.—  
Strike!

[*Drums beat* *Exeunt* *ALCIBIADES*, *PHRYNIA*, and *TIMANDRA*.]

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,

[*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,  
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all the abhorred births below<sup>b</sup> crisp heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;  
Yield him, who all the human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
c Ensear thy fertile and conception womb;  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
Never presented!—O! a root:—dear thanks!  
Dry up thy<sup>d</sup> meadows, vines, and plough-torn leas;  
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips—

*Enter* *APEMANTUS*.

More man? Plague! plague!

*Apem.* I was directed hither: men report,  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog  
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but infected;  
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung [place?  
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this  
This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,  
Hug their diseases'd perfumes, and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a<sup>d</sup> carper.  
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,  
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,  
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,  
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;  
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade wel-  
come,

To knaves, and all approachers: 'tis most just,  
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,  
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being like  
thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees,  
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold  
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—  
Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoussed trunks,  
To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;  
O! thou shalt find—

*Tim.* A fool of thee. Depart.

*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.

*Apem.* I flatter not, but say thou art a caiff.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out?

*Apem.* To vex thee.

*Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

*Apem.*

Ay.

*Tim.* What! a knave too?

*Apem.* If thou didst put this sour cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou

Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst courtier be again,

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, never complete,

The other, at high wish, best state, contentless,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse than the worst content.

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his<sup>f</sup> breath, that is more miserable

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favor never clasp'd, but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first<sup>g</sup> swath, proceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords

To such as may the passive<sup>h</sup> dug of it

Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself

In general riot; melted down thy youth

In different beds of lust; and never learn'd

The icy precepts of<sup>i</sup> respect, but follow'd

The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary;

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men

At duty, more than I could frame<sup>j</sup> employment;

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush

Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare

For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,

That never knew but better, is some burden:

Thy nature did commence in<sup>k</sup> sufferance, time

Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate

men?

They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,

Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff

To some she beggar, and compounded thee

Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!

If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,

Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

*Apem.*

Art thou proud yet?

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.*

I, that I was

Not prodigal.

*Tim.*

I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,

I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—

That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root*

*Apem.*

Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering something*

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thyself

*Apem.* So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of

thine.

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What wouldst thou have to Athens?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,

\* The serpent called the *blind worm*.—<sup>b</sup> Curv'd.—<sup>c</sup> "Ensear," i. e., close; stop up.—<sup>d</sup> "The cunning of a carper" is the fastidiousness of a critic.

\* That is, arrives sooner at the completion of its wishes.—<sup>f</sup> "By his breath," i. e., by his voice, sentence.—<sup>g</sup> "First swath," i. e., from the first swathe-band; from infancy.—<sup>h</sup> "The icy precepts of respect," i. e., the cold admonitions of prudence.—<sup>i</sup> Employment for.—<sup>k</sup> "Suff'rance," i. e., misery; pain.

Tell them there I have gold: look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best, and truest;  
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Apem.* Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

*Tim.* Under that's above me.  
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,  
where I eat it.

*Tim.* Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

*Apem.* Where would'st thou send it?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes.

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou was in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much "curiosity": in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate I feed not.

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee: thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

*Tim.* Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

*Apem.* Ay, Timon.

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert germane to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were <sup>b</sup>remotion, and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation.

*Apem.* If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

*Apem.* Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou

shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou art the "cap" of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

*Apem.* A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

*Tim.* All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

*Tim.* If I name thee,—

<sup>1</sup>I'd beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would, my tongue could rot them off.

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

*Apem.*

Would thou would'st burst!

*Tim.*

Away.

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

*Apem.*

Beast!

*Tim.*

Slave!

*Apem.*

Toad!

*Tim.*

Rogue, rogue, rogue:

[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going:*

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought But even the mere necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That soldier'st close impossibilities, [*tongue,*

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every

To every purpose! O thou "touch of hearts!"

Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

*Apem.*

Would 'twere so;

But not till I am dead.—I'll say, thou'st gold:

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.*

Throng'd to?

*Apem.*

Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I pr'ythee.

*Apem.*

Live, and love thy misery!

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[*Exit Apemantus.*

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

*Enter Banditti.*

1 *Band.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling from <sup>2</sup>him of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Band.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Band.* Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Band.* True, for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

1 *Band.* Is not this he?

*All.* Where?

2 *Band.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Band.* He; I know him.

*All.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves?

*All.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both two; and women's sons.

<sup>a</sup> "Too much curiosity," i. e., too much finical nicety.—  
<sup>b</sup> *Remotion* is removing away; removing afar off.

<sup>c</sup> "The cap," i. e., the top: the principal.—<sup>d</sup> *Touch* for touchstone.



*All.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want. [meat.]

*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth a hundred springs; The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want? *1 Band.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts, and birds, and fishes. [fishes;]

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you <sup>a</sup>con, That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft In <sup>b</sup>limited professions. Rascal thieves, Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape, <sup>1</sup>[*Throwing gold.*]

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth, And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob: take wealth and lives together; Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't, Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery: The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun: The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief, That feeds and breeds by a <sup>c</sup>composture stolen From general excrement: each thing's a thief. The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away! Rob one another. There's more gold; cut throats; <sup>2</sup>[*Throwing it.*]

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go: Break open shops; nothing can you steal, But thieves do lose it. Steal <sup>a</sup>no less for this I give you; and gold confound you howsoever! Amen.

[*TIMON retires to his Cave.*]

*3 Band.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

*1 Band.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

*2 Band.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

*1 Band.* Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable, but a man may be <sup>a</sup>true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*]

Enter FLAVIUS.

*Flav.* O you gods! Is yond' despis'd and ruinous man my lord? Full of decay and failing? O monument, And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd! What an alteration of <sup>a</sup>honor has desperate want made!

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends? How 'rarely does it meet with this time's guise, When man was wish'd to love his enemies: Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo Those that would mischief me, than those that do! He has caught me in his eye: I will present My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord, Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

*TIMON comes forward from his Cave.*

*Tim.* Away! what art thou?

<sup>a</sup> To can thanks was used formerly for to thank.—<sup>b</sup> Limited for allowed.—<sup>c</sup> Compost; manure.—<sup>d</sup> That is, 'There is no hour in a man's life so wretched, but he always has it in his power to become true, i. e., honest.'—<sup>e</sup> An alteration of honor is an alteration of an honorable state to a state of disgrace.—<sup>f</sup> 'Rarely,' i. e., admirably.

*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir?

*Tim.* Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men; Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have forgot

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours. [thee.]

*Tim.* Then, I know thee not:

I never had honest man about me, I; All I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains.

*Flav.* The gods are witness,

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

*Tim.* What! dost thou weep?—Come nearer:—then, I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never <sup>a</sup>give, But <sup>b</sup>thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping: Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord, T'accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts, To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man Was born of woman.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one; No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—How fain would I have hated all mankind, And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee, I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;

For by oppressing and betraying me,

Thou might'st have sooner got another service,

For many so arrive at second masters,

Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,

(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,

<sup>a</sup>Is't not a usuring kindness <sup>b</sup>as rich men deal gifts, Expecting in return twenty for one?

*Flav.* No, my most worthy master; in whose breast Doubt and <sup>c</sup>suspect, alas! are plac'd too late.

You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:

Suspect still comes <sup>d</sup>when an estate is least.

That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,

Care of your food and living: and, believe it,

My most honor'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me,

Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange

For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth

To requite me by making rich yourself.

*Tim.* Look thee, 'tis so.—Thou singly honest man, Here, take:—the gods out of my misery

<sup>1</sup>[*Giving gold.*]

Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy;

But thus condition'd:—thou shalt build from <sup>a</sup>men;

Hate all, curse all; show charity to none,

But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs

What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing. Be men like blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!

And so, farewell, and thrive.

*Flav.*

O! let me stay,

And comfort you, my master.

*Tim.*

If thou hat'st

<sup>a</sup> "Give," i. e., give way to tears.—<sup>b</sup> Through.—<sup>c</sup> Suspicion.—<sup>d</sup> "From men," i. e., away from human habitation.

Curses, stay not: fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free.  
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

<sup>1</sup>[*Exit FLAVIUS; and TIMON into his Cave.*]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.—The Same. Before TIMON'S Cave.

*Enter Poet and Painter.*

*Pam.* As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

*Poet.* What's to be thought of him? Does the rumor hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

*Pain.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

*Pain.* Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, And is very likely to load our <sup>2</sup>purses with what <sup>3</sup>we travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation; only, I will promise him an excellent piece.

*Poet.* I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

*Pain.* Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of <sup>4</sup>saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable; performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

*Enter TIMON, <sup>5</sup>behind, from his Cave.*

*Tim.* Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

*Poet.* I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

*Tim.* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so; I have gold for thee.

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him:  
Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Pain.* True;  
When the day serves, before <sup>6</sup>black-cover'd night,  
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.  
Come.

*Tim.* I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold, That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple, Than where swine feed!  
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;  
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:  
To thee be worship; and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!  
Fit I meet them. [*Advancing.*]

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon!

*Pain.* Our late noble master.

*Tim.* Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

*Poet.* Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,  
Whose thankless natures—O, abhorred spirits!  
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—  
What! to you,  
Whose starlike nobleness gave life and influence  
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

*Tim.* Let it go naked, men may see't the better:  
You, that are honest, by being what you are,  
Make them best seen, and known.

*Pain.*

He, and myself,

Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.

*Tim.*

Ay, you are honest men.

*Pain.* We are hither come to offer you our service.

*Tim.* Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

*Both.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

*Tim.* You are honest men. You have heard that  
I have gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth; you are honest men.

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore

Came not my friend, nor I. [*terfeit*]

*Tim.* Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a <sup>7</sup>counterfeit  
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.*

So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* Even so, sir, as I say.—And for thy fiction,  
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,  
That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,

You take much pains to mend.

*Both.*

Beseech your honor,

To make it known to us.

*Tim.*

You'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*Tim.*

Will you, indeed?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*Tim.* There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,  
That mightily deceives you.

*Both.*

Do we, my lord?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him <sup>8</sup>cog, see him dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd,  
That he's a made-up <sup>9</sup>villain.

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.*

Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,  
Bid me these villains from your companies:  
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,  
Confound them by some course, and come to me  
I'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord; let's know them.

*Tim.* You that way, and you this; but two is come  
Each man apart, all single and alone, [*pant:*—  
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company,  
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter.*]

Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside

[*To the Poet.*]

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves:

<sup>a</sup> "The deed of saying," i. e., the *doing* of what we have said we would do.

<sup>b</sup> Portrait.—<sup>c</sup> Flatter.—<sup>d</sup> "A made-up villain," i. e., a complete, finished villain.



You have done work for me, there's payment: hence!  
 You are an alchymist, make gold of that.  
 Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating them out.*]

## SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.*

*Flav.* It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;  
 For he is set so only to himself,  
 That nothing but himself, which looks like man,  
 Is friendly with him.

*1 Sen.* Bring us to his cave:  
 It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,  
 To speak with Timon.

*2 Sen.* At all times alike  
 Men are not still the same. 'Twas time, and griefs,  
 That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand  
 Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
 The former man may make him. Bring us to him,  
 And chance it as it may.

*Flav.* Here is his cave.—  
 Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!  
 Look out, and speak to friends. Th' Athenians,  
 By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:  
 Speak to them, noble Timon.

*Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak,  
 and be hang'd:  
 For each true word, a blister; and each false  
 Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,  
 Consuming it with speaking!

*1 Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

*Tim.* Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

*2 Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

*Tim.* I thank them; and would send them back  
 the plague,  
 Could I but catch it for them.

*1 Sen.* O! forget  
 What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.  
 The senators, with one consent of <sup>a</sup>love,  
 Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought  
 On special dignities, which vacant lie  
 For thy best use and wearing.

*2 Sen.* They confess  
 Toward thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;  
 Which now the public body, which doth seldom  
 Play the recanter, feeling in itself  
 A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal  
 Of its own <sup>b</sup>fall, restraining aid to Timon;  
 And send forth us, to make their sorrowed <sup>c</sup>render,  
 Together with a recompense, more fruitful  
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;  
 Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,  
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,  
 And write in thee the figures of their love,  
 Ever to read them thine.

*Tim.* You witch me in it;  
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears:  
 Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
 And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

*1 Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,  
 And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take  
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
<sup>d</sup>Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name  
 Live with authority:—so, soon we shall drive back  
 Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
 His country's peace.

*2 Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword  
 Against the walls of Athens.

*1 Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—  
*Tim.* Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;  
 thus,—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
 That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,  
 And take our goodly aged men by the beards,  
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
 Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,  
 Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,  
 In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
 I cannot choose but tell him,—that I care not.  
 And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,  
 While you have throats to answer: for myself,  
 There's not a <sup>e</sup>whittle in th' unruly camp,  
 But I do prize it at my love, before  
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you  
 To the protection of the 'prosperous gods,  
 As thieves to keepers.

*Flav.* Stay not: all's in vain.

*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph,  
 It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness  
 Of health, and living, now begins to mend,  
 And nothing brings me all things. Go; live still:  
 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
 And last so long enough!

*1 Sen.* We speak in vain.

*Tim.* But yet I love my country; and am not  
 One that rejoices in the common wreck,  
 As common <sup>f</sup>bruit doth put it.

*1 Sen.* That's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

*1 Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass  
 through them.

*2 Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers  
 In their applauding gates.

*Tim.* Commend me to them;  
 And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,  
 Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
 Their pangs of love, <sup>1</sup>and other incident throes  
 That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do  
 them.

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

*2 Sen.* I like this well; he will return again.

*Tim.* I have a tree, which grows here in my <sup>b</sup>close,  
 That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
 And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,  
 Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,  
 From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
 To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
 Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
 And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting.

*Flav.* Trouble him no farther; thus you still shall  
 find him.

*Tim.* Come not to me again; but say to Athens,  
 Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
 Whom once a day with his <sup>2</sup>embosomed froth  
 The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,  
 And let my grave-stone be your oracle,—  
 Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:  
 What is amiss, plague and infection mend:  
 Graves only be men's works, and death their gain.  
 Sun, hide thy beams: Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit TIMON.*]

<sup>a</sup> "With one consent of love," i. e., with one united voice of affection.—<sup>b</sup> "Hath sense of its own fall," i. e., hath a sense of the danger of its own fall.—<sup>c</sup> *Render* is *confession*.—<sup>d</sup> "Allowed," i. e., confirmed.

<sup>e</sup> A *whittle* is a *clasp-knife*.—<sup>f</sup> *Proptious*.—<sup>1</sup> Report; rumor.  
<sup>2</sup> Enclosure.

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead. Let us return, And strain what other means is left unto us In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—The Walls of Athens.

*Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.*

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files As full as they report?

*Mess.* I have spoke the least; Besides, his expedition promises Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

*Mess.* I met a courier, one mine ancient friend, Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd, Yet our old love made a particular force, And made us speak like friends: this man was riding From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, With letters of entreaty, which imported His fellowship i' the cause against your city, In part for his sake mov'd.

*Enter Senators from TIMON.*

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon; nothing of him expect.—

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare: Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—The Woods. TIMON'S Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.

*Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.*

*Sold.* By all description this should be the place. Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span: Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man. Dead, sure, and this his grave.—What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax: Our captain hath in every figure skill; An ag'd interpreter, though young in days. Before proud Athens he's set down by this, Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE V.—Before the Walls of Athens.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.*

*Alcib.* Sound to this coward and lascivious town Our terrible approach. [*A Parley sounded.*]

*Enter Senators, on the Walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and filled the time With all licentious measure, making your wills The scope of justice: till now myself, and such As slept within the shadow of your power, Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd

Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush, When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong, Cries of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease; And pury insolence shall break his wind With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young, When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit, Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear, We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm, To wipe out our ingratitude with loves Above<sup>d</sup> their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo Transformed Timon to our city's love, By humble message, and by promis'd means: We were not all unkind, nor all deserve The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours Were not erected by their hands, from whom You have receiv'd your grief: nor are they such That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall

For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living, Who were the motives that you first went out: Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord, Into our city with thy banners spread: By decimation, and a tithed death (If thy revenges hunger for that food Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth; And by the hazard of the spotted die Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended; For those that were, 'tis not severe to take, On those that are, revenge? crimes, like lands, Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman, Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage: Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin, Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall With those that have offended. Like a shepherd, Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth, But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt, Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile, Than hew to't with thy sword.

2 *Sen.* Set but thy foot Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall open, So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before, To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove, Or any token of thine honor else, That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress, And not as our confusion, all thy powers Shall make their harbor in our town, till we Have seal'd thy full desire.

*Alcib.* Then, there's my glove. Descend, and open your uncharged ports. Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own, Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof, Fall and no more; and,—to atone your fears With my more noble meaning,—not a man Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream Of regular justice in your city's bounds, But shall be remedied<sup>2</sup> by your public laws At heaviest answer.

*Both.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the Gates.*]

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sold.* My noble general, Timon is dead, Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea; And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which With wax I brought away, whose soft impression Interprets for my poor ignorance.

\* Dreadful.—<sup>a</sup> "With our travers'd arms," i. e., with our arms crossed.—<sup>c</sup> Mature; ripe.

<sup>d</sup> Their refers to griefs.—<sup>e</sup> That is, "Who made the motions for your exile."—<sup>f</sup> Skill; wisdom.—<sup>g</sup> "Uncharged ports," i. e., unattacked gates.—<sup>h</sup> "Atone," i. e., reconcile.



*Alcib.* [*Reads.*] "Here lies a wretched corse, of  
wretched soul bereft:

Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked  
caitiffs left!

Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did  
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not  
here thy gait."

These well express in thee thy later spirits:  
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,  
Scorn'dst our brain's <sup>a</sup>flow, and those our droplets,  
which

---

<sup>a</sup> "Our brain's flow," i. e., our tears.

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
On thy low grave on faults forgiven. Dead

Is noble Timon; of whose memory

Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,

And I will use the olive with my sword:

Make war breed peace; make peace <sup>b</sup>stint war;  
make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's <sup>c</sup>leech.—

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]

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<sup>b</sup> Stop.—<sup>c</sup> Physician.

# JULIUS CÆSAR.



ACT III.—Scene 1.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**JULIUS CÆSAR.**  
**OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,**  
**MARCUS ANTONIUS,**  
**M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,** } Triumvirs, after the Death  
of Julius Cæsar.  
**CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA;** Senators.  
**MARCUS BRUTUS,**  
**CASSIUS,**  
**CASCA,**  
**TREBONIUS,**  
**LIGARIUS,**  
**DECIVS BRUTUS,**  
**METELLUS CIMBER,**  
**CINNA,** } Conspirators against  
Julius Cæsar.  
**FLAVIUS and MARULLUS,** Tribunes.

**ARTEMIDORUS,** a Sophist of Cnidos.  
**A Soothsayer.**  
**CINNA,** a Poet. Another Poet.  
**LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO,**  
**VOLUMNIUS;** Friends to Brutus and Cassius.  
**VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS,**  
**DARDANIUS;** Servants to Brutus.  
**PINDARUS,** Servant to Cassius.

**CALPHURNIA,** Wife to Cæsar.  
**PORTIA,** Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome: afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a <sup>1</sup>body of Citizens.*

**Flav.** Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you  
Is this a holiday? What! know you not, [home.  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon a laboring day without the sign  
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

**1 Cit.** Why, sir, a carpenter.

**Mar.** Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—  
You, sir; what trade are you?

**2 Cit.** Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I  
am but, as you would say, a cobbler. [ly.

**Mar.** But what trade art thou? Answer me direct-

**2 Cit.** A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a  
safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of  
bad soles.

**Flav.** What trade, thou knave? thou naughty  
knave, what trade?

**2 Cit.** Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with  
me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

**Mar.** What mean'st thou by that? Mend me,  
thou saucy fellow?

**2 Cit.** Why, sir, cobble you.

**Flav.** Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

**Cit.** Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl:  
I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's  
matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon  
to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-  
cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon  
neats-leather have gone upon my handywork.

**Flav.** But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?



2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings What tributaries follow him to Rome, [he home?] To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O! you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome: And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout, That Tyber trembled underneath her banks, To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores? And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in his way, That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen; and for this fault Assemble all the poor men of your sort: Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears Into the channel, till the lowest stream Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, <sup>b</sup> whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd; They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness. Go you down that way towards the Capitol: This way will I. Disrobe the images, If you do find them deck'd with <sup>c</sup> ceremonies.

*Mar.* We do so? You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about, And drive away the vulgar from the streets: So do you too, where you perceive them thick. These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing, Will make him fly an ordinary pitch, Who else would soar above the view of men, And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Public Place.

*Enter, in Procession, <sup>1</sup> with Trumpets and other Music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a Soothsayer, and a crowd following them.*

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,—

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*]

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,—

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way, When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius, To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chase, Shake off their sterile curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*]

*Sooth.* Cæsar!

*Cæs.* Ha! who calls?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again! [*Music ceases.*]

*Cæs.* Who is it in the <sup>d</sup> press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

*Cry, Cæsar! Speak: Cæsar is turn'd to hear.*

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that?

*Br.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me; let me see his face.

*Cæs.* Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar. [*again.*]

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? Speak once *Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him.—Pass.

[*¶ Sennet. Exeunt all but BRU. and CÆS.*]

*Cæs.* Will you go see the order of the course?

*Br.* Not I.

*Cæs.* I pray you, do.

*Br.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; I'll leave you.

*Cæs.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late: I have not from your eyes that gentleness, And show of love, as I was wont to have: You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand Over your friend that loves you.

*Br.* Cassius, Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look, I turn the trouble of my countenance Merely upon myself. Vexed I am Of late with passions of some difference, Conceptions only proper to myself, Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behavior; But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd, (Among which number, Cassius, be you one) Nor construe any farther my neglect, Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war, Forgets the shows of love to other men. [*¶ passion;*]

*Cæs.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

*Br.* No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself, But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cæs.* 'Tis just; And it is very much lamented, Brutus, That you have no such mirrors, as will turn Your hidden worthiness into your eye,

That you might see your shadow. I have heard, Where many of the best respect in Rome,

(Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus, And groaning underneath this age's yoke, Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes. [*sus,*]

*Br.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cæsar? That you would have me seek into myself For that which is not in me?

*Cæs.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear: And, since you know you cannot see yourself

So well as by reflection, I, your glass, Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself, which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common laughèr, or did use

To <sup>e</sup> stale with ordinary oaths my love

To every new protester; if you know

That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

<sup>a</sup> Condition; rank.—<sup>b</sup> Whether.—<sup>c</sup> "With ceremonies," i. e., with ornaments, tokens of respect.

<sup>d</sup> Crowd.—<sup>e</sup> Flourish of instruments.—<sup>f</sup> "Your passion," i. e., the nature of your feelings.—<sup>g</sup> To stale is to make common.

And after scandal them; or if you know  
That I profess myself, in banqueting,  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and Shout.*]

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear, the  
Choose Cæsar for their king.

[*people*]

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it?  
Then, must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently;

For, let the gods so speed me, as I love

The name of honor more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favor.

Well, honor is the subject of my story.—

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but for my single self

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar, so were you;

We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,

And stemming it, with hearts of controversy;

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,

Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber

Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man

Is now become a god; and Cassius is

A wretched creature, and must bend his body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And, when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:

His coward lips did from their color fly;

And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,

Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan;

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,

Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble<sup>b</sup> temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,

And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

*Bru.* Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are

For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,

Like a Colossus; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.<sup>1</sup>

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.

When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was fam'd with more men than with one man?

When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,

When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd

Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,

As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;

How I have thought of this, and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter: for this present,

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,

I will consider; what you have to say,

I will with patience hear, and find a time

Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:

Brutus had rather be a villager,

Than to repute himself a son of Rome

Under such hard conditions, as this time

Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad, that my weak words

Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

*Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.*

*Cas.* As they pass by pluck Casca by the sleeve;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you

What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Bru.* I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius;

The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,

And all the rest look like a chidden train.

Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero

Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,

As we have seen him in the Capitol,

Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Cæsar will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* Antonius!

*Ant.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat;

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.

Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;

He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous:

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Cæs.* 'Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;

He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,

Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,

Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

<sup>1</sup> "I have some aim," i. e., I guess at.—<sup>d</sup> "Chew," i. e., ruminate.—<sup>a</sup> A ferret has red eyes.

<sup>a</sup> Arrive at.—<sup>b</sup> Temperament; constitution.



And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exit CÆSAR and his Train.* CASCA  
stays behind.]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not, then, ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and, being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too. [for?]

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown:—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again, but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time: he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement <sup>1</sup>shouted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And for mine own part I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no <sup>a</sup>true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any <sup>b</sup>occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, “Alas, good soul!”—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news, too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well: there was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit CASCA.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be.

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you; or, if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy honorable metal may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd: therefore, 'tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?

Cæsar doth bear me <sup>c</sup>hard, but he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He should not <sup>d</sup>humor me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings, all tending to the great opinion

That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:

And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure,

For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,*

CASCA, *with his Sword drawn,* and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O, Cicero! [earth

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,

To be exalted with the threatening clouds;

But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,

Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,

Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)

\* Honest.—<sup>b</sup> “A man of any occupation,” i. e., a mechanic.

<sup>c</sup> “Doth bear me hard.” i. e., hath an unfavorable opinion of me.—<sup>d</sup> Cajole.—<sup>e</sup> “Brought you Cæsar home,” i. e., did you attend Cæsar home.

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,  
Without annoying me: and there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw  
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.  
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,  
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
"These are their <sup>1</sup> seasons,—they are natural;"  
For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:  
But men may construe things after their fashion,  
"Clean from the purpose of the things themselves."  
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius  
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit CICERO.*  
*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is  
this?

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

*Cas.* Those that have known the earth so full of  
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night;  
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the <sup>b</sup>thunder-stone:  
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it. [*heavens?*]

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the  
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods by tokens send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life,  
That should be in a Roman, you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;  
But if you would consider the true cause,  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;  
Why old men, fools, and children <sup>c</sup>calculate;  
Why all these things change from their ordinance,  
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,  
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,  
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,  
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,  
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
Most like this dreadful night;  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
As doth the lion in the Capitol:  
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,  
In personal action; yet <sup>d</sup>prodigious grown,  
And fearful, as these strange irruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
Have <sup>e</sup>thewes and limbs like to their ancestors,  
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:  
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger, then;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,  
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

*Casca.* So can I:  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?  
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Cæsar?—But, O grief!  
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this  
Before a willing bondman: then I know  
My answer must be 'made; but I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca; and to such a man,  
That is no <sup>f</sup>fleering tell-tale. Hold, my <sup>h</sup>hand:  
Be <sup>i</sup>factionous for redress of all these griefs,  
And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
To undergo with me an enterprise  
Of honorable, dangerous consequence;  
And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir, or walking in the streets,  
And the complexion of the element  
In <sup>k</sup>favor's like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Enter CINNA.*

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in  
haste.

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait:  
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

*Cin.* To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cim

*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate [*ber?*]  
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are.  
O, Cassius! if you could but win the noble Brutus  
To our party—

*Cas.* Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,

<sup>e</sup> "Thewes," i. e., muscle; muscular strength.—<sup>f</sup> "My answer must be made," i. e., I must answer for my words.  
—<sup>g</sup> Mocking.—<sup>h</sup> "Hold, my hand," i. e., Here's my hand.  
<sup>i</sup> "Be factionous," i. e., be enterprising, active.—<sup>k</sup> Favor here is put for appearance, look, countenance.

<sup>a</sup> Entirely; altogether.—<sup>b</sup> Thunderbolt.—<sup>c</sup> "Calculate," i. e., foretell; prophecy.—<sup>d</sup> Portentous.

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
In at his window; set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is ours already; and the man entire,  
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

*Casca.* O! he sits high in all the people's hearts;  
And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchymy,  
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,  
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—The Same. BRUTUS'S \*Orchard.

*Enter BRUTUS.*

*Bru.* What, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: what, Lucius!

*Enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Bru.* It must be by his death; and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general point. He would be crown'd:  
How that might change his nature, there's the  
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;  
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.

Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common \*proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;

But when he once attains the utmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,

Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees

By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:

Then, lest he may, prevent: and, since the quarrel

Will bear no color for the thing he is,

Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,

Would run to these, and these extremities;

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,

Which, hatch'd, would, as his \*kind, grow mis-

And kill him in the shell. [*Chievous,*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,  
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Giving him the paper.*]

*Bru.* Get you to bed again; it is not day.

Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Bru.* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[*Opens the paper, and reads.*]

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What

Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knocking within.*]

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,  
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The Genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are then in council; and the state of a man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.*

Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*Bru.*

Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their

And half their faces buried in their cloaks, [ears,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of \*favor.

*Bru.*

Let them enter.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? O! then, by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-

Hide it in smiles, and affability: [spiracy;

For if thou path, thy native semblance 'on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METEL  
LUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest:

Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour; awake, all night.  
Know I these men that come along with you?

\* Countenance.—'That is, 'If thou walk in thy true form

\* Orchard and garden were formerly synonymous.—  
† Pity; tenderness.—"A common proof," i. e., proved by  
common experience.—"As his kind," i. e., like the rest of  
his species.



*Cas.* Yes, every man of them; and no man here,  
But honors you: and every one doth wish,  
You had but that opinion of yourself,  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This Casca; this Cinna;

And this Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves

Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

*Dec.* Here lies the east: doth not the day break

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O! pardon, sir, it doth; and yond' gray lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.  
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north  
He first presents his fire; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.\*

[*He takes their hands.*]

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath: if not the face of \*men,

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,

And every man hence to his idle bed;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough

To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor

The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,

What need we any spur, but our own cause,

To prick us to redress? what other bond,

Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,

And will not <sup>b</sup>palter? and what other oath,

Than honesty to honesty engag'd,

That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

Swear priests, and cowards, and men <sup>c</sup>cautious,

Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls

That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear

Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain

The even virtue of our enterprize,

Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,

To think that, or our cause, or our performance,

Did need an oath, when every drop of blood,

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,

Is guilty of a several bastardy,

If he do break the smallest particle

Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

*Met.* O! let us have him; for his silver hairs

Will purchase us a good <sup>d</sup>opinion,

And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:

It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;

Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O! name him not; let us not break with <sup>e</sup>him,

For he will never follow any thing

That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then, leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed he is not fit. [*cas?*]

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæ-

*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,

Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him

A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,

If he improve them, may well stretch so far

As to annoy us all; which to prevent,

Let Antony and Cæsar fall together. [*sius,*]

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cæ-

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,

Like wrath in death, and 'envy afterwards;

For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,

And in the spirit of men there is no blood:

O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,

And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas!

Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's <sup>2</sup>crave him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,

Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

And after seem to chide 'em. This shall <sup>3</sup>mark

Our purpose necessary, and not envious;

Which so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.

And for Mark Antony, think not of him,

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,

When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

*Bru.* Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him.

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself; take <sup>4</sup>thought, and die for Cæsar:

And that were much he should; for he is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him; let him not die,

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes*]

*Bru.* Peace! count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late,

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and <sup>b</sup>ceremonies.

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,

I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear,

That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;

But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,

He says, he does, being then most flattered.

Let me work;

For I can give his humor the true bent,

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him

*Bru.* By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:

I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by <sup>1</sup>him:

\* "The face of men," i. e., the countenance, the esteem of the public.—<sup>b</sup> Shuffle; equivocate.—<sup>c</sup> Artful; insidious.—<sup>d</sup> Character.—<sup>e</sup> "Break with him," i. e., break the matter to him.

<sup>1</sup> Malice.—<sup>2</sup> To take thought is to grieve, to be troubled in mind.—<sup>3</sup> Omens.—<sup>4</sup> "By him," i. e., by his house.

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave  
you, Brutus.—

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember  
What you have said, and show yourselves true Ro-  
mans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.  
Let not our looks put <sup>a</sup> on our purposes;  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:  
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;  
Enjoy the <sup>1</sup>heavy honey-dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no <sup>b</sup>figures, nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise  
you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,  
Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.  
I urg'd you farther; then, you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;  
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,  
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your <sup>c</sup>condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick, and is it physical  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humors  
Of the <sup>d</sup>dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night,  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
You have some sick offence within your mind,  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
I ought to know of: and upon my knees

<sup>2</sup>[*Kneeling.*]

I <sup>e</sup>charm you, by my once commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you; for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia. <sup>3</sup>[*Raising her.*]  
*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the  
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honorable wife;  
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this  
secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:  
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.  
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them.  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound  
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods!  
Render me worthy of this noble wife.

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the <sup>f</sup>character of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*]

*Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.*

Lucius, who 'is't that knocks?

*Luc.* Here is a sick man, that would speak with  
you.

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—  
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O! what a time have you chose out, brave  
Caius,

To wear a kerchief. Would you were not sick!

*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

<sup>5</sup>[*Throwing away his bandage.*]

Brave son, deriv'd from honorable loins,  
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick men  
whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole that we must make  
sick?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot,  
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,  
To do I know not what; But it sufficeth,  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> "Put on," i. e., show.—<sup>b</sup> "Figures," i. e., shapes created  
by imagination.—<sup>c</sup> *Condition* is *temper, disposition*.—<sup>d</sup> Damp.  
—<sup>e</sup> "I charm you," i. e., I entreat you.

<sup>f</sup> "All the character of," i. e., all that is *charactered* on.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-gown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
"Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!"—Who's within?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord.

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord. [Exit.]

*Enter CALPHURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day. [me,

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on <sup>a</sup>ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;  
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds  
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:  
The noise of battle <sup>b</sup>hurtles in the air;  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;  
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.  
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

*Cæs.* What can be avoided,  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?  
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions  
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die there are no comets seen;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths,  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come, when it will come.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day.  
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice:  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well,  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
We <sup>a</sup>are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible;  
And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas! my lord,  
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,  
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this. [Kneeling.]

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;  
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

<sup>3</sup>[*Raising her.*

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:  
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time  
To bear my greeting to the senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to-day.  
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser:  
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say, he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will; I will not come:  
That is enough to satisfy the senate;  
But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know.  
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.  
She dream'd to-night she saw my statue,  
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents  
<sup>4</sup>Of evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted:  
It was a vision, fair and fortunate.  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.  
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say:  
And know it now. The senate have concluded  
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar:  
If you shall send them word, you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
"Break up the senate till another time,  
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."  
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
"Lo! Cæsar is afraid?"

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,  
And reason to my love is <sup>c</sup>liable. [phurnia<sup>9</sup>

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal!  
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—  
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

*Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,  
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.—  
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—  
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,  
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,  
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—  
What is't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis <sup>d</sup>stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter ANTONY.*

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

<sup>a</sup> "Stood on ceremonies," i. e., paid regard to prodigies or omens. <sup>b</sup> Clashed; resounded.

<sup>c</sup> "Liable," i. e., subordinate.



Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,

[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been farther.

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me.

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Bru.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar!

[*Aside.*

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street near the Capitol.

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.*

*Art.* "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

"ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar! thou may'st live;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house:

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.

Why dost thou stay!

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—

O constancy! be strong upon my side:

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else,

And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth: and take good note,

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter<sup>2</sup> the Soothsayer.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow.

Which way hast thou been?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand, To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me, I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended to wards him? [*may chance*

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I fear Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

*Por.* I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is. O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,

That Cæsar will not grant.—O! I grow faint.—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say, I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

*A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read, At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O, Cæsar! read mine first; for mine's a suit That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* <sup>3</sup>That touches us? ourself shall be last serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What! is the fellow mad?

*Pub.*

Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.* What! urge you your petitions in the street? Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.*

*All the Senators rise.*

*Pop.* I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cæs.* What enterprise, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well. [*Advances to CÆSAR.*

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cæs.* He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive. I fear, our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

*Cæs.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done. If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cæs.* Trebonius knows his time; for, look you He draws Mark Antony out of the way, [*Brutus,*

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators take their Seats.*

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar. [him.]

*Bru.* He is <sup>a</sup>address'd: press near, and second

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

<sup>1</sup>*Casca.* Are we all ready?

*Cas.* What is now amiss,  
That Cæsar and his senate must redress? [Cæsar,

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart.— [Kneeling.

*Cas.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These <sup>2</sup>crouchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn <sup>3</sup>pre-ordinance, and first decree,

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

<sup>3</sup>Low-crouched courtesies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

*Met.* Is there no voice, more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cas.* What, Brutus!

*Cas.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cas.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;

But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality,

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place.

So, in the world: 'tis furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and <sup>c</sup>apprehensive;

Yet in the number I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of <sup>d</sup>motion: and, that I am he,

Let me a little show it, even in this,

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar!—

*Cas.* Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,—

*Cas.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me.

[CASCA STABS CÆSAR IN THE NECK. CÆSAR

CATCHES HOLD OF HIS ARM. HE IS THEN

STABBED BY SEVERAL OTHER CONSPIRATORS,

AND <sup>4</sup>LAST BY MARCUS BRUTUS.

*Cas.* Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in

confusion.

*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,

"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

*Bru.* People, and senators! be not affrighted.

Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

<sup>a</sup> "Address'd," i. e., ready.—<sup>b</sup> "Pre-ordinance," i. e., ordi-

nance already established.—<sup>c</sup> Intelligent; capable of appre-

hending.—<sup>d</sup> "Unshak'd of motion," i. e., unshaken by suit or

solicitation.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's

Should chance—

*Bru.* Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer:

There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so:—and let no man abide this deed,

But we, the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

*Cas.* Where's Antony?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,

As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates, we will know your pleasures.—

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Casca.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd

His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood

Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;

Then walk we forth, even to the market-place.

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages

hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,

In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,

No worthier than the dust?

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,

So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What! shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

*Bru.* Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;

<sup>5</sup>[Kneeling.

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him;

Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honor'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolv'd

How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,

Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

<sup>6</sup>[Rising.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman:

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,

He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,

Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.

*Bru.* I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish, we may; but yet have I a mind,

That fears him much, and my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

<sup>1</sup> Enter ANTONY.

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?

<sup>2</sup> [*Kneeling over the Body.*]

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, <sup>3</sup> [*Rising.*]  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's <sup>4</sup> death hour; nor no instrument  
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony! beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands, and this our present act,  
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done.  
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:  
Our arms, in strength of <sup>5</sup> welcome, and our hearts,  
Of brother's temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient, till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand:

<sup>6</sup> [*One after the other.*]

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—  
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Caska, yours;—  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—  
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O! 'tis true:

<sup>7</sup> [*Turning to the Body, and bending over it.*]  
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better, than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies. [hart;  
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave  
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy <sup>8</sup> death.  
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;  
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—  
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
Dost thou here lie?

*Cas.* Mark Antony!

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius:  
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;

Then, in a friend it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so,  
But what compact mean you to have with us?  
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,  
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,  
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.  
Friends am I with you all, and love you all.  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,  
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle.  
Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor, that I may  
Produce his body to the market-place;  
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.—  
You know not what you do: do not consent.

<sup>9</sup> [*Apart.*]

That Antony speak in his funeral.  
Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter?

*Bru.* By your pardon;  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:  
What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission;  
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall  
Have all <sup>10</sup> due rites, and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall: I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;  
And say, you do't by our permission,  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral: and you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so;  
I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

*Ant.* O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,  
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)  
A curse shall light upon the <sup>11</sup> loins of men;  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,  
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war,  
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.



*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming,  
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—  
*O Cæsar!* [*Seeing the body.*]

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath  
chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet:  
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;  
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne his corse  
Into the market-place: there shall I try,  
In my oration, how the people take  
The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
To young Octavius of the state of things.  
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S Body.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. The Forum.

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

*Cit.* We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience,  
Cassius, go you into the other street, [*friends.*—  
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
And public reasons shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their  
When severally we hear them rendered. [*reasons.*  
[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*

*BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and <sup>a</sup>lovers! hear me for my  
cause, and be silent that you may hear: believe me  
for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that  
you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and  
awake your senses that you may the better judge.  
If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of  
Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar  
was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand,  
why Brutus rose against Cæsar? this is my answer,  
—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome  
more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die  
all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all  
free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as  
he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant,  
I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him.  
There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune;  
honor for his valor; and death for his ambition.  
Who is here so base, that would be a bondman?  
If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is  
here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any,  
speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so  
vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak;  
for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

1 *All.* None, Brutus, none.<sup>3</sup>

*Bru.* Then, none have I offended. I have done  
no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus.  
The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol;  
his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy,  
nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered  
death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S Body.*  
Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony:

who, though he had no hand in his death, shall re-  
ceive the benefit of his dying, a place in the com-  
monwealth; as which of you shall not? With this  
I depart; that, as I slew my best <sup>b</sup>lover for the good  
of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when  
it shall please my country to need my death.

3 *All.* Live, Brutus! live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus. [*and clamors.*

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts

*Bru.* My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone;

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair:

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Cit.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your  
ears: I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. [*ears:*

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones:

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honorable man,

So are they all, all honorable men)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause:

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

<sup>a</sup> Lover and friend were formerly synonymous.

<sup>b</sup> Friend.

And I must pause till it come back to me. [ings.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his say-

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?  
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take  
the crown:

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with  
weeping. [Antony.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than

4 *Cit.* Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world: now, lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their handkerchiefs in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,

Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

*All.* The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends; I must not  
read it:

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O! what would come of it?

4 *Cit.* Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;

You shall read us the will: Cæsar's will!

*Ant.* Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?

I have o'er-shot myself to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honorable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honorable men!

*All.* The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The will!  
read the will.

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then, make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

*All.* Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down.*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring! stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony!

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

*All.* Stand back! room! bear back!

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O! now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls! what! weep you, when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

Here is himself, 'marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors! villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

*All.* We will be revenged. Revenge! about,—  
seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor  
live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen. <sup>1</sup> [*They are rushing out.*

1 *Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die  
with him. [*you up*

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable:

What private 'griefs they have, alas! I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know,

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*All.* We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then! come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak

*All.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony; most noble An-  
tony. [*what.*

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas! you know not:—I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

[*will.*

*All.* Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the

<sup>a</sup> That is, 'The meanest man is above doing reverence to Cæsar,—b Handkerchiefs.

<sup>c</sup> "Cæsar's angel," i. e., his guardian angel, or the being in whom he most trusted.—<sup>d</sup> Stroke.—<sup>e</sup> Defaced; destroyed.—<sup>f</sup> Grievances.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
 To every Roman citizen he gives,  
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.  
*2 Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.  
*3 Cit.* O royal Cæsar!  
*Ant.* Hear me with patience.  
*All.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
 His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,  
 On this side Tyber: he hath left them you,  
 And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
 To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
 Here was a Cæsar: when comes such another?  
*1 Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!  
 We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
 And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
 Take up the body.

*2 Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

*3 Cit.* Pluck down benches.

*4 Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.  
*[Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.]*

*Ant.* Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,  
 Take thou what course thou wilt.—How now, fellow!

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him.

He comes upon a wish: Fortune is merry,  
 And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard<sup>1</sup> them say, Brutus and Cassius  
 Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike, they had some notice of the people,  
 How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.  
*[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,  
 And things<sup>2</sup> unlikely charge my fantasy.  
 I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
 Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

*1 Cit.* What is your name?

*2 Cit.* Whither are you going?

*3 Cit.* Where do you dwell?

*4 Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

*2 Cit.* Answer every man directly.

*1 Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

*4 Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

*3 Cit.* Ay, and truly; you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going?  
 Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a  
 bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly,  
 and briefly, wisely, and truly, wisely I say, I am a  
 bachelor.

*2 Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools  
 that marry:—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.  
 Proceed: directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

*1 Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

*2 Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

*4 Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

*3 Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

*1 Cit.* Tear him to pieces: he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet; I am Cinna the poet.

*4 Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses; tear him for  
 his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

*2 Cit.* It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck  
 but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

*3 Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho!  
 firebrands! To Brutus, to Cassius; burn all. Some  
 to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to  
 Ligarius. Away! go!

*[Exeunt, forcing out CINNA.]*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in ANTONY'S  
 House.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a  
 Table.

*Ant.* These many, then, shall die; their names  
 are prick'd. *[Lepidus?]*

*Oct.* Your brother, too, must die: consent you,  
*Lep.* I do consent.

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,  
 Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony. *[him.]*

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I<sup>a</sup> damn  
 But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;  
 Fetch the will hither, and we will determine  
 How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol. *[Exit LEPIDUS.]*

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,  
 Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,  
 The threefold world divided, he should stand  
 One of the three to share it?

*Oct.* So you thought him;  
 And took his voice who should be prick'd to die  
 In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:  
 And though we lay these honors on this man,  
 To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
 He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
 To groan and sweat under the business,  
 Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
 And having brought our treasure where we will,  
 Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
 And graze<sup>4</sup> on commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will<sup>a</sup>  
 But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius; and for that  
 I do appoint him store of provender;  
 It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on,  
 His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit:  
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;  
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth.  
 A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
 On objects, arts, and imitations,

Which, out of use and staled by other men,  
 Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,  
 But as a<sup>b</sup> property. And now, Octavius,  
 Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius,  
 Are levying powers: we must straight make head;  
 Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd, *[out;*  
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd  
 And let us presently go sit in council,  
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
 And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so, for we are at the stake,  
 And bayed about with many enemies;

<sup>a</sup> "Damn," i. e., condemn.—<sup>b</sup> "As a property," i. e., as a  
 thing quite at our disposal.



And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp  
near Sardis.

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and  
Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.

*Bru.* Stand, ho!

*Luc.* Give the word, ho! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

*Luc.* He is at hand; and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a Letter to BRUTUS.]

*Bru.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt,  
But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

*Bru.* He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:  
How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

*Luc.* With courtesy and with respect enough;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath used of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on? [*ter'd* :

*Luc.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quar-  
The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*]

*Bru.* Hark! he is arriv'd.—  
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand. [*One after the other, and fainter.*]

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;  
And when you do them——

*Bru.* Cassius, be content;  
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man  
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Within the Tent of BRUTUS.

LUCIUS and TITINIUS at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:  
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm?  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or by the gods this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honors this corruption,  
And chastisement does therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement! [*ber.*]

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remem-  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me,  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say, you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself:  
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no farther.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this? ay, more. Fret, till your proud  
heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humor? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you; for from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way; you wrong me,  
Brutus;

I said, an older soldier, not a better:

Did I say, better?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have  
mov'd me. [*him.*]

*Bru.* Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted

*Cas.* I durst not?

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What! durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For you life you durst not.

<sup>a</sup> Nice here is *simple*; *stily*.—<sup>b</sup> "To hedge me in," i. e., to limit my authority.—<sup>c</sup> "To make conditions," i. e., to know how to confer offices at my disposal.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;  
For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?  
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts  
Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not: he was but a fool,  
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd  
my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they <sup>1</sup> did ap-  
As huge as high Olympus. [*pear*]

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is weary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and con'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes.—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold will give my heart.

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius. [better]

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb,

That carries anger as the flint bears fire,

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart, too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!—

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humor, which my mother gave me,  
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

*Poet.* [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals.  
There is some grudge between them; 'tis not meet  
They be alone.

*Luc.* [Within.] You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet.*

*Cas.* How now! What's the matter? [mean?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals! What do you  
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be,  
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme.

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah: saucy fellow, hence.

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humor, when he knows his time.  
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?

\* Companion, hence.

*Cas.* Away, away! be gone. [*Exit Poet.*]

*Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. [you,

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with  
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

*Cas.* I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha! Portia?

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—  
O, insupportable and touching loss!—  
Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,  
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death  
That tidings came.—With this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O, ye immortal gods!

*Enter LUCIUS, with Wine and Tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of  
wine:

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messa-  
Now sit we close about this taper here, [la.—  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.—  
Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree:

Mine speak of seventy senators, that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one?

*Mes.* Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

\* Companion was formerly a term of contempt; as we say  
at present *fellow*!

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messa—  
With meditating that she must die <sup>a</sup> once, [la:  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in <sup>b</sup> art as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive.—What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This is it.

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness. [ter.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to bet—  
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,  
Do stand but in a forc'd affection,  
For they have grudg'd us contribution:  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh'd, <sup>1</sup> new-hearted, and encourag'd;  
From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon.—You must note beside,  
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.  
Our legions are brimful, our cause is ripe:  
The enemy increaseth every day;  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat,  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on:

We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night has crept upon our talk,

And nature must obey necessity,

Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say?

*Cas.* No more.—Good night:

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Bru.* Lucius, my gown. [Exit LUCIUS.]—Fare—  
well, good Messala:—

Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O! my dear brother,

This was an ill beginning of the night.

Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.

[Exit CAS. TIT. and MES.]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What! thou speak'st drowsily?  
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.  
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

*Var.* Call'st my lord?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep:  
It may be, I shall raise you by and by  
On business to my brother Cassius. [pleasure.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand, and watch your

*Bru.* I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs:

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here is the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Servants lie down.

*Luc.* I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forget-  
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, [ful.  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy.

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might:

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee. [Music, and a Song.

This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber!

<sup>2</sup> [LUCIUS falls asleep.

Lay'st thou thy leaden <sup>c</sup> mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:—

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—

Let me see, let me see: is not the leaf turn'd down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down <sup>3</sup> to read.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns.—Ha! who comes here?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why com'st thou?

*Ghost.* To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well; then I shall see thee again?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

[Ghost vanishes.

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!

*Luc.* My lord.

[out?

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criest

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any  
thing?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

<sup>a</sup> "Once," i. e., at one time or other.—<sup>b</sup> "In art," i. e., in theory.

<sup>c</sup> Mace is the ancient term for a sceptre.



Fellow thou: awake!

*Var.* My lord.

*Clau.* My lord.

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

*Var. Clau.* Did we, my lord?

*Bru.* Ay: saw you any thing?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius:

Bid him set on his powers betimes-before,

And we will follow.

*Var. Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.

You said, the enemy would not come down,

But keep the hills and upper regions;

It proves not so: their battles are at hand;

They mean to <sup>a</sup>warn us at Philippi here,

Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know

Wherefore they do it: they could be content

To visit other places; and come down

With fearful bravery, thinking by this face

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;

But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals;

The enemy comes on in gallant show:

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,

And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,

Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Oct.* I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*]

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;*

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth: the generals would have some words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes,

Octavius.

[*words:*]

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

*Cas.*

Antony,

The posture of your blows <sup>1</sup>is yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.*

Not stingless, too.

*Bru.* O! yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains! you did not so when your vile

daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

While damned Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

*Cas.* Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thap yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have rul'd.

[*sweat,*]

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look; I draw sword against conspirators:—

When think you that the sword goes up again?—

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds

Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the <sup>2</sup>word of traitor.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.*

So I hope:

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O! if thou wert the noblest of thy <sup>3</sup>strain,

Young man, thou could'st not die more honorable.

*Cas.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still.

*Oct.*

Come, Antony; away!—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

*Cas.* Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and

swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

*Luc.* My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart.*]

*Cas.* Messala!

*Mes.* What says my general?

*Cas.*

Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness, that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion: now, I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our <sup>3</sup>forward ensign

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away, and gone,

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly,

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd

To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius. <sup>4</sup>[*LUCILIUS stands back.*]

*Cas.*

Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly <sup>1</sup>that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age;

But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together:

What are you then determined to do?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy,

By which I did blame Cato for the death

<sup>a</sup> "To warn," i. e., to summon.

<sup>b</sup> "Strain," i. e., race; family.—<sup>c</sup> Friends.

Which he did give himself. I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The <sup>1</sup>term of life,—arming myself with patience,  
To stay the providence of <sup>2</sup>those high powers,  
That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
<sup>b</sup>Through the streets of Rome? [*man,*

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Ro-  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind: but this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March <sup>3</sup>began,  
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.  
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take:—  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius.

If we do meet again, why we shall smile;  
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus.  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might  
know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!

But it sufficeth, that the day will end,

And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. The Field of Battle.

*Alarum.* Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these  
bills

Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud Alarum.*

Let them set on at once; for I perceive

But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. Another Part of the Field.

*Alarum.* Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look! the villains fly.

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:

This ensign here of mine was turning back;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early;

Who having some advantage on Octavius,

Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

*Pin.* Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:

Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,

Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

And here again; that I may rest assur'd,

Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*]

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:

My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,

And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*]

This day I breathed first; time is come round,

And where I did begin, there shall I end:

My life is run his compass.—*Sirrah*, what news?

*Pin.* [*Above.*] O my lords!

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about

With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—

Yet he spurs on:—now they are almost on him.

Now, Titinius!—now some 'light:—O! he 'lights  
too:—

He's ta'en: and, hark! [*Shout.*] they shout for joy.

*Cas.* Come down; behold no more.—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,

To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, *sirrah*.

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do, [*Oath:*

Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine

Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,

That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;

And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,

Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies*

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,

Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,

As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,

With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living.—O my heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,

But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,

So in his red blood Cassius' day is set:

The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;

Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done.

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error! melancholy's child,

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error! soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Tit.* What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,

As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie, you, Messala,

And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit MESSALA.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst not thou hear

their shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.

But hold thee; take this garland on thy brow:

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

<sup>a</sup> To prevent here means to anticipate.—<sup>b</sup> Through.

<sup>c</sup> *Sirrah* was the usual address in speaking to servants and children.

Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—  
By your leave, gods!—This is a Roman's part:  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Dies.

*Alarum.* Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?  
*Mes.* Lo! yonder; and Titinius mourning it.  
*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.  
*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet;  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails. [Low Alarums.

*Cato.* Brave Titinius!  
Look, wher' he have not crown'd dead Cassius!  
*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?  
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
It's impossible that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears  
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—  
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:  
His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—  
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—  
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on!—  
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

*Alarum.* Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies;  
then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up your  
heads. [me?  
*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who will go with  
I will proclaim my name about the field.—  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!  
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend.  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[Charges the Enemy.

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;  
Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus.  
[Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO is over-  
powered, and falls.

*Luc.* O, young and noble Cato! art thou down?  
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,  
And may'st be honor'd being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Luc.* Only I yield to die:  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

[Offering Money.

Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news:—Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Luc.* Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.  
I dare assure thee, that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:  
The gods defend him from so great a shame!  
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,  
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,  
Give him all kindness: I had rather have  
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,  
And see wher' Brutus be alive, or dead;

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,  
How every thing is chanc'd.

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO and VOLUMNIUS.

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this  
rock.

*Cl.* Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,  
He came not back: he is or ta'en, or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[Whispering.

*Cl.* What! I, my lord? No, not for all the  
world.

*Bru.* Peace then: no words.

*Cl.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius! [Whispers him.

*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed?

*Cl.* O, Dardanius!

*Dar.* O, Clitus!

*Cl.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

*Cl.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius.

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night: at Sardis once;  
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.  
I know my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius  
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[Low Alarums.

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:  
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.

*Cl.* Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Vo-  
lumnius.— [Shaking hands severally.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life  
I found no man, but he was true to me.  
I shall have glory by this losing day,  
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue  
Hath almost ended his life's history.  
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,  
That have but labor'd to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly!

*Cl.* Fly, my lord, fly!

*Bru.* Hence: I will follow.

[Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.

I prythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;  
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:  
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,  
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

*Str.* Give me your hand first: fare you well, my  
lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his Sword, and Dies.



*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

*Str.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala: The conquerers can but make a fire of him; For Brutus only overcame himself, And no man else hath honor by his death.

*Luc.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus, That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd Brutus I will entertain <sup>a</sup> them. Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Str.* Ay, if Messala will <sup>b</sup> prefer me to you.

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato?

*Str.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee, That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He, only, in a <sup>1</sup>generous honest thought  
<sup>2</sup>Of common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,  
With all respect, and rites of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.—

So, call the field to rest; and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt*]

<sup>a</sup> "Will entertain them," i. e., will receive them into my service.—<sup>b</sup> "Prefer," i. e., recommend.

# MACBETH.



Act III.—Scene 4.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.  
MALCOLM, } his Sons.  
DONALBAIN, }  
MACBETH, } Generals of his Army.  
BANQUO, }  
MACDUFF, }  
LENOX, }  
ROSSE, }  
MENTETH, }  
ANGUS, }  
CATHNESS, }  
FLEANCE, Son to BANQUO. }  
Thanes of Scotland.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General  
of the English Forces.  
Young SIWARD, his Son.  
SEYTON, an Officer attending Macbeth.  
Son to Macduff.  
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.  
A Soldier. A Porter. An Old Man.

LADY MACBETH.  
LADY MACDUFF.  
Gentlewoman attending Lady Macbeth.  
HECATE, and Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth Act, in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open Place.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!

*All.* <sup>a</sup> Paddock calls:—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

<sup>a</sup> *Paddock* was the name for a toad or a frog.

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Witches vanish.*]

SCENE II.—A Camp near Fores.

<sup>1</sup> *Sennet within.* Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM,  
DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a  
bleeding Soldier.

*Dun.* What bloody man is that? He can report,  
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt  
The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the sergeant,  
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought  
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!  
Say to the king <sup>2</sup> thy knowledge of the broil,  
As thou didst leave it.

*Sold.* Doubtful it stood;  
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together

(And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald Worthy to be a rebel, for to that The multiplying villainies of nature Do swarm upon him) from the western isles  
 \*Of Kernes and <sup>b</sup>Gallowglasses is supplied;  
 And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling, Show'd like a rebel's <sup>c</sup>whore: but all's too weak;  
 For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name) Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel, Which smok'd with bloody execution, Like valor's minion, carv'd out his passage, Till he fac'd the slave;  
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him, Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps, And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*Dun.* O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

*Sold.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break, So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come, Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark: No sooner justice had, with valor arm'd, Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels, But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage, With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men, Began a fresh assault.

*Dun.* Dismay'd not this  
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

*Sold.* Yes;  
 As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
 If I say <sup>d</sup>sooth, I must report they were  
 As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;  
 So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
 Or memorize another <sup>e</sup>Golgotha,  
 I cannot tell.—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help. [wounds:  
*Dun.* So well thy words become thee, as thy  
 They smack of honor both.—Go, get him surgeons.  
 [Exit Soldier, attended.

*Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.*

Who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthythane of Rosse.  
*Len.* What <sup>1</sup>haste looks through his eyes!  
 So should he look, that <sup>2</sup>comes to speak things strange.

*Rosse.* God save the king!

*Dun.* Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

*Rosse.* From Fife, great king;  
 Where the Norwegian banners 'flout the sky  
 And fan our people cold.  
 Norway himself, with terrible numbers,  
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,  
 Thethane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;  
 Till that Bellona's <sup>3</sup>bridegroom, lapp'd in <sup>4</sup>proof,  
 Confronted him with <sup>5</sup>self-comparisons,  
 Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,  
 Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,  
 The victory fell on us;—

*Dun.* Great happiness!

*Rosse.* That now  
 Sweno, the Norway's king, craves <sup>6</sup>composition;  
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
 Till he disbursed at Saint Colmes' <sup>7</sup>Inch  
 Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

*Dun.* No more thatthane of Cawdor shall deceive

\*Of is used here for *with*.—<sup>b</sup>Kernes and Gallowglasses were light and heavy armed infantry.—<sup>c</sup>"Show'd like a rebel's whore," i. e., deceived him.—<sup>d</sup>Truth.—<sup>e</sup>That is, make another Golgotha as memorable as the first.—<sup>f</sup>"Flout," i. e., mock; defy.—<sup>g</sup>"Bellona's bridegroom," i. e., Macbeth.—<sup>h</sup>"Lapp'd in proof," i. e., defended by armor of proof.—<sup>i</sup>"Confronted him with self-comparisons," i. e., gave him as good as he brought.—<sup>k</sup>"Composition," i. e., a treaty of peace.—<sup>l</sup>"Saint Colmes' Inch" was a small island in the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh.

Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his <sup>present</sup>  
 And with his former title greet Macbeth. [death,  
*Rosse.* I'll see it done.

*Dun.* What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.  
 [Exit.

### SCENE III.—A Heath.

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuds in her lap,  
 And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:  
 "Give me," quoth I:—

"<sup>m</sup>Avoit thee, witch!" the rump-fed <sup>n</sup>ronyon cries.  
 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:  
 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
 And, like a rat without a tail,  
 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,  
 All the quarters that they know  
 I' the shipman's <sup>o</sup>card <sup>2</sup>to show.

I'll drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man <sup>p</sup>forbid.

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.—

Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
 Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [Drum within.

3 *Witch.* A drum! a drum!  
 Macbeth doth come.

*All.* The <sup>q</sup>weird sisters, hand in hand,  
 Posters of the sea and land,  
 Thus do go about, about:

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace!—the charm's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How faris't call'd to Fores?—What are these  
 So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,  
 That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,  
 And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught  
 That man may question? You seem to understand me  
 By each at once her chappy finger laying  
 Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,  
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
 That you are so.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can.—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane  
 of Glamis! [of Cawdor!]

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king  
 hereafter.

*Ban.* Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
 Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,  
 Are ye <sup>r</sup>fantastical, or that indeed  
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

<sup>m</sup>"Avoit," i. e., avault.—<sup>n</sup>"Rump-fed ronyon," i. e., scurvy woman, fed on offals.—<sup>o</sup>"The shipman's card" is the seaman's chart.—<sup>p</sup>"Forbid," i. e., bewitched; charmed.—<sup>q</sup>"Weird," i. e., prophetic.—<sup>r</sup>"Fantastical," i. e., creatures of fantasy.



You greet with present grace, and great prediction  
Of noble <sup>a</sup> having, and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,  
Your favors, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.  
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.  
By Sinel's death, I know, I amthane of Glamis;  
But how of Cawdor? thethane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*]

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them.—Whither are they vanish'd?

*Macb.* Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,  
melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had stay'd!

*Ban.* Were such things here, as we do speak about,  
Or have we eaten on the insane <sup>b</sup> root,  
That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* Andthane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

*Ban.* To the self-same tune, and words. Who's  
here?

*Enter Rosse and Angus.*

*Rosse.* The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend,  
Which should be thine, or his. Silence'd with that,  
In viewing o' the rest o' the self-same day,  
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,  
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,  
Strange images of death. As thick as <sup>c</sup> tale,  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent,  
To give thee from our royal master thanks;  
Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

*Rosse.* And, for an earnest of a greater honor,  
He bade me from him call theethane of Cawdor:  
In which addition, hail, most worthythane,  
For it is thine.

*Ban.* What! can the devil speak true?

*Macb.* Thethane of Cawdor lives: why do you  
In borrow'd robes?

[*dress me*]

*Ang.* Who was thethane, lives yet;  
But under heavy judgment bears that life  
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was com-  
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
He labor'd in his country's wreck, I know not;  
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,

Have overthrown him.

*Macb.* Glamis, andthane of Cawdor:  
The greatest is behind. <sup>1</sup>[*Aside.*] Thanks for your  
pains.—

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave thethane of Cawdor to me,  
Promis'd no less to them?

*Ban.* That, <sup>2</sup> thrust home,  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides thethane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme. <sup>3</sup>[*Aside.*] I thank you, gen-  
tlemen.—

This supernatural <sup>d</sup> soliciting <sup>4</sup>[*Aside.*]

Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that <sup>e</sup> suggestion,  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my <sup>f</sup> seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings.

My thought, <sup>g</sup> where murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
Is smother'd in <sup>h</sup> surmise, and nothing is,  
But what is not.

*Ban.* Look, how our partner's rapt.

*Macb.* If chance will have me king, why, chance  
may crown me,  
Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honors come upon him,  
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould,  
But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* Come what come may,  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* <sup>6</sup> Give your favor: my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten.—Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—  
<sup>7</sup>[*To Banquo.*] Think upon what hath chanc'd;

and, at more time,

The interim having <sup>h</sup> weigh'd it, let us speak

Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

*Flourish.* *Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALDIN,  
LENOX, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* Is execution done on Cawdor; or not  
Those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.* My liege,  
They are not yet come back; but I have spoke  
With one that saw him die, who did report,  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,  
Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth  
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it: he died  
As one that had been studied in his <sup>i</sup> death,

<sup>a</sup> "Having," i. e., fortune; estates.—<sup>b</sup> "The insane root"  
was probably *henbane*.—<sup>c</sup> "As thick as tale," i. e., as fast as  
they could be counted.

<sup>d</sup> Incitement.—<sup>e</sup> Temptation.—<sup>f</sup> "Seated," i. e., firmly fixed.  
—<sup>g</sup> "Function is smother'd in surmise," i. e., the powers  
of action are oppressed by conjecture.—<sup>h</sup> "The interim  
having weigh'd it," i. e., you having weigh'd it in the interim.  
<sup>i</sup> "Studied in his death," i. e., well instructed in the art of  
dying.

To throw away the dearest thing he <sup>a</sup>ow'd,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

*Dun.* There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face:  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.—

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.*

O worthiest cousin!  
The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,  
That swiftest <sup>2</sup>wind of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee: would thou hadst less deserv'd,  
That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been <sup>3</sup>more! only I have left to say,  
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties: and our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;  
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing  
Safe toward your love and honor.

*Dun.* Welcome hither:  
I have begun to plant thee, and will labor  
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,  
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known  
No less to have done so; let me infold thee,  
And hold thee to my heart. <sup>4</sup>[*Embrace.*]

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own.

*Dun.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,  
And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter  
The prince of Cumberland: which honor must  
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,  
And bind us farther to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labor, which is not us'd for you:  
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
So, humbly take my leave.

*Dun.* My worthy Cawdor!

*Macb.* The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,  
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, [*Aside.*]  
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires:  
Let not light see my black and deep desires;  
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*]

*Dun.* True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,  
And in his commendations I am fed;  
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:  
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exit.*]

SCENE V.—Inverness. A Room in MACBETH'S  
Castle.

*Enter Lady MACBETH, <sup>5</sup>with a letter.*

*Lady M.* <sup>6</sup>[*Reads.*] "They met me in the day of  
success; and I have learned by the perfectest <sup>7</sup>re-  
port, they have more in them than mortal knowledge.  
When I burned in desire to question them farther,  
they made themselves air, into which they vanished.  
While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came <sup>8</sup>mis-  
sives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of  
Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters  
saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of

time, with, 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I  
thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of  
greatness, that thou mightest not lose the dues of  
rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is  
promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."  
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy nature:  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great  
Art not without ambition; but without  
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'dst have, great  
Glamis, [it;

That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valor of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden <sup>9</sup>round,  
Which fate and <sup>10</sup>metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee <sup>11</sup>'crown'd withal.—

*Enter an Attendant.*

What is your tidings?

*Atten.* The king comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* Thou'rt mad to say it.  
Is not thy master with him? Who, we'r't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation. [ing.]

*Atten.* So please you, it is true: our thane is com-  
One of my fellows had the speed of him;  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.* Give him tending:  
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*] The raven  
himself is hoarse,

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on <sup>12</sup>mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty: make thick my blood,  
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,  
And <sup>13</sup>hail thee in the dunest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the <sup>14</sup>blankness of the dark,  
To cry, "Hold, hold!"—

*Enter MACBETH.*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

<sup>8</sup>[*They embrace.*]

Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant <sup>9</sup>present, and I feel now  
The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* And when goes hence?

*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady M.* O! never  
Shall sun that morrow see.

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men  
May read strange matters: to beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

<sup>a</sup> Owned; possessed.—<sup>b</sup> "The perfectest report," i. e., the  
best intelligence.—<sup>c</sup> "Missives," i. e., messengers.

<sup>4</sup> "The golden round," i. e., the diadem.—<sup>5</sup> "Metaphys-  
ical," i. e., supernatural.—<sup>6</sup> "To have thee crown'd," i. e.,  
to desire to have thee crown'd.—<sup>7</sup> "Mortal," i. e., deadly.—  
<sup>8</sup> "Pall thee," i. e., wrap thee.—<sup>9</sup> "This ignorant present,"  
i. e., the present time, which is ignorant of the future.

Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent  
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming  
Must be provided for; and you shall put  
This night's great business into my despatch,  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
Give solely sovereign away and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak farther.

*Lady M.* Only look up clear:  
To alter <sup>a</sup> favor ever is to fear.  
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same. Before the Castle.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO,  
LENOR, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.*

*Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant <sup>b</sup> seat: the air  
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coigne of <sup>c</sup> vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:  
Where they much breed and haunt, I have observ'd,  
The air is delicate.

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Dun.* See, see! our honor'd hostess.—  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love: herein I teach you,  
How you shall <sup>d</sup> bid God <sup>e</sup> yield us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady M.* All our service,  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single business to contend  
Against those honors deep and broad, wherewith  
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your <sup>f</sup> hermits.

*Dun.* Where's the thane of Cawdor?  
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in <sup>g</sup> compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*Dun.* Give me your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the Castle.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter and pass over the  
stage, a <sup>h</sup> Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes  
and service. Then, enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then  
<sup>i</sup>twere well

It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his <sup>j</sup> surcease success; that but this blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague th' inventor: <sup>k</sup> thus even-handed justice  
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject;  
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead, like angels trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd  
Upon the sightless <sup>l</sup> couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,  
And falls on the other.—

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

How now! what news?  
*Lady M.* He has almost sup'd. Why have you  
left the chamber?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*Lady M.* Know you not, he has?

*Macb.* We will proceed no farther in this business:  
He hath honor'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since,  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valor,  
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i' the <sup>m</sup> adage?

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, peace.  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

*Lady M.* What <sup>n</sup> boast was't, then,  
That made you break this enterprize to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
Did then <sup>o</sup> adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness  
now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail?

*Lady M.* We fail?  
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains

<sup>a</sup> Favor is countenance.—<sup>b</sup> "Seat," i. e., situation.—<sup>c</sup> "Coigne of vantage," i. e., convenient corner.—<sup>d</sup> To bid, here, means to pray.—<sup>e</sup> "God yield us," i. e., God reward us.—<sup>f</sup> "Hermit," i. e., headmen.—<sup>g</sup> "In compt," i. e., subject to account.—<sup>h</sup> A sewer was a servant whose office it was to place dishes on the table.—<sup>i</sup> Surcease is cessation.

<sup>k</sup> "Sightless couriers of the air," i. e., the *voiceless winds*.—<sup>l</sup> The adage was: "The cat would eat fish, and would not wet her feet."—<sup>m</sup> "Adhere," i. e., *cohere*.



Will I with wine and <sup>a</sup>wassel so <sup>b</sup>convince,  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A <sup>c</sup>limbeck only: when in swinish sleep  
Their <sup>d</sup>drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great <sup>e</sup>quell?

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only!  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be <sup>f</sup>receiv'd,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,  
That they have done't?

*Lady M.* Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar  
Upon his death?

*Macb.* I am settled; and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—The Same. Court within the Castle.

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a torch  
before him.*

*Ban.* How goes the night, boy?

*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle.* I take't, 'tis later, sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword.—There's <sup>g</sup>husbandry  
in heaven;

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers!  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature  
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.*  
Who's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:  
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great <sup>h</sup>largess to your <sup>i</sup>offices.  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut <sup>k</sup>up  
In measureless content.

*Macb.* Being unprepar'd,  
Our will became the servant to defect,  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban.* All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have show'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kind'st leisure.  
*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my <sup>l</sup>consent, when  
It shall make honor for you. [*'Tis,*

*Ban.*

So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsell'd.

*Macb.*

Good repose, the while.

*Ban.* Thanks, sir: the like to you.

[*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE.*]

*Macb.* Go; bid thy mistress, when my drink is  
ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me, [*thee:—*  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,

And such an instrument I was to use.—

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still:

And on thy blade, and <sup>m</sup>dudgeon, <sup>n</sup>gouts of blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd <sup>o</sup>sleepers: witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan: for it is a knell,

That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk hath  
made me bold:

What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—  
Hark!—Peace!—

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it.

The doors are open; and the surfeit'd grooms

Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd  
their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live, or die.

*Macb.* [*Within.*] Who's there!—what, ho!

*Lady M.* Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,  
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* I have done the deed.—Didst thou not  
hear a noise? [*Cry.*]

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets  
Did not you speak?

<sup>m</sup>Dudgeon is handle.—<sup>n</sup>Gouts (Fr. *gouttes*), i. e., drops.

<sup>a</sup> "Wassel," i. e., carousing.—<sup>b</sup> "Convince," i. e., overcome.—<sup>c</sup> A *limbeck* is a vessel through which distilled liquors pass into the recipient.—<sup>d</sup> "Drenched," i. e., drowned in drink.—<sup>e</sup> *Quell* is murder.—<sup>f</sup> "Received," i. e., understood; believed.—<sup>g</sup> "Husbandry," i. e., thrift; frugality.—<sup>h</sup> "Largess," i. e., bounty.—<sup>i</sup> *Offices* were rooms appropriated to servants.—<sup>k</sup> "Shut up," i. e., concluded.—<sup>l</sup> "Cleave to my consent," i. e., accord with my views.

*Macb.* When?  
*Lady M.* Now.  
*Macb.* As I descended?  
*Lady M. Ay.*  
*Macb.* Hark!—  
 Who lies i' the second chamber?  
*Lady M.* Donalbain.  
*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.

*Lady M.* A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.  
*Macb.* There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, "murder!" [them:]  
 That they did wake each other: I stood and heard  
 But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
 Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodg'd together.  
*Macb.* One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen,"  
 the other,  
 \*As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.  
 Listening their b fear, I could not say amen,  
 When they did say God bless us.

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.  
*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce amen?  
 I had most need of blessing, and amen  
 Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought  
 After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep  
 no more!"

Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep;  
 Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
 The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
 Chief nourisher in life's feast.—

*Lady M.* What do you mean?  
*Macb.* Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the  
 house:

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
 Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why,  
 worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
 So brainlessly of things. Go, get some water,  
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—  
 Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
 They must lie there: go, carry them, and smear  
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more:  
 I am afraid to think what I have done;  
 Look on't again, I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!  
 Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,  
 Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood  
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
 For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit.—Knocking within.]  
*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?—  
 How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
 What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.  
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
 Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
 Making the green one red.

*Re-enter Lady Macbeth.*  
*Lady M.* My hands are of your color; but I shame  
 To wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a knocking  
 At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber.  
 A little water clears us of this deed:

*Re-enter Lady Macbeth.*  
*Lady M.* My hands are of your color; but I shame  
 To wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a knocking  
 At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber.  
 A little water clears us of this deed:

\* As for as if.—b That is, listening to their fear.—c Sleeve is unwrought silk, sometimes floss silk.—d To incarnadine is to stain of a red color.

How easy is it, then? Your constancy  
 Hath left you unattended.—[Knock.] Hark! more  
 knocking.

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
 And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost  
 So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, 'twere best not know  
 myself. [Knock.]  
 Wake Duncan with thy knocking: I would thou  
 couldst! [Exit.]

## SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter a Porter. [Knocking within.]

*Porter.* Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man  
 were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning  
 the key. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock.  
 Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?—Here's a  
 farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of  
 plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about  
 you; here you'll sweat for't. [Knocking.] Knock,  
 knock. Who's there, in the other devil's name?—  
 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in  
 both the scales against either scale; who committed  
 treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate  
 to heaven: O! come in, equivocator. [Knocking.]  
 Knock, knock, knock. Who's there?—  
 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for  
 stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor;  
 here you may roast your goose. [Knocking.] Knock,  
 knock. Never at quiet! What are you?—But this  
 place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no farther:  
 I had thought to have let in some of all professions,  
 that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.  
 [Knocking.] Anon, anon: I pray you, remember  
 the porter. [Opens the gate.]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
 That you do lie so late?

*Por.* 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second  
 cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three  
 things.

*Macd.* What three things does drink especially  
 provoke?

*Por.* Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.  
 Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it pro-  
 vokes the desire, but it takes away the performance.  
 Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivoca-  
 tor with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him;  
 it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades  
 him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and  
 not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him a-sleep,  
 and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

*Macd.* I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

*Por.* That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me:  
 but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being  
 too strong for him, though he took up my legs some-  
 time, yet I made a shift to cast him.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring?—

Enter MACBETH, in his night-gown.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

*Len.* Good-morrow, noble sir.

*Macb.* Good-morrow, both.

*Macd.* Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him:  
 I have almost slipp'd the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;

\* "Old," i. e., frequent. — † Handkerchiefs. — ‡ 'Till the second cock," i. e., till three o'clock.

But yet, 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labor we delight in 'physicks pain.  
This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my <sup>b</sup>limited service. [*Exit MACDUFF.*]

*Len.* Goes the king hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does:—he did appoint so.  
*Len.* The night has been unruly: where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of  
And prophesying with accents terrible [*death,*  
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird  
Clamor'd the livelong night: some say, the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor  
Cannot conceive, nor name thee. [*heart,*

*Macb. Len.* What's the matter?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his master-piece.  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.

*Macb.* What is't you say? the life?

*Len.* Mean you his majesty? [*sight*

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your  
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak:  
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—  
[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarm-bell!—Murder, and treason!  
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm, awake!  
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,  
And look on death itself:—up, up, and see  
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites  
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell!  
[*Bell rings.*]

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

*Macd.* O, gentle lady!  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,

*Enter BANQUO, <sup>1</sup>unready.*

Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!  
Our royal master's murder'd!

*Lady M.* Woe, alas!  
What! in our house?

*Ban.* Too cruel, any where.  
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,  
And say, it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.*

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time, for from this instant  
There's nothing serious in mortality;  
All is but toys: renown and grace <sup>2</sup>are dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know't:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

*Macd.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.*

O! by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't.  
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;  
So were their daggers, which, unwp'd, we found  
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted.  
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O! yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.*

Wherefore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and  
furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,

Steep'd in the colors of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with <sup>c</sup>gore. Who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make 's love known?

*Lady M.*

Help me hence, ho!

*Macd.* Look to the lady.

<sup>3</sup>[*Lady MACBETH swoons.*]

*Mal.*

Why do we hold our tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* What should be spoken

Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,

May rush, and seize us? Let's away: our tears

Are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.*

Nor our strong sorrow

Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the lady.—

[*Lady MACBETH is borne out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties <sup>d</sup>hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,  
To know it farther. Fears and scruples shake us:  
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,  
Against the undivulg'd <sup>e</sup>pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*Macd.*

And so do I.

*All.*

So all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

*All.*

Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MAL. and DON.*]

*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort with  
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office [*them:*  
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

*Don.* To Ireland, I: our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,  
The nearer 'bloody.

*Mal.*

This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim: therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—Without the Castle.

*Enter Rosse and an Old Man.*

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember well;  
Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this sore night

<sup>c</sup> "Breech'd with gore," i. e., covered with blood to the  
hills.—<sup>d</sup> That is, 'When we have clothed our half-dressed  
bodies.'—<sup>e</sup> "Pretence," i. e., design; intention.—*Macbeth*  
was nearest in blood to the two princes, being the cousin-  
german of Duncan.

<sup>a</sup> "Physicks," i. e., alleviates.—<sup>b</sup> "Limited," i. e., appointed.



Hath trifled former knowings.

*Rosse.* Ah! good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.  
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,  
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

*Rosse.* And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange  
and certain)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
Make war with mankind.

*Old M.* 'Tis said, they ate each other.  
*Rosse.* They did so; to th' amazement of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff.—

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Rosse.* Is't known who did this more than bloody

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain. [deed?]

*Rosse.* Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

*Macd.* They were suborn'd.

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,  
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them  
Suspicion of the deed.

*Rosse.* 'Gainst nature still:

Thriftless ambition, that will ravin up

Thine own life's means!—Then, 'tis most like,

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

*Macd.* He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be invested.

*Rosse.* Where is Duncan's body?

*Macd.* Carried to Colme-kill;

The sacred store-house of his predecessors,  
And guardian of their bones.

*Rosse.* Will you to Scone?

*Macd.* No, cousin; I'll to Fife.

*Rosse.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there:—

adieu—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

*Rosse.* Farewell, father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you; and with those,

That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter BANQUO.*

*Ban.* Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,  
Thou play'st most foully for't: yet it was said,  
It should not stand in thy posterity;  
But that myself should be the root, and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,  
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches show)  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

*Sennet.*<sup>2</sup> *Enter MACBETH, as King; Lady MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten,

It had been as a gap in our great feast,

And all thing unbecoming.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,

And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* <sup>3</sup>Lay your highness'

Command upon me, to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie

For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord. [vice]

*Macb.* We should have else desir'd your good ad-

(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)

In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.

Is't far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my lord, as will fill up the time

'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,

I must become a borrower of the night

For a dark hour, or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd

In England, and in Ireland; not confessing

Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers

With strange invention. But of that to-morrow;

When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,

Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon us.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.— [Exit BANQUO.]

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night. To make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.*]

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men

Our pleasure?

*Atten.* They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

*Macb.* Bring them before us.—[*Exit Atten.*] To

be thus is nothing,

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature [dares:

Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he

And 'to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor

To act in safety. There is none but he

Whose being I do fear, and under him

My genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings.

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren spectre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,

For Banquo's issue have I sili'd my mind,

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;

Put rancors in the vessel of my peace

Only for them; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,

And so, come, fate, into the list,

And so, come, fate, into the list,

\* "Towering in her pride of place," i. e., soaring to the highest pitch.—<sup>b</sup> Intend; design.

\* "Go not my horse the better," i. e., if my horse does not go well.—<sup>a</sup> Commit.—<sup>c</sup> Nobleness.—<sup>d</sup> "To," i. e., in addition to.—<sup>e</sup> Defiled.

And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*

Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

*Macb.* Well then, now,

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,  
That it was he, in the times past, which held you  
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been  
Our innocent self. This I made good to you  
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,  
How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the  
instruments; [might,

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that  
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,  
Say, "Thus did Banquo."

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so; and went farther, which is now  
Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
That you can let this go? Are you so <sup>d</sup>gospell'd  
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,  
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped  
All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him clos'd, whereby he does receive  
Particular addition, from the quill  
That writes them all alike; and so of men.  
Now, if you have a station in the file  
Not <sup>d</sup> the worst rank of manhood, say it,  
And I will put that business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,  
So <sup>a</sup>wearied with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

*Macb.* Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,  
That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my near'st of life. And though I could  
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is,  
That I to your assistance do make love,  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,

<sup>a</sup> "Champion me to the utterance," i. e., challenge me to extremities.—<sup>b</sup> "In probation with you," i. e., in proving to you.—<sup>c</sup> "Borne in hand," i. e., deluded by fair promises.—<sup>d</sup> "So gospell'd," i. e., so obedient to the precepts of the gospel.—<sup>e</sup> "Shoughs," i. e., shock-dogs.—<sup>f</sup> Called.—<sup>g</sup> The valued file is the descriptive list.—<sup>h</sup> "Addition," i. e., description.—<sup>i</sup> "Bloody distance" is mortal enmity.

Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.*

Though our lives—

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. Within  
this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,  
Acquaint you, with a perfect spy, o' the time,  
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,  
And something from the palace; always thought,  
That I require a clearness: and with him,  
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:  
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[*Exit Murderers.*]

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Room.

*Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.*

*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?

*Serv.* Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his leisure  
For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

*Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content:  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter MACBETH.*

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,  
Of <sup>l</sup> sorriest fancies your companions making,  
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died  
With them they think on? Things without remedy,  
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:  
She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
But let the <sup>4</sup> eternal frame of things disjoint,  
Both the world suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,  
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,  
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless <sup>m</sup>ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing  
Can touch him farther!

*Lady M.* Come on:

Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;  
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo:  
Present him <sup>a</sup>eminence, both with eye and tongue:  
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honors  
In these flattering streams, and make our faces  
Vizards to our hearts, disguising what they are

*Lady M.* You must leave this.

*Macb.* O! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.  
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

*Lady M.* But in their nature's <sup>c</sup>copy's not eternal.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet; they are assailable:

<sup>k</sup> "That I require a clearness," i. e., that I must stand clear of suspicion.—<sup>l</sup> "Sorriest," i. e., most melancholy.—<sup>m</sup> Agony.—<sup>n</sup> "Present him eminence," i. e., do him the highest honor.—<sup>o</sup> "Nature's copy's not eternal," i. e., the lease by which they hold their lives is not eternal.

Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons  
The shard-borne<sup>a</sup> beetle, with his drowsy hums,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady M.* What's to be done?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest  
chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, 'seeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,  
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond [crow  
Makes keeps me pale!—Light<sup>c</sup> thickens; and the  
Makes wing to the rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
Thou marvel'st at my words; but hold thee still:  
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.  
So, prythee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Park, with a road  
leading to the Palace.

*Enter three Murderers.*

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* Macbeth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers  
Our offices, and what we have to do,  
To thy direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn; and<sup>d</sup> here approaches  
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

*Ban.* [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then, 'tis he: the rest,  
That are within the note of<sup>d</sup> expectation,  
Already are i' the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,  
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, with a torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light!

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [Strikes BANQUO.

*Ban.* O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!  
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!

[Dies. FLEANCE escapes.

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down: the son is fled

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is  
done. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. *Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your own degrees; sit down:  
And last the hearty welcome. [at first

*Lords.* Thanks to your majesty.

*Macb.* Ourselves will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her<sup>e</sup> state; but in best time  
We will require her welcome.

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;  
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.<sup>g</sup>

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts'  
thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst.  
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure

<sup>4</sup> *Enter first Murderer, to the door.*

The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than<sup>h</sup> him within  
Is he dispatch'd?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut throats;

Yet he is good that did the like for Fleance:

If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

*Mur.* Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again: I had else been  
perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and general as the casing air;  
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trench'd gashes on his head,  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that.—

There the grown serpent lies: the worm, that's fled,  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow  
We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.

*Lady M.* My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,  
That is not often vouch'd the while 'tis making;  
'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;  
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it.

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer!—  
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

*Len.* May it please your highness sit?

[The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits  
in MACBETH'S place.

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honor roof'd,  
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,  
Than pity for mischance!

*Rosse.* His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness  
To grace us with your royal company?

*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

<sup>6</sup> [Pointing to the Ghost.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my good lord. What is't that moves  
your highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often  
thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat.

The fit is momentary; upon a thought

He will again be well. If much you note him,

You shall offend him, and extend his<sup>f</sup> passion;

Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

<sup>7</sup> [Coming to MACBETH: aside to him.

<sup>a</sup> "The shard-borne beetle," i. e., the beetle borne in the  
air by its shards or scaly wings.—<sup>b</sup> "Seeling," i. e., blind-  
ing.—<sup>c</sup> "Light thickens," i. e., it is growing dark.—<sup>d</sup> "That  
are within the note of expectation," i. e., who are set down  
in the list of guests expected to supper.

<sup>e</sup> "Her state," i. e., her chair of state.—<sup>f</sup> "Extend his pas-  
sion," i. e., prolong his fit.



*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appal the devil.

*Lady M.* O, proper stuff!  
This is the very painting of your fear:  
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan. O! these <sup>a</sup>flaws, and starts,  
(Impostors to true fear) would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
You look but on a stool. [say you?—

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how  
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—  
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send  
Those that we bury back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites. [Exit Ghost.

*Lady M.* What! quite unmann'd in folly?  
*Macb.* If I stand here, I saw him.

*Lady M.* Fie! for shame!  
*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden  
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal; [time,  
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,  
That when the brains were out the man would die,  
And there an end; but now, they rise again  
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
And push us from our stools. This is more strange  
Than such a murder is.

*Lady M.* My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you. <sup>1</sup>[Going back to her state.

*Macb.* I do forget.—  
Do not <sup>b</sup>muse at me, my most worthy friends;  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing [all;  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to  
Then, I'll sit down.—Give me some wine: fill full.—  
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,<sup>2</sup>  
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:

<sup>3</sup>Re-enter Ghost.

Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
And all to <sup>c</sup>all.

*Lords.* Our duties, and the pledge.  
*Macb.* Avaunt! and quit my sight. Let the earth  
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,  
Which thou dost glare with.

*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the <sup>d</sup>Hyrcan tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I <sup>e</sup>exhibit, then protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[Exit Ghost.  
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,  
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the  
good meeting,  
With most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
And <sup>f</sup>overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,  
Even to the disposition that I <sup>g</sup>owe,  
When now I think you can behold such sights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.* What sights, my lord?  
*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not: he grows worse  
and worse;

Question enrages him. At once, good night:  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*Len.* Good night; and better health  
Attend his majesty.

*Lady M.* A kind good night to all!  
[Exit Lords and Attendants.

*Macb.* It will have blood, they say; blood will  
have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;  
<sup>h</sup>Angurs, and understood <sup>i</sup>relations, have [forth  
By <sup>j</sup>magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought  
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is  
which. [person,

*Macb.* How say'st <sup>k</sup>thou, that Macduff denies his  
At our great bidding?

*Lady M.* Did you send to him, sir?  
*Macb.* I hear it by the way; but I will send.

There's not a one of them, but in his house  
<sup>l</sup>I'll keep a servant feed'd. I will to-morrow,  
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:  
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,  
All causes shall give way: I am in blood  
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,  
Which must be acted ere they may be <sup>m</sup>scann'd.

*Lady M.* You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-  
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use: [abuse  
We are yet but young in deed. [Exit.

#### SCENE V.—The Heath.

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches, meeting  
HECATE.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look an-  
gerly.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you are,  
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare  
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,  
In riddles, and affairs of death;  
And I, the mistress of your charms,  
The close contriver of all harms,  
Was never call'd to bear my part,  
Or show the glory of our art?  
And, which is worse, all you have done  
Hath been but for a wayward son,  
Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,  
Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
But make amends now: get you gone,  
And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' morning: thither he  
Will come to know his destiny.  
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,  
Your charms, and every thing beside.  
I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:  
Great business must be wrought ere noon.  
Upon the corner of the moon  
There hangs a vaporous drop <sup>n</sup>profound;

<sup>a</sup> *Augurs for auguries.*—<sup>b</sup> "Understood relations," i. e., connected circumstances relating to the crime.—<sup>c</sup> *Magpies.*—<sup>d</sup> "How say'st thou," i. e., "What say'st thou to this circumstance?"—<sup>e</sup> "Scann'd," i. e., nicely examined.—<sup>f</sup> "A vaporous drop profound," i. e., a drop that has deep or hidden qualities.

<sup>a</sup> "Flaws," i. e., sudden gusts.—<sup>b</sup> "Muse," i. e., wonder.—<sup>c</sup> "All to all," i. e., all good wishes to all.—<sup>d</sup> *Hyrcanian.*—<sup>e</sup> "Overcome us," i. e., pass over us.—<sup>f</sup> *Own; possess.*

I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
 And that, distill'd by magic sleights  
 Shall raise such artificial sprites,  
 As by the strength of their illusion,  
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.  
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;  
 And, you all know, security  
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

*Song.* [Within.] Come away, come away, &c.  
 Hark! I am call'd: my little spirit, see,  
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[Exit <sup>1</sup> HECATE.]

<sup>1</sup> Witch. Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be  
 back again. [Exeunt <sup>2</sup> Witches.]

SCENE VI.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
 Which can interpret farther: only, I say, [Duncan  
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious  
 Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead;  
 And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;  
 Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,  
 For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.  
 Who<sup>b</sup> cannot want the thought, how monstrous  
 It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,  
 To kill their gracious father? damned fact!  
 How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,  
 In pious rage the two delinquents tear,  
 That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?  
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely, too;  
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,  
 To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,  
 He has borne all things well; and I do think,  
 That had he Duncan's sons under his key,  
 (As, an't please heaven, he shall not) they should find  
 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
 But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he  
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, [fail'd  
 Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell  
 Where he bestows himself?

*Lord.* The son of Duncan,  
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
 Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd  
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace,  
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
 Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff  
 Is gone, to pray the holy king upon his aid  
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;  
 That by the help of these, (with Him above  
 To ratify the work) we may again  
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,  
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,  
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honors,  
 All which we pine for now. And this report  
 Hath so<sup>c</sup> exasperate the king, that he  
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Lord.* He did: and with an absolute, "Sir, not I;"  
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
 And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time  
 That clogs me with this answer."

*Len.* And that well might  
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
 Fly to the court of England, and unfold  
 His message ere he come, that a swift blessing  
 May soon return to this our suffering<sup>d</sup> country

\* Arts.—<sup>b</sup> Cannot is probably used here for can.—<sup>c</sup> Exasperated.—<sup>d</sup> "Our suffering country," i. e., our country suffering under, &c.

Under a hand accurs'd!

*Lord.* I'll send my prayers with him! [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron.

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches.

<sup>1</sup> Witch. Thrice the<sup>e</sup> brinded cat hath mew'd.  
<sup>2</sup> Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.  
<sup>3</sup> Witch. Harper cries,—'Tis time, 'tis time.

<sup>1</sup> Witch. Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under<sup>2</sup> cold stone,

Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

<sup>2</sup> Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and 'blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

<sup>3</sup> Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy; maw, and<sup>g</sup> gulf

Of the<sup>h</sup> ravin'd salt-sea shark;

Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;

Liver of blaspheming Jew;

Gall of goat, and slips of yew

'Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;

Finger of birth-strangled babe,

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab:

Add thereto a tiger's<sup>k</sup> chauldron,

For the ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

<sup>2</sup> Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood

Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and<sup>4</sup> other Witches.

*Hec.* O, well done! I commend your pains,

And every one shall share i' the gains.

And now about the cauldron sing,

Like elves and fairies in a ring,

Enchanting all that you put in.

[Music, and a Song. "Black spirits," &c.]

<sup>5</sup> Exit HECATE.

<sup>2</sup> Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,  
 Something wicked this way comes. [Knocking.  
 Open, locks, whoever knocks.]

Enter MACBETH.

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight  
 What is't you do? [hags!]

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
 (Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:  
 Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
 Against the churches; though the<sup>l</sup> yesty waves

\* "Brinded," i. e., spotted.—<sup>2</sup> The blind-worm is the slow-worm.—<sup>3</sup> "Gulf," i. e., throat.—<sup>4</sup> "Ravin'd," i. e., glutted.—<sup>5</sup> "Sliver'd," i. e., cut.—<sup>6</sup> "Chauldron," i. e., entrails.—Foaming.

Confound and swallow navigation up; [down;  
Though <sup>1</sup>bleaded <sup>a</sup>corn be lodg'd, and trees blown  
Though castles topple <sup>2</sup>o'er their warders' heads;  
Though palaces and pyramids do <sup>3</sup>stoop  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure  
Of nature's <sup>b</sup>germins tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'd'st rather hear it from our  
Or from our masters'?

*Macb.* Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweat  
From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

*All.* Come high, or low;  
Thyself, and office, <sup>c</sup>deftly show.

*Thunder.* 1 *Apparition, an armed Head.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—

2 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:  
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

1 *App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware  
Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough.

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution  
thanks: [more.—

Thou hast <sup>d</sup>harp'd my fear aright.—But one word  
1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's an-  
More potent than the first. [other,

*Thunder.* 2 *Apparition, a bloody Child.*

*App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

*App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of  
But yet I'll make assurance double sure, [thee?  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

*Thunder.* 3 *Apparition, a Child crowned, with a  
Tree in his hand.*

That rises like the issue of a king;  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

*All.* Listen, but speak not to't.

*App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him. [Descends.

*Macb.* That will never be:  
Who can <sup>e</sup>impress the forest; bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!  
<sup>f</sup>Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise; and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, (if your art  
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,

<sup>a</sup> "Bleaded," i. e., ripe; ready for the sickle.—<sup>b</sup> "Germins," i. e., seeds which have begun to germinate or sprout.  
<sup>c</sup> "Deftly is adroitly, dexterously.—<sup>d</sup> "Harp'd," i. e., touched,  
<sup>e</sup> as a harper touches a string.—<sup>f</sup> "Impress the forest," i. e.,  
command it to serve him, like a soldier impressed.

And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.—  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

<sup>g</sup>[*The cauldron descends. Hautboys sound.*

1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!

*All.* Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;  
Come like shadows, so depart.

*A show of eight Kings, and Banquo <sup>h</sup>first and last,  
with a Glass in his Hand.*

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo:  
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls;—and thy hair  
Thou other gold-bound brow 'art like the first:—  
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,

Which shows me many more; and some I see,

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.

Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;

For the 'blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,

And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so: but why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—

Come, sisters, cheer up us his <sup>i</sup>sprites,

And show the best of our delights.

I'll charm the air to give a sound,

While you perform your antic round;

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*

*Macb.* Where are they? Gone?—Let this per-  
nicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—

Come in! without there!

*Enter LENOX.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride,  
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear  
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you  
Macduff is fled to England. [word,

*Macb.* Fled to England?

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* Time, thou <sup>b</sup>anticpat'st my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now, [done:  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:  
But no more <sup>g</sup>flights.—Where are these gentlemen?  
Come; bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Fife. A Room in MACDUFF's Castle.

*Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.*

*L. Macd.* What had he done to make him fly the  
*Rosse.* You must have patience, madam. [land?

*L. Macd.* He had none:

<sup>g</sup> "Blood-boltered," i. e., besmeared with blood.—<sup>h</sup> *Spirita*  
—<sup>i</sup> "Anticipat'st," i. e., preventest, by taking away the op-  
portunity.—<sup>j</sup> "Trace," i. e., follow; succeed



His flight was madness. When our actions do not,  
Our fears do make us traitors.

*Rosse.* You know not,  
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear. [*babes,*  
*L. Macd.* Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his  
His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:  
He wants the natural<sup>a</sup> touch; for the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love:  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*Rosse.* My dearest coz',  
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,  
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' the<sup>b</sup> season. I dare not speak much  
farther:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not<sup>1</sup> know't ourselves; when we hold  
rumor

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent sea,  
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you:  
<sup>2</sup> 'T shall not be long but I'll be here again.  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

*Rosse.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.  
I take my leave at once. [*Exit Rosse.*

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead:  
And what wilt you do now? How will you live?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, with worms and flies?

*Son.* With what I get, I mean; and so do they.  
*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net,  
The pit-fall, nor the gin. [*nor lime,*

*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are  
not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for  
a father?

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any mar-  
*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again. [*ket.*

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit;

And yet i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so is a traitor, and  
must be hanged.

*Son.* And must they all be hanged that swear and  
lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools; for  
there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest  
men, and hang up them.

*L. Macd.* Now God help thee, poor monkey!  
But how wilt thou do for a father?

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you  
would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly  
have a new father.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known,  
Though in your state of honor I am<sup>c</sup> perfect.  
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:  
If you will take a homely man's advice,  
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.  
To fight you thus, methinks, I am too savage,  
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,  
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!  
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*

*L. Macd.* Whither should I fly?  
I have done no harm; but I remember now  
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm  
Is often laudable; to do good sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas!  
Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

*Enter Murderers.*

*Mur.* Where is your husband?  
*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified,  
Where such as thou may'st find him.

*Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain.

*Mur.* What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*

Young fry of treachery.

*Son.* He has kill'd me, mother:  
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying murder,*  
and pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III.—England. A Room in the King's  
Palace.

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and  
Weep our sad bosoms empty. [*there*

*Macd.* Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
Bestride our down-fall'n<sup>d</sup> birthdown. Each new morn  
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolor.

*Mal.* What I believe, I'll wail;  
What know, believe; and what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to<sup>e</sup> friend, I will:  
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but  
something

You may deserve of him through me, and<sup>f</sup> wisdom  
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb  
To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.  
A good and virtuous nature may recoil [*don:*  
In an imperial<sup>g</sup> charge. But I shall crave your par-  
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,  
Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance, even there, where I did find my  
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,

<sup>a</sup> That is, 'I am perfectly acquainted with your rank.'—  
<sup>d</sup> "Birthday," i. e., the place of our birth.—<sup>e</sup> "To friend,"  
i. e., to befriend.—<sup>f</sup> "Wisdom," i. e., wisdom it is.—<sup>g</sup> "In  
an imperial charge," i. e., in the execution of a royal com-  
mission.

<sup>a</sup> "Natural touch," i. e., natural affection.—<sup>b</sup> "The fits o'  
the season," i. e., the temper of the times.

Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,  
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure, [wrongs;  
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy  
Thy title is "affeer'd!"—Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended:  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here, from gracious England, have I offer

<sup>1</sup>[*Showing a Paper.*

Of goodly thousands; but, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before,  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?  
*Mal.* It is myself I mean; in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That, when they shall be "ripen'd," black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
With my confineless<sup>b</sup> harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
<sup>c</sup>Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
<sup>d</sup>Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,  
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,  
Than such a one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been  
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours: you may  
<sup>e</sup>Enjoy your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.  
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be  
That vulture in you to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclin'd.

*Mal.* With this, there grows  
In my most ill-compos'd affection such  
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more; that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice  
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root,  
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;  
Scotland hath "foison"<sup>f</sup> to fill up your will,  
Of your mere own. All these are "portable"

With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none. The king-becoming graces,  
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
I have no relish of them; but abound  
In the division of each several crime,  
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Upbraid the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*Macd.* O Scotland, Scotland!

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak:  
I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern!  
No, not to live.—O, nation miserable!  
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accus'd,  
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore thee,  
Off'n'er upon her knees than on her feet,  
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast!  
Thy hope ends here.

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous<sup>g</sup> haste; but God above  
Deal between thee and me, for even now  
I put myself to thy direction, and  
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;  
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;  
At no time broke my faith; would not betray  
The devil to his fellow, and delight  
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking  
Was this upon myself. What I am truly  
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:  
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
Already at a point, was setting forth.

Now, we'll together; and the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things as  
'Tis hard to reconcile. [Once,

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I  
pray you?

*Doct.* Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,  
That stay his cure: their malady<sup>h</sup> convinces  
The great assay of<sup>i</sup> heart; but at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*

*Macd.* What's the disease he means?  
*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the evil:  
A most miraculous work in this good king,  
Which often, since my here remain in England,  
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,  
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,  
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,

<sup>a</sup> "Affeer'd," i. e., legally settled.—<sup>b</sup> "Confineless harms," i. e., measureless evils.—<sup>c</sup> Lascivious.—<sup>d</sup> Passionate.—<sup>e</sup> "Foilson," i. e., plenty.—<sup>f</sup> "Are portable," i. e., may be endured.

<sup>g</sup> "From over-credulous haste," i. e., from over-hasty credulity.—<sup>h</sup> "Convinces," i. e., overcomes.

The mere despair of surgery, he cures;  
Hanging a golden <sup>a</sup>stamp about their necks,  
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,  
To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,  
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
That speak him full of grace.

*Enter ROSSE.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here?  
*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him not.  
*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.  
*Mal.* I know him now. Good God, betimes remove  
The means that make us strangers!

*Rosse.* Sir, amen.  
*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did?  
*Rosse.* Alas, poor country!  
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,  
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:  
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,  
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern <sup>b</sup>ecstasy: the dead man's knell [*lives*]  
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* O, relation,  
Too nice, and yet too true!  
*Mal.* What is the newest grief?  
*Rosse.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.  
Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife?  
*Rosse.* Why, well.  
*Macd.* And all my children?  
*Rosse.* Well, too.  
*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?  
*Rosse.* No; they were well, at peace, when I did  
leave them. [*it?*]

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes  
*Rosse.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor  
Of many worthy fellows that were out;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,  
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.  
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland  
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
To <sup>c</sup>doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be it their comfort,  
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath  
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men:  
An older, and a better soldier, none  
That Christendom gives out.

*Rosse.* Would I could answer  
This comfort with the like! But I have words,  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air  
Where hearing should not <sup>d</sup>latch them.

*Macd.* What concern they?  
The general cause, or is it a <sup>e</sup>fee-grief,  
Due to some single breast?

*Rosse.* No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe, though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

*Rosse.* Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,  
That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Humph! I guess at it.

*Rosse.* Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and  
babes,  
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner  
Were, on the <sup>f</sup>quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven!—  
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:  
Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

*Macd.* My children too?  
*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence!  
My wife kill'd too?

*Rosse.* I have said.  
*Mal.* Be comforted:  
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure his deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children.—All my pretty ones?  
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?  
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* <sup>g</sup>Dispute it like a man.  
*Macd.* I shall do so;

But I must also feel it <sup>h</sup>like a man:  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,  
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff!  
They were all struck for thee. Naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* O! I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue.—But, gentle Heavens,  
Cut short all intermission; front to front,  
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!

*Mal.* This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above [*may*];  
Put on their <sup>i</sup>instruments. Receive what cheer you  
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

*Doct.* I have two nights watched with you, but can  
perceive no truth in your report. When was it she  
last walked?

*Gent.* Since his majesty went into the field, I have  
seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown  
upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold  
it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and  
again return to bed; yet all this while in a most  
fast sleep.

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature, to receive at  
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watch-  
ing. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking  
and other actual performances, what at any time have  
you heard her say?

\* The "golden stamp" was the coin called an angel.—<sup>a</sup> "A modern ecstasy," i. e., a common grief.—<sup>b</sup> Put off.—<sup>c</sup> "Latch them," i. e., catch them.—<sup>d</sup> "A fee-grief," i. e., a grief that has but a single owner.

<sup>f</sup> The quarry is the heap of game after it is killed.—<sup>g</sup> "Dispute it," i. e., contend with your sorrow.—<sup>h</sup> "Put on their instruments," i. e., thrust us, their instruments, forward against the tyrant.



*Gent.* That, sir, which I will not report after her.  
*Doct.* You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

*Enter Lady MACBETH, with a Taper.*

*Lo you!* here she comes. This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see, her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

*Doct.* Do you mark that? <sup>2</sup>[*Writing.*

*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord; no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

*Doct.* Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

*Lady M.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

*Doct.* Well, well, well,—

*Gent.* Pray God, it be, sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave.

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done, cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady MACBETH.*

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician.—God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night: My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good night, good doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Country near Dunsinane.

*Enter, with Drum and Colors, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.

Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man.

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.

*Cath.* Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

*Len.* For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son, And many untough youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant?

*Cath.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies, Some say, he's mad: others, that lesser hate him, Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd course Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach: Those he commands move only in command, Nothing in love: now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who, then, shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil and start, When all that is within him does condemn itself, for being there?

*Cath.* Well; march we on, To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd: Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal; And with him pour we, in our country's purge, Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds. Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let them fly all: Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:—"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly, false And mingle with the English epicures: [thanes, The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear, Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon! Where got'st thou that goose look?

*Serv.* There is ten thousand—

*Macb.* Geese, villain?

*Serv.* Soldiers, sir.

*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear, Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

<sup>b</sup> By the *mortified man* is meant a religious man.—<sup>c</sup> That is, "When all the faculties of his mind are employed in self-condemnation."—<sup>d</sup> By the *medicine* is here meant the physician.—<sup>e</sup> A loon is a base fellow.—<sup>f</sup> Patch was an appellation of contempt.—<sup>g</sup> "Are counsellors to fear," i. e., they infect others.

<sup>a</sup> "Mated," i. e., astonished; confounded.

*Serv.* The English force, so please you.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence.—[*Exit Serv.*] Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push  
Will <sup>2</sup>chair me ever, or disseat me now.  
I have liv'd long enough: my <sup>3</sup>May of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.  
Seyton!—

*Enter SEYTON.*

*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more?

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be  
Give me my armor. [back'd.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, <sup>a</sup>skirr the country round;  
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.—  
How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous <sup>4</sup>grief,  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient

Must minister <sup>5</sup>unto himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.—  
Come, put mine armor on; give me my staff.—  
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—  
Come, sir, despatch.—If thou could'st, doctor, cast  
The <sup>b</sup>water of my land, find her disease,  
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—  
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English hence?—Hear'st thou  
of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord: your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*

*Doct.* Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Country near Dunsinane: a Wood  
in view.

*Enter, with Drum and Colors, MALCOLM, old Si-  
ward, and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH,  
CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers  
marching.*

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,  
That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery

Err in report of us.

*Sold.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other but the confident tyrant  
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure  
Our setting down before't.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope;  
For where there is advantage to be <sup>6</sup>gotten,  
Both more and <sup>c</sup>less have given him the revolt,  
And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macb.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Siw.* The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,  
But certain issue strokes must <sup>d</sup>arbitrate;  
Towards which, advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

*Enter, with Drums and Colors, MACBETH, SEYTON,  
and Soldiers.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,  
Till famine and the ague eat them up.  
Were they not <sup>7</sup>far'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,

<sup>8</sup>[*A cry within, of Women.*  
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord. <sup>9</sup>[*Exit.*

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of <sup>10</sup>fear.  
The time has been, my senses would have <sup>11</sup>quail'd  
To hear a night-shriek; and my <sup>e</sup>fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,  
As life were in't. I have supp'd full with horrors:  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

<sup>12</sup>*Re-enter SEYTON.*

Wherefore was that cry?

*Sey.* The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have died hereafter:  
There would have been a time for such a word.—  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this pretty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story, quickly.

*Mess.* Gracious my lord,  
I <sup>13</sup>should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do't.

*Macb.* Well, say, sir.

*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar, and slave!

*Mess.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.

<sup>a</sup> Scour.—<sup>b</sup> To cast the water was the empiric phrase for  
finding out disorders by the inspection of urine.

<sup>c</sup> "Both more and less," i. e., both high and low; those  
of all ranks.—<sup>d</sup> "Arbitrate," i. e., determine.—<sup>e</sup> Fell is skin,  
and here means the hairy scalp.

Within this three mile may you see it coming ;  
I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine \*cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—  
I pull in resolution; and begin  
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—  
If this, which he avouches, does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish th' estate o' the world were now undone.—  
Ring the alarum bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Plain before the  
Castle.

*Enter, with Drums and Colors, MALCOLM, old  
SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army with  
Boughs.*

*Mal.* Now near enough: your leafy screens throw  
down,  
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,  
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,  
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we  
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well.—  
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. [all breath,

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak: give them  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.—The Same. Another Part of the  
Plain.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
I am to fear, or none.

*Enter young SIWARD.*

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Siw.* No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter  
Than any is in hell. [name,

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth. [title

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce a  
More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with my  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. [sword

[*They fight, and young SIWARD is slain.*]

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman:—  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy  
face!

If thou be slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched \*kernes, whose arms  
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou should'st be:  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems <sup>a</sup>bruited. Let me find him, fortune,  
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

*Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord.—The castle's gently  
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war.  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

*Re-enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn.

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words;  
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

*Macb.* Thou losest labor.

As easy may'st thou the <sup>a</sup>intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:  
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
That <sup>a</sup>palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

*Macd.* Then, yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,  
"Here may you see the tyrant."

*Macb.* I will not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou oppos'd <sup>1</sup> be of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;  
And damn'd be he that first cries, "Hold, enough!"  
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colors,  
MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSSE, Thanes, and  
Soldiers.*

*Mal.* I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd

*Siw.* Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

*Rosse.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's  
He only liv'd but till he was a man, [debt:  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd

\* "Cling," i. e., wither; shrivel.—<sup>b</sup> Armor.—<sup>c</sup> "Kernes,"  
i. e., foot-soldiers.

<sup>a</sup> "Bruited," i. e., reported with clamor.—<sup>e</sup> "The in-  
trenchant air," i. e., the air which cannot be cut.—<sup>f</sup> "That  
palter with us in a double sense," i. e., that *shuffle* with am-  
biguous expressions.



In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

*Siv.* Then he is dead?

*Rosse.* Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause  
of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

*Siv.* Had he his hurts before?

*Rosse.* Ay, on the front.

*Siv.* Why then, God's soldier be he.

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

*Siv.* He's worth no more:

They say, he parted well, and paid his score,  
—And God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S Head, on a  
Pike.*

*Macd.* Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where  
stands <sup>a</sup>[*Sticking the Pike in the ground.*  
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free,

I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's <sup>a</sup>pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—  
Hail, king of Scotland!

*All.* Hail, king of Scotland! [*Flourish.*

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expense of time,  
Before we reckon with your several loves, [men,  
And make us even with you. My thanes and kins-  
Henceforth be earls; the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honor nam'd. What's more to do,  
Which would be planted newly with the time,—  
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;

Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else  
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
We will perform in measure, time, and place.  
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> "Thy kingdom's pearl," i. e., thy kingdom's ornament.

# HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.



ACT V.—Scene 1.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.  
 HAMLET, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.  
 HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.  
 POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain  
 LAERTES, <sup>1</sup> his Son.  
 VOLTIMAND, }  
 CORNELIUS, } Courtiers.  
 ROSENCRANTZ, }  
 GUILDENSTERN, }  
 OSRICK, a Courtier.  
 Another Courtier.  
 A Priest.

MARCELLUS, } Officers.  
 BERNARDO. }  
 FRANCISCO, a Soldier.  
 REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.  
 A Captain. <sup>2</sup> Ambassadors.  
 Ghost of Hamlet's Father.  
 FORTINERAS, Prince of Norway.  
<sup>3</sup> Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.  
 OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, <sup>4</sup> Players, Sailors, Messengers, and <sup>6</sup> Attendants.

SCENE, Elsinore.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

FRANCISCO *on his Post.* Enter to him BERNARDO.

*Ber.* Who's there?

*Fran.* Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold Yourself.

*Ber.* Long live the king!

*Fran.* Bernardo?

*Ber.* He.

*Fran.* You come most carefully upon your hour.

*Ber.* 'Tis new struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco.

*Fran.* For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

*Ber.* Have you had quiet guard?

*Fran.* Not a mouse stirring.

*Ber.* Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The <sup>1</sup> rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

*Fran.* I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is Hor. Friends to this ground. [there!]

*Mar.* And <sup>2</sup> liegemen to the Dane.

*Fran.* Give you good night.

*Mar.* O! farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath reliev'd you?

*Fran.* Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night. [Exit FRANCISCO.]

*Mar.* Holla! Bernardo!

*Ber.* Say.

What! is Horatio there?

<sup>a</sup> "Rivals," i. e., partners; colleagues.—<sup>b</sup> "Liegemen," i. e., subjects.

*Hor.* A piece of him. [*lus.*]

*Ber.* Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcel.

*Hor.* What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

*Ber.* I have seen nothing.

*Mar.* Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him,  
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:

Therefore, I have entreated him along  
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;  
That, if again this apparition come,  
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

*Hor.* Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.

*Ber.* Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What we two nights have seen.

*Hor.* Well, sit we down,  
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

*Ber.* Last night of all,  
When yond' same star, that's westward from the pole,  
Had made his course 't' illume that part of heaven  
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,

The bell then beating one,— [*again!*]

*Mar.* Peace! break thee off: look, where it comes

*Enter Ghost, 'armed.*

*Ber.* In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

*Ber.* Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

*Hor.* Most like:—it harrows me with fear, and

*Ber.* It would be spoke to. [*wonder.*]

*Mar.* Question it, Horatio.

*Hor.* What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,  
Together with that fair and warlike form,

In which the majesty of buried Denmark [*speak!*]

Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee,

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Ber.* See! it stalks away.

*Hor.* Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer. [*pale.*]

*Ber.* How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this believe,

Without the sensible and true 'avouch

Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the king?

*Hor.* As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armor he had on,

When he th' ambitious Norway combated:

So frown'd he once, when, in an angry 'parle,

He smote the sledged 'Polacks on the ice.

'Tis strange. [*hour,*]

*Mar.* Thus, twice before, and 'jump at this dead  
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to 'work, I know

But in the gross and scope of mine opinion, [*not;*]

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

*Mar.* Good now, sit down; and tell me, he that  
knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land?

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war?

Why such 'impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week?

What might be 'toward, that this sweaty haste

Knows, 'Approve our eyes,' i. e., corroborate our testimony.—  
'Avouch,' i. e., evidence.—'Parle; conference.—'Pol-

landers.—'Jump,' i. e., just.—'In what particular thought  
to work,' i. e., what particular train of thought to follow.—

'To impress shipwrights, signifies to retain them for service  
by giving them *press* money.—'Toward,' i. e., at hand;  
in preparation.

Doth make the night joint laborer with the day?  
Who is't, that can inform me?

*Hor.*

That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,  
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet  
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)  
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,  
Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Did forfeit with his life all those his lands,  
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:

Against the which, a moiety 'competent

Was 'gaged by our king; which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same 'co-mart,

And carriage of the article 'design'd,

His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved 'mettle hot and full,

Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,

'Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,

For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a 'stomach in't: which is no other

(As it doth well appear unto our state)

But to recover of us, by strong hand

And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands

So by his father lost. And this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our preparations,

The source of this our watch, and the chief head

Of this post-haste and 'romage in the land.

*Ber.* I think, it be no other, but e'en so:

Well may it 'sort, that this portentous figure

Comes armed through our watch; so like the king

That was, and is, the 'question of these wars.

*Hor.* A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and 'palmy state of Rome,

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;<sup>2</sup>

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,

Disasters in the sun; and the moist 'star,

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,

Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse:

And even the like precursor of fierce events—

As harbingers preceding still the fates,

And prologue to the 'omen coming on—

Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

Unto our climates and countrymen,—

*Re-enter Ghost.*

But soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,

That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,

Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Which happily foreknowing may avoid,

O, speak!

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[*Cock crows.*]

<sup>1</sup> "A moiety competent" i. e., a sufficient portion.—

<sup>2</sup> "Gaged," i. e., pledged.—<sup>1</sup> "Co-mart," i. e., covenant; bar-

gain.—<sup>m</sup> "Carriage of the article design'd," i. e., fulfilment

of the treaty expressed.—<sup>n</sup> "Unimproved mettle," i. e., un-

tried courage.—<sup>o</sup> "Shark'd up," i. e., picked up.—<sup>p</sup> "A stom-

ach," i. e., a determined purpose.—<sup>q</sup> "Romage," i. e., rum-

mage; ransacking.—<sup>r</sup> "Sort," i. e., suit; fall in with the idea

of.—<sup>s</sup> "Question," i. e., subject.—<sup>t</sup> "Palmy," i. e., prosperous.

—<sup>u</sup> "The moist star," i. e., the moon.—<sup>v</sup> "The omen" is put

here for the *predicted event*.



Speak of it: stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my "partisan?"

*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.

*Ber.*

'Tis here!

*Hor.*

'Tis here!

*Mar.* 'Tis gone.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,

To offer it the show of violence;

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

*Ber.* It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

*Hor.* And then it started, like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day; and at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

Th' extravagant and "erring spirit hies

To his confine; and of the truth herein

This present object made "probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,

This bird of dawning singeth all night long:

And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,

No fairy "takes, nor witch hath power to charm,

So hallow'd and so "gracious is that time.

*Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part believe it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,

Walks o'er the dew of yond' high eastern hill.

Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,

Let us impart what we have seen to-night

Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,

This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,

As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

*Mar.* Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know

Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State.

<sup>1</sup> *Sennet.* Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants. <sup>2</sup> The King takes his Seat.

*King.* Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's  
The memory be green, and that it us befitted [death  
To "bathe our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom  
To be contracted in one brow of woe;

Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,

That we with wisest sorrow think on him,

Together with remembrance of ourselves,

Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,

The imperial jointress of this warlike state,

Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—

With one auspicious, and one drooping eye,

With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and "dole,—

Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd

Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone

With this affair along: for all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,

Holding a weak supposal of our worth,

Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death

Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,

"Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage,

He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,

Importing the surrender of those lands

Lost by his father, with all "bands of law,

To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.

Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.

Thus much the business is: we have here writ

To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—

Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears

Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress

His farther's "gait herein, in that the levies,

The lists, and full proportions, are all made

Out of his subject: and we here dispatch

You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,

For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;

Giving to you no farther personal power

To business with the king, more than the scope

Of these dilated articles allow. <sup>4</sup> [*Giving them.*]

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

*Cor. Vol.* In that, and all things, will we show  
our duty.

*King.* We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,

And lose your voice: what would'st thou beg, Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

The head is not more native to the heart,

The hand more "instrumental to the mouth,

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What would'st thou have, Laertes?

*Laer.* My dread lord,

Your leave and favor to return to France;

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation,

Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave? What says  
Polonius?

*Pol.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow  
By laborsome petition; and, at last,

Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:

I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,

And thy best graces: spend it at thy will.—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

*Ham.* A little more than kin, and less than kind.

[*Aside.*]

*King.* How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

*Ham.* Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy "night-like color off,  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy "vail'd lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that live must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, madam, it is common.

*Queen.*

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

*Ham.* Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy "aspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected "havior of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,

For they are actions that a man might play;

But I have that within, which passeth show,

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

*King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,  
Hamlet,

<sup>1</sup> "Partisan," i. e., a sort of pike.—<sup>2</sup> "Erring," i. e., wandering.—<sup>3</sup> "Frobation," i. e., proof.—<sup>4</sup> "Takes," i. e., blasts; strikes.—<sup>5</sup> "Gracious," i. e., favored.—<sup>6</sup> "Dole," i. e., grief.—<sup>7</sup> "Colleagu'd," i. e., united.—<sup>8</sup> Bonds.

<sup>1</sup> "Gait," i. e., course; progress.—<sup>2</sup> "More instrumental," i. e., more allied; more necessary.—<sup>3</sup> "With thy vail'd lids," i. e., with downcast eyes.—<sup>4</sup> "Aspiration," i. e., sob; sigh.—<sup>5</sup> "Havior," i. e., appearance; seeming.

To give these mourning duties to your father:—  
 But, you must know, your father lost a father;  
 That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound  
 In filial obligation, for some term,  
 To do <sup>a</sup>obsequious sorrow: but to persevere  
 In obstinate <sup>b</sup>condolement is a course  
 Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:  
 It shows a will most <sup>c</sup>incorrect to heaven;  
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,  
 An understanding simple and unschool'd:  
 For what, we know, must be, and is as common  
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,  
 Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,  
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
 To reason most absurd, whose common theme  
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,  
 From the first corse till he that died to-day,  
 "This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth  
 This <sup>d</sup>unprevailing woe, and think of us  
 As of a father; for, let the world take note,  
 You are the most immediate to our throne;  
 And, with no less <sup>e</sup>nobility of love  
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,  
 Do I <sup>f</sup>impart toward you. For your intent  
 In going back to school in Wittenberg  
 It is most <sup>g</sup>retrograde to our desire;  
 And, we beseech you, <sup>h</sup>bend you to remain  
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son. [let:]

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Ham—  
 I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:  
 Be as yourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;  
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet  
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,  
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,  
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,  
 And the king's rouse the heaven shall <sup>k</sup>bruit again,  
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[Flourish. *Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c.*  
 POLONIUS, and LAERTES.

Ham. O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
 Thaw, and <sup>i</sup>resolve itself into a dew;  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
 His <sup>j</sup>canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world.  
 Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
 That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,  
 Possess it <sup>l</sup>merely. That it should come to this!  
 But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:  
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
<sup>m</sup>Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,  
 That he might not <sup>n</sup>between the winds of heaven  
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,  
 As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—  
 Let me not think on't.—Frailty, thy name is woman!—

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,  
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
 Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,

(O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
 Would have mourn'd longer)—married with my  
 uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,  
 Than I to Hercules: within a month;  
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
 She married.—O, most wicked speed, to post  
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;  
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

*Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.*

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you: [ever.]

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name

with you.

And what <sup>q</sup>make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—

Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord. [sir.—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even  
 But what, in faith, <sup>r</sup>make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report

Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student:  
 I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio: the funeral bak'd  
<sup>r</sup>meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my <sup>s</sup>dearest foe in heaven

Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—

My father,—methinks, I see my father.

Hor. O! where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once: he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,  
 I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw <sup>t</sup>whom?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an <sup>u</sup>attent ear, till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
 Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead <sup>v</sup>vast and middle of the night,

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,

Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pié,

Appears before them, and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes, [chill'd

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, <sup>w</sup>be-

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did,

And I with them the third night kept the watch;

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

<sup>a</sup> "Obsequious," i. e., dutiful; observant.—<sup>b</sup> "Condolement," i. e., grief.—<sup>c</sup> "Incorrect," i. e., undisciplined.—<sup>d</sup> "Unprevailing"—<sup>e</sup> "Nobility of love," i. e., disinterested love.—<sup>f</sup> "Impart," i. e., dispense; bestow.—<sup>g</sup> "Retrograde," i. e., repugnant; contrary.—<sup>h</sup> "Bend you," i. e., incline you.—<sup>i</sup> "Rouse," i. e., convivial draught.—<sup>j</sup> "Bruit," i. e., report; resound.—<sup>k</sup> "Dissolve."—<sup>l</sup> "Canon," i. e., law; rule.—<sup>m</sup> "Merely," i. e., solely; absolutely.—<sup>n</sup> "Hyperion," i. e., Apollo.—<sup>o</sup> "Beteem," i. e., allow; suffer.

<sup>q</sup> "What make you," i. e., what do you.—<sup>r</sup> It was anciently the custom to give an entertainment at a funeral.—<sup>s</sup> "Dearest," i. e., chiefest; most cruel.—<sup>t</sup> Attentive.

The apparition comes. I knew your father;  
These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.* My lord, I did,

But answer made it none; yet once, methought,  
It lifted up its head, and did address  
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:  
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud,  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
And vanish'd from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honor'd lord, 'tis true;  
And we did think it writ down in our duty,  
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.  
Hold you the watch to-night?

*All.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?

*All.* Arm'd, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*All.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then, saw you not his face?

*Hor.* O! yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

*Ham.* What! look'd he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more  
In sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there!

*Hor.* It would have much amaz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like, Very like,

Stay'd it long? [hundred.

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell a

*Mar. Ber.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw it.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzled? no?

*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,  
A sable silver'd.

*Ham.* I will watch to-night:  
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

*Hor.* I warrant it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:  
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.

*All.* Our duty to your honor.

*Ham.* Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

[*Exeunt HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDUS.*

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;  
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!  
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*

### SCENE III.—A Room in POLONIUS's House.

*Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

*Laer.* My necessities are embark'd; farewell:  
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,  
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,

But let me hear from you.

*Oph.* Do you doubt that?

*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,  
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;  
No more.

*Oph.* No more but so?

*Laer.* Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone  
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,  
The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now,  
And now no oil, nor cautel, doth besmirch  
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,  
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,  
For he himself is subject to his birth:  
He may not, as unruly persons do,  
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends  
The safety and health of this whole state;  
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd  
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,  
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves you  
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,  
As he in his particular act and place  
May give his saying deed; which is no farther,  
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.  
Then, weigh what loss your honor may sustain,  
If with too credent ear you list his songs,  
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open  
To his unmaster'd importunity.  
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;  
And keep you in the rear of your affection,  
Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.  
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:  
The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;  
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:  
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

*Oph.* I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,  
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,  
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,  
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own read.

*Laer.* O! fear me not.

I stay too long;—but here my father comes.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

A double blessing is a double grace;  
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

*Pol.* Yet here, Laertes? aboard, aboard, for shame!  
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with  
you; [*Laying his Hand on LAERTES' Head.*  
And these few precepts in thy memory  
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:

\* "Address itself," i. e., prepare; make ready.—<sup>b</sup> The beaver was that part of the helmet which protects the lower part of the face, and may be lifted up.

\* "Crescent," i. e., growing; increasing.—<sup>d</sup> "In thews," i. e., in sinews and muscular strength.—<sup>e</sup> "Caute," i. e., deceit; subtlety.—<sup>f</sup> "Besmirch," i. e., soil.—<sup>g</sup> "Subject to his birth," i. e., bound by the laws which relate to him as heir to the throne.—<sup>h</sup> "Credent," i. e., credulous.—<sup>i</sup> "List," i. e., listen to.—<sup>j</sup> "Unmaster'd," i. e., licentious.—<sup>k</sup> "Chariest," i. e., most cautious.—<sup>l</sup> "Reckless," i. e., negligent.—<sup>m</sup> "Recks not his own read," i. e., regards not his own lesson.—<sup>n</sup> "Character," i. e., write; imprint.



The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,  
Bear't, that th' opposer may beware of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
And they in France, of the best rank and station,  
Are of a most select and generous choice in that.  
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all,—to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

*Laer.* Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

*Pol.* The time invites you: go; your servants  
tend.

*Laer.* Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well  
What I have said to you.

*Oph.* 'Tis in my memory lock'd,  
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewell. *[Exit LAERTES.]*

*Pol.* What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the lord

*Pol.* Marry, well bethought: *[Hamlet.]*

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you; and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution) I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly,

As it behoves my daughter, and your honor.

What is between you? give me up the truth.

*Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders  
Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection? pooh! you speak like a green girl,  
'Unsettled in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

*Pol.* Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,

<sup>a</sup>Running it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

*Oph.* My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,  
In honorable fashion.

*Pol.* Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his speech,  
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven. *[know,*

*Pol.* Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul

Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,

Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,

Even in their promise, as it is a making,—

You must not take for fire. From this time,

Be somewhat scancer of your maiden presence:

Set your <sup>b</sup>entreatments at a higher rate,

Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young;

And with a larger <sup>i</sup>tether may he walk,  
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,  
Do not believe his vows, for they are <sup>k</sup>brokers  
Not of that die which their investments show,  
But mere <sup>l</sup>implorers of unholy suits,  
Breathing like sanctified and pious <sup>3</sup>bawds,  
The better to beguile. This is for all,—  
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,  
Have you so <sup>4</sup>squander any moment's leisure,  
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.  
Look to't, I charge you; <sup>5</sup>so now, come your ways.

*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord. *[Exeunt]*

## SCENE IV.—The Platform.

*Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.*

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping, and an <sup>m</sup>eager air.

*Ham.* What hour now?

*Hor.* I think, it lacks of twelve.

*Mar.* No, it is struck. *[the season,*

*Hor.* Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near  
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

*[A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance shot  
off, within.]*

What does this mean, my lord? *[a rouse,*

*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night, and takes his

Keeps <sup>o</sup>wassel, and the swaggering <sup>p</sup>up-spring reels;

And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custom?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,

And to the manner born,—it is a custom

More honor'd in the breach, than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel, east and west

Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations.

They <sup>a</sup>clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase

Soil our <sup>t</sup>addition; and, indeed, it takes

From our achievements, though perform'd at height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chances in particular men,

That for some vicious <sup>6</sup>mole of nature in them,

As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,

Since nature cannot choose his origin)

By their o'ergrowth of some <sup>c</sup>complexion,

Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;

Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens

The form of plausible manners;—that these men,—

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect

Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—

Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,

As infinite as man may undergo,

Shall in the general <sup>c</sup>censure take corruption

From that particular fault: the dram of <sup>6</sup>ill

Doth all the noble substance often <sup>v</sup>dout,

To his own scandal.

*Enter Ghost, armed as before.*

*Hor.* Look, my lord! it comes.

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
<sup>8</sup>*[Pause.]*

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,

<sup>a</sup> "Dull thy palm," i. e., render it callous by too frequent shaking hands with strangers.—<sup>b</sup> "Censure," i. e., opinion; judgment.—<sup>c</sup> "Husbandry," i. e., thrift; prudence.—<sup>d</sup> "Season," i. e., temper; make acceptable.—<sup>e</sup> "Tend," i. e., wait; attend.—<sup>f</sup> "Unsettled," i. e., inexperienced.—<sup>g</sup> That is, 'arts to entrap simplicity.'—<sup>h</sup> "Entreatments," i. e., favors.

<sup>i</sup> "With a larger tether," i. e., with more liberty.—<sup>k</sup> "Brokers," i. e., panders.—<sup>l</sup> Implorers.—<sup>m</sup> "Eager," i. e., sharp.—<sup>n</sup> "His rouse," i. e., his jovial draught.—<sup>o</sup> "Keeps wassel," i. e., devotes the time to festivity.—<sup>p</sup> "Up-spring," i. e., upstart; parvenu.—<sup>q</sup> "Clepe," i. e., call.—<sup>r</sup> That is, 'characterize us by a swinish epithet.'—<sup>s</sup> "Mole," i. e., spot; blemish.—<sup>t</sup> "Complexion," i. e., quality.—<sup>u</sup> "Censure," i. e., judgment; opinion.—<sup>v</sup> "Dout," i. e., do out.

Thou com'st in such a <sup>a</sup>questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, Hamlet,  
King, Father, Royal Dane: O! answer me:  
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,  
Why thy canoniz'd bones, <sup>b</sup>hearsed in death,  
Have burst their <sup>c</sup>cerements? why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,  
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,  
So horribly to shake our <sup>d</sup>disposition,  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[The Ghost beckons HAMLET.]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,  
As if some <sup>e</sup>impairment did desire  
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action  
It waves you to a more remov'd ground:  
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then, will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?  
I do not set my life at a pin's <sup>f</sup>fee;  
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?—  
It waves me forth again:—I'll follow it. [lord,

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my  
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,  
That <sup>g</sup>beetles o'er his base into the sea,  
And there assume some other horrible form,  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of <sup>h</sup>reason,  
And draw you into madness? think of it:  
The very place puts <sup>i</sup>toys of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—Go on,  
I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd: you shall not go. <sup>j</sup>[They struggle.]

Ham. My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

[Ghost beckons.]

Still am I call'd.—Unhand me, gentlemen:—

[Breaking from them.]

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that <sup>k</sup>lets me:—  
I say, away!—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. <sup>l</sup>Heaven's will direct it!

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A more remote Part of the Platform.

Enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go

Ghost. Mark me. [no farther.]

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt

Ham. What? [hear.]

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confin'd to <sup>m</sup>lasting fires,  
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,  
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand an-end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:  
But this eternal <sup>n</sup>blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list!—  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O God! [der.]

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural mur-  
Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural. [swift

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as  
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller should'st thou be, than the fat weed  
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Would'st thou not stir in this: now, Hamlet, hear.  
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,  
A serpent stung me: so the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,  
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power  
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.  
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!  
From me, whose love was of that dignity,  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
I made to her in marriage; and to decline  
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor  
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,  
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air:  
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard  
My custom always in the afternoon,  
Upon my <sup>o</sup>secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed <sup>p</sup>hebenon in a phial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous <sup>q</sup>distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body;

<sup>a</sup> "Questionable," i. e., conversable; inviting question.—  
<sup>b</sup> Entombed.—<sup>c</sup> "Cerements," i. e., grave-clothes.—<sup>d</sup> "Dis-  
position," i. e., frame of mind.—<sup>e</sup> "Impairment," i. e., com-  
munication.—<sup>f</sup> "At a pin's fee," i. e., at the value of a pin.—  
<sup>g</sup> "Beetles," i. e., juts; overhangs.—<sup>h</sup> That is, "Which might  
deprive you of your command of reason."—<sup>i</sup> "Toys," i. e.,  
whims.—<sup>j</sup> "Lets me," i. e., hinders me.

<sup>l</sup> "Blazon," i. e., discovery; display.—<sup>m</sup> "Secure," i. e.,  
unguarded.—<sup>n</sup> Hebenon is the poisonous *henbane*.—<sup>o</sup> "Distil-  
ment," i. e., distilled juice.

And with a sudden vigor it doth <sup>a</sup>posset,  
 And curd, like <sup>b</sup>eager droppings into milk;  
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;  
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
 Most <sup>c</sup>lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust  
 All my smooth body.  
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once <sup>d</sup>despoiled:  
 Cut off even in the <sup>e</sup>blossom of my sin,  
<sup>f</sup>Unhousel'd, <sup>g</sup>disappointed, <sup>h</sup>unaneled:  
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
 With all my imperfections on my head:  
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!  
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,  
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
 Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,  
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.  
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
 And 'gins to pale his <sup>i</sup>ineffectual fire:

Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [Exit.  
 Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! What  
 else?

And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—<sup>j</sup>Hold, heart;  
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
 But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee?  
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
 In this distracted <sup>k</sup>globe. Remember thee?  
 Yea, from the table of my memory  
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
 That youth and observation copied there,  
 And thy commandment all alone shall live  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!  
 O, most pernicious <sup>l</sup>and perfidious woman!  
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
 My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:—

[Writing.  
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
 It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me."  
 I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord! my lord!

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet!

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!

Mar. [Within.] So be it!

Hor. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho! boy! come, bird, 'come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; No;

You'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man  
 once think it?—

But you'll be secret.

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Den-  
 But he's an arrant knave. [mark,

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from  
 To tell us this. [the grave

Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;

And so, without more <sup>l</sup>circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:

You, as your business and desire shall point you,

For every man hath business and desire,

Such as it is; and, for mine own poor part,

Look you, I'll go pray. [lord.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,  
 'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:

For you desire to know what is between us,

O'er-master 't as you may. And now, good friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,

Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord?

Mar. <sup>m</sup>We will. [night.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to—

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there,  
 true-penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—  
 Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear. [ground.—

Ham. <sup>n</sup>Hic et ubique? then, we'll shift our

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear. [so fast?

Ham. Well said, old mole! can'st work i' the earth

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous  
 strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, "Well, well, we know;"—or, "We could, an if

we would;"— [might;"—

Or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be, an if hey

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me:—this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,

Swear.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

<sup>a</sup> "Posset," i. e., congregate. <sup>b</sup> "Eager" (Fr. *aigre*), i. e., sour;  
 acid. <sup>c</sup> "Lazar-like," i. e., leprous. <sup>d</sup> "Unhousel'd," i. e.,  
 without having received the sacrament. <sup>e</sup> "Disappointed,"  
 i. e., unprepared. <sup>f</sup> "Unaneled," i. e., without extreme unction.  
<sup>g</sup> "Uneffectual fire" is light without heat. <sup>h</sup> "This  
 distracted globe," i. e., this head confused with thought.—  
<sup>i</sup> This is the call which falconers use to their hawks in the  
 air when they would have them come down.

<sup>k</sup> "Circumstance," i. e., circumlocution. <sup>l</sup> "Hic et ubique,"  
 i. e., here and everywhere.



*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen, With all my love I do commend me to you: And what so poor a man as Hamlet is May do, t' express his love and friending to you, God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together; And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.— The time is out of joint; O cursed spite! That ever I was born to set it right.—  
[*Exeunt.*]  
Nay, come; let's go together.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.—A Room in POLONIUS's House.

*Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.*

*Pol.* Give him this money, and these notes, *Rey.*  
*Rey.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]  
*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Rey.*  
Before you visit him, to make inquiry [*Exit.*]  
Of his behavior.

*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it. [*Exit.*]  
*Pol.* Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, Inquire me first what <sup>a</sup>Danskers are in Paris;  
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,  
What company, at what expense; and finding,  
By this <sup>b</sup>encompassment and drift of question,  
That they do know my son, come you more nearer  
Than your particular demands will touch it.  
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;  
As this,—“I know his father, and his friends,  
And, in part, him:”—do you mark this, Reynaldo?

*Rey.* Ay, very well, my lord. [*Exit.*]  
*Pol.* “And, in part, him; but,” you may say, “not  
But, if t' be he I mean, he's very wild,  
Addicted so and so;”—and there put on him  
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank  
As may dishonor him? take heed of that;  
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual <sup>c</sup>slips,  
As are companions noted and most known  
To youth and liberty.

*Rey.* As gaming, my lord. [*Exit.*]  
*Pol.* Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrel-  
<sup>d</sup>drabbing:—you may go so far.

*Rey.* My lord, that would dishonor him.  
*Pol.* 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.  
You must not put another scandal on him,  
That he is open to incontinency: [*Exit.*]  
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so  
That they may seem the taints of liberty;  
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;  
A <sup>e</sup>savageness in unreclaimed blood,  
Of general <sup>f</sup>assault.

*Rey.* But, my good lord,—  
*Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?  
*Rey.* Ay, my lord,  
I would know that.

*Pol.* Marry, sir here's my drift;  
And, I believe, it is a <sup>g</sup>fetch of warrant.  
You laying these slight sullies on my son,  
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,  
Mark you,  
Your party in converse, him you would sound,  
Having ever seen in the <sup>h</sup>prenominate crimes  
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,  
He closes with you in this consequence:—  
“Good sir,” or so; or “friend,” or “gentleman,”—

<sup>a</sup> “Danskers,” i. e., Danes.—<sup>b</sup> “Encompassment,” i. e., circumlocution.—<sup>c</sup> “Slips,” i. e., errors; fallings.—<sup>d</sup> “Drabbing,” i. e., harlotry.—<sup>e</sup> “Savageness,” i. e., wildness.—<sup>f</sup> “Of general assault,” i. e., such as youth is generally assailed by.—<sup>g</sup> “Fetch of warrant,” i. e., justifiable stratagem.—<sup>h</sup> “Prenominate,” i. e., beforenamed.

According to the phrase, or the addition  
Of man, and country.

*Rey.* Very good, my lord.  
*Pol.* And then, sir, does he this,—he does—  
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was  
About to say something:—where did I leave?

*Rey.* At closes in the consequence,  
As “friend or so,” and “gentleman.”  
*Pol.* At, closes in the consequence,—ay, marry;  
He closes thus:—“I know the gentleman;  
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,  
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,  
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;  
There falling out at tennis: or perchance,  
I saw him enter such a house of sale,  
*Videlicet*, a brothel” or so forth.  
See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:  
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,  
With windlasses, and with assays of <sup>i</sup>bias,  
By indirections find directions out:  
So, by my former lecture and advice,  
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

*Rey.* My lord, I have.  
*Pol.* God be wi' you; fare you well.  
*Rey.* Good my lord.  
*Pol.* Observe his inclination in <sup>k</sup>yourself.  
*Rey.* I shall, my lord.  
*Pol.* And let him ply his music.  
*Rey.* Well, my lord. [*Exit.*]

*Enter OPHELIA.*

*Pol.* Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the  
matter?

*Oph.* Alas, my lord! I have been so affrighted!  
*Pol.* With what, in the name of God?  
*Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,  
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;  
No hat upon his head; his stockings <sup>l</sup>foul'd,  
Ungarter'd, and <sup>m</sup>down-gyved to his ankle;  
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;  
And with a look so piteous in purport,  
As if he had been loosed out of hell,  
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

*Pol.* Mad for thy love?  
*Oph.* My lord, I do not know;  
But, truly, I do fear it.

*Pol.* What said he?  
*Oph.* He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,  
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,  
He falls to such <sup>n</sup>perusal of my face,  
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so:  
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—  
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,  
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,  
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;  
For out o' doors he went without their help,  
And to the last bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.  
This is the very <sup>o</sup>ecstasy of love;  
Whose violent property <sup>p</sup>fordoes itself,  
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
As oft as any passion under heaven,  
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—  
What! have you given him any hard words of late?

<sup>i</sup> That is, “by crooked devices and side essays.”—<sup>k</sup> “In yourself,” i. e., by your own observations.—<sup>l</sup> “Foul'd,” i. e., in wrinkles.—<sup>m</sup> “Down-gyved,” i. e., hanging down like gyves or fetters.—<sup>n</sup> “Perusal,” i. e., survey; examination.—<sup>o</sup> Madness.—<sup>p</sup> “Fordoes,” i. e., undoes.

*Oph.* No, my good lord; but, as you did command, I did repel his letters, and denied His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad. I am sorry that with better heed and judgment I had not <sup>a</sup>quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle, And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy. <sup>1</sup>By heaven, it is as proper to our age To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions, As it is common for the younger sort To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king: This must be known; which, being kept close, might move More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.*

*King.* Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern:

Moreover, that we much did long to see you, The need we have to use you, did provoke Our hasty sending. Something have you heard Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it, <sup>b</sup>Sith nor th' exterior nor the inward man Remembers that it was. What it should be, More than his father's death, that thus hath put him So much from the understanding of himself, I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, That, being of so young days brought up with him, And since so neighbor'd to his youth and humor, That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court Some little time; so by your companies To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather, So much as from occasion you may glean, Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus, That, open'd, lies within our remedy. [you;]

*Queen.* Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of And, sure I am, two men there are not living, To whom he more adheres. If it will please you To show us so much <sup>c</sup>gentry, and good will, As to expend your time with us a while, For the supply and <sup>d</sup>profit of our hope, Your visitation shall receive such thanks As fits a king's remembrance.

*Ros.* Both your majesties Might, by the sovereign power you have <sup>e</sup>of us, Put your dread pleasures more into command Than to entreaty.

*Guil.* But we both obey; And here give up ourselves, in the full <sup>f</sup>bent, To lay our service freely at your feet, To be commanded. [stern.]

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern. *Queen.* Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz: And I beseech you instantly to visit My too much changed son.—Go, some of you, And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

*Guil.* Heavens make our presence, and our practices Pleasant and helpful to him! [tices,]

*Queen.* Ay, amen! [Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and some Attendants.]

*Enter POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord, Are joyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou still hast been the father of good news.

<sup>a</sup> Quoted," i. e., observed.—<sup>b</sup> "Sith nor," i. e., since neither.—<sup>c</sup> "Gentry," i. e., gentle courtesy.—<sup>d</sup> "Supply and profit," i. e., aid and advantage.—<sup>e</sup> "Of us," i. e., over us.—<sup>f</sup> "In the full bent," i. e., most willingly.

*Pol.* Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege, I hold my duty, as I hold my soul, Both to my God, one to my gracious king: And I do think, (or else this brain of mine Hunts not the <sup>a</sup>trail of policy so sure As it hath us'd to do) that I have found The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

*King.* O! speak of that; that do I long to hear.

*Pol.* Give first admittance to th' ambassadors; My news shall be the <sup>b</sup>fruit to that great feast.

*King.* Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found The head and source of all your son's distemper.

*Queen.* I doubt, it is no other but the main; His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

*Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*

*King.* Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my good friends.

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway? *Volt.* Most fair return of greetings, and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd To be a preparation 'gainst the <sup>1</sup>Polack, But, better look'd into, he truly found It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,— That so his sickness, age, and impotence, Was falsely borne in <sup>2</sup>hand,—sends out arrests On Fortinbras; which he in brief obeys, Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine, Makes vow before his uncle, never more To give th' <sup>3</sup>assay of arms against your majesty. Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy, Gives him three thousand crowns in annual <sup>4</sup>fee And his commission to employ those soldiers, So levied as before, against the Polack: With an entreaty, herein farther shown,

[*Giving a Paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass Through your dominions for this enterprise, On such <sup>5</sup>regards of safety, and allowance, As therein are set down.

*King.* It <sup>6</sup>likes us well; And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read, Answer, and think upon this business: Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labor. Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together: Most welcome home.

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*]

*Pol.* This business is well ended. My liege, and madam; to <sup>7</sup>postulate What majesty should be, what duty is, Why day is day, night night, and time is time, Were nothing but to waste <sup>8</sup>day, night, and time. Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, I will be brief. Your noble son is mad: Mad call I it; for, to define true madness, What 'tis, but to be nothing else but mad: But let that go.

*Queen.* More matter, with less art.

*Pol.* Madam, I swear, I use no art at all. That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity, And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;

<sup>a</sup> "Trail," i. e., trace; track.—<sup>b</sup> "The fruit," i. e., dessert.—<sup>c</sup> "The Polack," i. e., Poland.—<sup>d</sup> "Falsely borne in hand," i. e., deceived; imposed upon.—<sup>e</sup> "To give th' assay of arms," i. e., to attempt any thing by force of arms.—<sup>f</sup> "Three thousand crowns in annual fee," i. e., a fee in land of the annual value of three thousand crowns.—<sup>g</sup> "Regards," i. e., conditions.—<sup>h</sup> "It likes," i. e., it pleases.—<sup>i</sup> "To postulate," i. e., to inquire.

But farewell it, for I will use no art.  
 Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains,  
 That we find out the cause of this effect;  
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
 For this effect defective comes by cause:  
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
 \*Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;  
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
 Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.

—“To the celestial, and my soul’s idol, the most  
 beautified Ophelia,”—

That’s an ill phrase, a vile phrase; “beautified” is  
 a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:

“In her excellent white bosom, these,” &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.—

“Doubt thou the stars are fire, [Reads.

Doubt, that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt I love.

“O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers: I  
 have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love  
 thee best, O! most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst  
 this machine is to him, Hamlet.”

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;  
 And more above, hath his solicitings,  
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,  
 All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she  
 Receiv’d his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful, and honorable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you  
 think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,  
 (As I perceiv’d it, I must tell you that,  
 Before my daughter told me) what might you,  
 Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,  
 If I had play’d the desk, or table-book;  
 Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;  
 Or look’d upon this love with idle sight;  
 What might you think? no, I went round to work,  
 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:  
 “Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;  
 This must not be:” and then I precepts gave her,  
 That she should lock herself from his resort,  
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.  
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;  
 And he, repulsed, a short tale to make,  
 Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;  
 Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;  
 Thence to a lightness; and by this declension,  
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,  
 And we all wail for.

King. Do you think ’tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely. [that,

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I’d fain know  
 That I have positively said, “’Tis so,”  
 When it prov’d otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.

If circumstances lead me, I will find  
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
 Within the centre.

King. How may we try it farther?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks <sup>3</sup>for hours  
 Here in the lobby. [together,

Queen. So he doth, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I’ll loose my daughter to him:

Be you and I behind an arras, then:  
 Mark the encounter; if he love her not,  
 And be not from his reason fallen thereon,  
 Let me be no assistant for a state,  
 But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch  
 comes reading.

Pol. Away! I do beseech you, both away.

I’ll board him presently:—O! give me leave.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then, I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes,  
 is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That’s very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead  
 dog, being a good kissing carrion,—Have you a  
 daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i’ the sun: conception is  
 a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive:  
 —friend, look to’t.

Pol. [Aside.] How say you by that? Still harp  
 ing on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first  
 he said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far  
 gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much ex-  
 tremity for love; very near this. I’ll speak to him  
 again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says  
 here, that old men have grey beards; that their  
 faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber,  
 and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful  
 lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all of  
 which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently  
 believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set  
 down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am,  
 if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is meth-  
 od in’t. [Aside.] Will you walk out of the air, my  
 lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o’ the air.—<sup>4</sup>[Aside.]  
 How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a hap-  
 piness that often madness hits on, which reason and  
 sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I  
 will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of  
 meeting between him and my daughter.—<sup>5</sup>[To him.]  
 My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave  
 of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing  
 that I will more willingly part withal; except my  
 life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

\* “Perpend,” i. e., reflect; consider.—<sup>b</sup> That is, “Or given  
 my heart a hint to be mute about their passion.”—<sup>c</sup> “Round,”  
 i. e., roundly; without reserve.—<sup>d</sup> “Out of thy star,” i. e.,  
 placed above thee by destiny.

<sup>3</sup> Arras is tapestry, so called from the city of Arras, where  
 it was manufactured.—<sup>4</sup> “Board him,” i. e., accost, address  
 him.—<sup>5</sup> “Pregnant,” i. e., replete with meaning; ready;  
 apt.



*Ham.* These tedious old fools!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Pol.* You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

*Ros.* God save you, sir! [*To POLONIUS.*

[*Exit POLONIUS.*

*Guil.* Mine honor d lord!—

*Ros.* My most dear lord!

*Ham.* My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah! Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guil.* Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe?

*Ros.* Neither, my lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favors?

*Guil.* 'Faith, her privates we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of fortune? O! most true: she is a strumpet. What news?

*Ros.* None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

*Ham.* Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

*Guil.* Prison, my lord!

*Ham.* Denmark's a prison.

*Ros.* Then, is the world one.

*Ham.* A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeous, Denmark being one of the worst.

*Ros.* We think not so, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so; to me it is a prison.

*Ros.* Why then, your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

*Ham.* O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

*Guil.* Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

*Ham.* A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Ros.* Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

*Ham.* Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs, and outstretched heroes, the beggar's shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my 'fay, I cannot reason.

*Ros. Guil.* We'll wait upon you.

*Ham.* No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what<sup>b</sup> make you at Elsinore?

*Ros.* To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come come; nay, speak.

*Guil.* What should we say, my lord?

*Ham.* Why any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to<sup>c</sup> color. I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

*Ros.* What say you? [*To GUILDENSTERN.*

*Ham.* Nay, then I have an<sup>e</sup> eye of you. [*Aside.*]  
—If you love me, hold not off.

*Guil.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moults no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this<sup>f</sup> brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fires, why, it appeareth nothing to me, but a foul and pestilent<sup>g</sup> congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; <sup>h</sup>[*Ros. smiles.*] no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

*Ros.* My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh, then, when I said, man delights not me?

*Ros.* To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what<sup>i</sup> lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we<sup>j</sup> coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

*Ham.* He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his<sup>k</sup> foil, and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis: the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the<sup>l</sup> sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for<sup>t</sup>.—What players are they?

*Ros.* Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

*Ros.* I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

*Ros.* No, indeed, they are not.

*Ham.* How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

*Ros.* Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an<sup>m</sup> eyry of children, little<sup>n</sup> eyases, that cry out on the top of<sup>o</sup> question, and are most tyrannically clapped for<sup>t</sup>: these are now the fashion; and so<sup>p</sup> berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

<sup>d</sup> "Consonancy," i. e., agreement; fellowship.—<sup>e</sup> "I have an eye of you," i. e., I have an inkling of your purpose.—<sup>f</sup> "Brave," i. e., splendid; fine.—<sup>g</sup> "Congregation," i. e., collection.—<sup>h</sup> "Lenten," i. e., scanty; meager.—<sup>i</sup> "Coted," i. e., overtook.—<sup>j</sup> "Foil," i. e., fencing blade.—<sup>k</sup> "Tickled o' the sere," i. e., tickled with a dry cough or huskiness.—<sup>l</sup> "An eyry," i. e., a nest; a brood.—<sup>m</sup> "Little eyases," i. e., young nestlings: properly, unfledged hawks.—<sup>n</sup> "On the top of question," i. e., at the top of their voice.—<sup>o</sup> "Berattle," i. e., fill with noise.

<sup>a</sup> "By my 'fay,'" i. e., by my faith.—<sup>b</sup> "What make you," i. e., what do you.—<sup>c</sup> "To color," i. e., to disguise.

*Ham.* What! are they children? who maintains them? how are they <sup>a</sup>escoted? Will they pursue the <sup>b</sup>quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are not better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

*Ros.* 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to <sup>c</sup>tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

*Ham.* Is it possible?

*Guil.* O! there has been much throwing about of brains.

*Ham.* Do the boys carry it away?

*Ros.* Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules, and his <sup>d</sup>load too.

*Ham.* It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those, that would make <sup>e</sup>mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood! there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Trumpets within.*]

*Guil.* There are the players.

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me <sup>f</sup>comply with you in this garb, lest my <sup>g</sup>extent to the players (which, I tell you, must show fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

*Guil.* In what, my dear lord?

*Ham.* I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Pol.* Well be with you, gentlemen!

*Ham.* Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

*Ros.* Haply, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

*Pol.* My lord, I have news to tell you.

*Ham.* My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* Buz, Buz!

*Pol.* Upon my honor,—

*Ham.* Then came each actor on his ass,—

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of <sup>h</sup>writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

*Ham.* O Jephthah, Judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

*Pol.* <sup>i</sup>What treasure had he, my lord?

*Ham.* Why—

"One fair daughter, and no more,

The which he loved passing well."

*Pol.* Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*]

*Ham.* An I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

*Pol.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

*Pol.* What follows, then, my lord?

*Ham.* Why,

"As by lot, God wot,"

And then, you know,

"It came to pass, as most like it was,"

The first<sup>1</sup> row of the pious<sup>k</sup> chanson will show you more; for look, where my<sup>l</sup> abridgment comes.

*Enter* Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all.—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! why, thy face is <sup>m</sup>valenced since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress! By'r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a <sup>n</sup>chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

*1 Play.* What speech, my good lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas <sup>o</sup>caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the <sup>p</sup>top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, <sup>q</sup>there was no salt in the lines to make the matter savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might <sup>r</sup>indict the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas *Æneas'* tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line:—let me see, let me see;—

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,"

—'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

"The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,

"Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

"When he lay couched in the ominous horse,

"Hath now this dread and black complexion <sup>s</sup>smear'd

"With heraldry more dismal; head to foot

"Now is he total <sup>t</sup>gules; horribly <sup>u</sup>trick'd

"With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;

"Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,

"That lend a tyrannous and a damned light

"To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath, and fire,

"And thus o'er-sized with congregate gore,

"With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus

"Old grandsire Priam seeks;"—

So proceed you.

*Pol.* 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

*1 Play.* "Anon he finds him

<sup>a</sup> "Escoted," i. e., paid. — <sup>b</sup> "The quality," i. e., the profession. — <sup>c</sup> To tarre them, is to set them on. — <sup>d</sup> The sign of Shake-peare's theatre is said to have been *Hercules carrying the globe*. — <sup>e</sup> Mouths. — <sup>f</sup> "Comply with you in this garb," i. e., embrace you in this fashion. — <sup>g</sup> "Extent," i. e., extending of the hand in friendship. — <sup>h</sup> *Writ* for *writing*.

<sup>i</sup> "Row," i. e., column. — <sup>k</sup> "Chanson," i. e., ballad. — <sup>l</sup> "My abridgment," i. e., those who come to abridge my talk. — <sup>m</sup> "Valenced," i. e., fringed with a beard. — <sup>n</sup> A *chopine* was a clog or shoe with a thick cork sole. — <sup>o</sup> *Caviare* was a condiment not generally relished. — <sup>p</sup> "In the top of," i. e., above. — <sup>q</sup> "Indict," i. e., impeach. — <sup>r</sup> *Gules*, in heraldry is red. — <sup>s</sup> "Trick'd," i. e., colored.

"Striking too short at Greeks: his antique sword,  
 "Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
 "Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,  
 "Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;  
 "But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
 "The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,  
 "Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top  
 "Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash  
 "Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword  
 "Which was declining on the milky head  
 "Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:  
 "So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;  
 "And, like a neutral to his will and matter,  
 "Did nothing.  
 "But, as we often see, against some storm,  
 "A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
 "The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
 "As <sup>b</sup>hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder  
 "Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,  
 "Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work,  
 "And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
 "On Mars's armor, forg'd for proof <sup>c</sup>eternae,  
 "With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
 "Now falls on Priam.—  
 "Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,  
 "In general synod, take away her power;  
 "Break all the spokes and felines from her wheel,  
 "And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,  
 "As low as to the fiends!"

*Pol.* This is too long.

*Ham.* It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—  
 Pr'ythee, say on: he's for a <sup>d</sup>jig, or a tale of bawdry,  
 or he sleeps. Say on: come to Hecuba.

1 *Play.* "But who, O! who had seen the <sup>e</sup>mobled  
 queen?"—

*Ham.* The mobled queen?

*Pol.* That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 *Play.* "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning  
 the flames

"With bisson <sup>f</sup>rheum; a clout upon that head,  
 "Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe  
 "About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,  
 "A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up;  
 "Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,  
 "'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pro-  
 nounc'd:

"But if the gods themselves did see her then,  
 "When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport  
 "In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,  
 "The instant burst of clamor that she made,  
 "(Unless things mortal move them not at all)  
 "Would have made <sup>g</sup>milch the burning eyes of heaven,  
 "And <sup>h</sup>passionate <sup>i</sup>the gods."

*Pol.* Look, whether he has not turned his color,  
 and has tears in's eyes!—Pr'ythee, no more.

*Ham.* 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest  
 of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players  
 well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used;  
 for they are the abstracts, and brief chronicles, of  
 the time: after your death you were better have a  
 bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

*Pol.* My lord, I will use them according to their  
 desert.

*Ham.* God's bodkin, man, much better: use every  
 man after his desert, and who should 'scape whip-  
 ping? Use them after your own honor and dignity:  
 the less they deserve, the more merit is in your  
 bounty. Take them in.

*Pol.* Come, sirs.

[*Exit* POLONIUS, with some of the Players.]

*Ham.* Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-  
 morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you  
 play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* We'll have it to-morrow night. You could,  
 for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen  
 lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could  
 you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Very well.—Follow that lord; and look  
 you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*] My good friends,  
 [To Ros. and GUIL.] I'll leave you till night: you  
 are welcome to Elsinore.

*Ros.* Good my lord!

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

*Ham.* Ay, so, good bye you.—Now I am alone.—  
 O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
 Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
 That from her working all his visage <sup>j</sup>wann'd;  
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,  
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
 With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing:  
 For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
 That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
 Had he the motive and the <sup>k</sup>cue for passion,  
 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,  
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;  
 Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,  
 Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,  
 The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,  
 A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, <sup>l</sup>peak,  
 Like <sup>m</sup>John <sup>n</sup>a-dreams, <sup>o</sup>unpregnant of my cause,  
 And can say nothing; no, not for a king,  
 Upon whose property, and most dear life,  
 A damn'd <sup>p</sup>defeat was made. Am I a coward?  
 Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?  
 Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the  
 throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha!  
 'Swounds! I should take it; for it cannot be,  
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
 To make <sup>q</sup>transgression bitter, or ere this  
 I should have fatted all the region kites  
 With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!  
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, <sup>r</sup>kindless villain!  
 O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;  
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,  
 And fall a cursing, like a very <sup>s</sup>drab,  
 A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! <sup>t</sup>About my brain!—I have heard,  
 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
 Have by the very cunning of the scene  
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
 They have proclaim'd their <sup>u</sup>malefactions;  
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players  
 Play something like the murder of my father,

<sup>i</sup> "Wann'd," i. e., turned pale or wan.—<sup>k</sup> "The cue," i. e., the hint or prompt-word: a technical phrase among players.  
<sup>l</sup> "Peak," i. e., sneak.—<sup>m</sup> John a-dreams was a common term for a dreaming simpleton.—<sup>n</sup> "Unpregnant of," i. e., unimpressed with.—<sup>o</sup> Defeat here signifies death.—<sup>p</sup> "Kindless," i. e., unnatural.—<sup>q</sup> "Drab," i. e., harlot.—<sup>r</sup> "About my brain!" i. e., To work, my brain!—<sup>s</sup> "Malefactions," i. e., evil deeds.

<sup>a</sup> "The rack," i. e., the clouds.—<sup>b</sup> "As hush," i. e., as silent.—<sup>c</sup> "Eternal," i. e., ballad; ditty.—<sup>d</sup> "Mobled," i. e., muffled.—<sup>e</sup> "Bisson rheum," i. e., blinding tears.—<sup>f</sup> "Made milch," i. e., filled with tears.—<sup>g</sup> "And passionate the gods," i. e., "And excited the compassion of the gods."



Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
I'll <sup>a</sup>tent him to the quick: if he but <sup>b</sup>blench,  
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,  
May be the devil; and the devil hath power  
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,  
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,  
As he is very potent with such spirits,  
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds  
More <sup>c</sup>relative than this: the play's the thing,  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference,  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;  
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

GUIL. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,  
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

GUIL. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but <sup>1</sup>to our demands  
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him  
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players  
We <sup>d</sup>o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;  
And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it. They are about the court;  
And, as I think, they have already order  
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:  
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,  
To hear and see the matter.

[tent me]

King. With all my heart; and it doth much con-  
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a farther <sup>e</sup>edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;  
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here [pials]  
'Affront Ophelia: her father, and myself (lawful <sup>e</sup>es-  
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,  
We may of their encounter frankly judge;  
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,  
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,  
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you.—  
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,  
That your good beauties be the happy cause  
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your virtues  
Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
To both your honors.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit Queen.]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please  
you,

We will <sup>h</sup>bestow ourselves.—Read on this book,  
[To OPHELIA.]

That show of such an exercise may color  
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—  
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,  
And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

King. O! 'tis too true.—[Aside.] How smart  
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!  
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,  
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,  
Than is my deed to my most painted word.  
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.

[Exit King and POLONIUS. <sup>2</sup>Manet  
OPHELIA behind, reading.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—  
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep:—  
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal <sup>3</sup>coil,  
Must give us pause. There's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life:  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of <sup>1</sup>time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare <sup>m</sup>bodkin? who would <sup>n</sup>fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,—  
The undiscover'd country, from whose <sup>o</sup>bound  
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!  
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy <sup>p</sup>orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. <sup>3</sup>[Coming forward.] Good my lord,  
How does your honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;

I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honor'd lord, <sup>4</sup>I know right well you did;  
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd  
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,  
Take these again; for to the noble mind,  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.  
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

<sup>a</sup> "Tent him," i. e., probe him.—<sup>b</sup> "Blench," i. e., shrink;  
start back.—<sup>c</sup> "More relative," i. e., more intimately con-  
nected.—<sup>d</sup> "O'er-raught," i. e., overtook.—<sup>e</sup> "Edge," i. e.,  
relish.—<sup>f</sup> "Affront," i. e., confront.—<sup>g</sup> "Espials," i. e., spies.

<sup>h</sup> "Bestow," i. e., hide; place.—<sup>i</sup> "This mortal coil," i. e.,  
the tumult and bustle of this life.—<sup>k</sup> "The respect," i. e., the  
consideration.—<sup>l</sup> "Of time," i. e., of the time.—<sup>m</sup> "Bodkin" was  
the term for a small dagger.—<sup>n</sup> "Fardels," i. e., burdens.—  
<sup>o</sup> "Bound," i. e., bound; limit.—<sup>p</sup> "Orisons," i. e., prayers.

*Oph.* My lord!

*Ham.* Are you fair?

*Oph.* What means your lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

*Ham.* Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

*Ham.* You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceived.

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery: why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my back, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house Farewell.

*Oph.* O! help him, you sweet heavens!

*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

*Oph.* Heavenly powers, restore him!

*Ham.* I have heard of your paintings too, well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more on't: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit HAMLET.]

*Oph.* O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state, [sorrow:] The glass of fashion, and the mould of 'a form, Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down! And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, That suck'd the honey of his music vows, Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh; That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth, Blasted with 'ecstasy. O, woe is me! To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

*Re-enter King and POLONIUS.*

*King.* Love! his affections do not that way tend; Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little, Was not like madness. There's something in his soul, O'er which his melancholy sits on brood; And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose, Will be some danger: which for to prevent, I have, in quick determination,

Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England, For the demand of our neglected tribute:

Haply, the seas, and countries different,

With variable objects, shall expel

This something settled matter in his heart,

Whereon his brain still beating puts him thus

From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

*Pol.* It shall do well: but yet do I believe,

The origin and commencement of his grief Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!

You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;

We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;

But, if you hold it fit, after the play

Let his queen mother all alone entreat him

To show his griefs: let her be 'round with him;

And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear

Of all their conference. If she find him not,

To England send him; or confine him where

Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.*

It shall be so:

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—A Hall in the Same.

*Enter HAMLET, and certain Players, 'unready.*

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the 'groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing 'Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you avoid it.

*1 Play.* I warrant your honor.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and 'pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your 'allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

*1 Play.* I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

*Ham.* O! reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will

<sup>a</sup> "The mould of form," i. e., the model by whom all endeavored to form themselves.—<sup>b</sup> "Ecstasy," i. e., insanity.

<sup>c</sup> "Round," i. e., plain; candid.—<sup>d</sup> The groundlings were the spectators in the pit of the theatre.—<sup>e</sup> Termagant, in old romances, was the name given to the tempestuous god of the Saracens.—<sup>f</sup> "Pressure," i. e., impression; resemblance.—<sup>g</sup> "Allowance," i. e., estimation; approval.

themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.— [Exeunt Players.]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—

[Exit POLONIUS.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my lord.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Ham. What, ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man as e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O! my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits, To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp, And crook the <sup>b</sup> pregnant hinges of the knee, Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear? Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice, And could of men distinguish, her election Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing; A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those, Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled, That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger To sound what stop she please. Give me that man That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee.—Something too much of this.— There is a play to-night before the king: One scene of it comes near the circumstance, Which I have told thee, of my father's death: I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe mine uncle: if his <sup>c</sup> occulted guilt Do not itself unkennel in one speech, It is a damned ghost that we have seen, And my imaginations are as foul As Vulcan's <sup>d</sup> stithy. Give him heedful note; For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, And, after, we will both our judgments join In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord;

If he steal away the whilst this play is playing, And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play: I must be idle; Get you a place.

<sup>1</sup> Sennet. Danish March. <sup>2</sup> Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet: these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you played once in the university, you say? [To POLONIUS.]

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they 'stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet; sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [To the King.]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA's Feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord. [legs.]

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids'

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens. die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by'r-lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, "For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot."

Trumpets sound. The dumb Show enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you will show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

<sup>a</sup> "Question," i. e., point. — <sup>b</sup> "Pregnant," i. e., quick; ready. — <sup>c</sup> "Occulted," i. e., concealed; secret. — <sup>d</sup> "Stithy," i. e., smithy; workshop. — "Censure," i. e., opinion.

<sup>1</sup> "They stay upon your patience," i. e., they wait upon your will. — <sup>2</sup> "Micheing mallecho," i. e., lurking mischief.



*Oph.* You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

*Pro.* "For us, and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently."

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love.

*Enter* <sup>1</sup>*the Player King and Player Queen.*

*P. King.* Full thirty times hath Phœbus' <sup>2</sup>car gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;  
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,  
About the world have times twelve thirties been;  
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands. [moon]

*P. Queen.* So many journeys may the sun and  
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.  
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,  
So far from cheer, and from your former state,  
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;  
For women's fear and love hold quantity,  
In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is proof hath made you know,  
And as my love is <sup>a</sup>siz'd, my fear is so.  
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;  
Where little fears grow great, great love grows  
there. [too]

*P. King.* Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly  
My <sup>b</sup>operant powers their functions leave to do:  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
Honor'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind  
For husband shalt thou—

*P. Queen.* O, confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:  
In second husband let me be accurst;  
None wed the second, but who killed the first.

*Ham.* [Aside.] Wormwood, wormwood.

*P. Queen.* The <sup>c</sup>instances, that second marriage  
move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:  
A second time I kill my husband dead,  
When second husband kisses me in bed. [speak,

*P. King.* I do believe you think what now you  
But what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory,  
Of violent birth, but poor <sup>d</sup>validity;  
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,  
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.  
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget  
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:

What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.  
The violence of either grief or joy  
Their own <sup>e</sup>enactors with themselves destroy:  
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;  
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.  
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,  
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;  
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,  
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.  
The great man down, you mark his favorite flies;  
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies:  
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,  
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Directly seasons him his enemy.  
But, orderly to end where I begun,

Our wills and fates do so contrary run,  
That our devices still are overthrown;  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:  
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,  
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

*P. Queen.* Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven  
light!

Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!  
To desperation turn my trust and hope!

An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!  
Each opposite, that 'blanks the face of joy,  
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!  
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,  
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

*Ham.* If she should break 'her vow,—

*P. King.* 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me  
here a while:

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

*P. Queen.* Sleep rock thy brain;  
And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.]

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Queen.* The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

*Ham.* O! but she'll keep her word.

*King.* Have you heard the argument? Is there  
no offence in't?

*Ham.* No, no; they do but jest, poison in jest:  
no offence i' the world.

*King.* What do you call the play?

*Ham.* The mouse-trap. Marry, how? <sup>h</sup>Tropi-  
cally. This play is the image of a murder done in  
Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife,  
Baptista. You shall see anon: 'tis a knavish piece  
of work; but what of that? your majesty, and we  
that have free souls, it touches us not: let the gal  
led jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

*Enter* LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

*Oph.* You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

*Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love,  
if I could see the puppets dallying.

*Oph.* You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

*Ham.* It would cost you a groaning to take off  
my edge.

*Oph.* Still better, and worse.

*Ham.* So you must take your husbands.—Begin,  
murderer: leave thy damnable faces, and begin.  
Come!—The croaking raven doth bellow for re-  
venge.

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and  
time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;  
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,  
With Hecate's <sup>i</sup>ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,  
Thy natural magic and dire property,  
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's Ears.]

*Ham.* He poisons him i' the garden for his estate.  
His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ  
ten in very choice Italian. You shall see anon, how  
the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife

*Oph.* The king rises.

*Ham.* What! frighted with false fire?

*Queen.* How fares my lord?

*Pol.* Give o'er the play.

*King.* Give me some light!—away!

*All.* Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO]

<sup>a</sup> "Siz'd," i. e., proportioned.—<sup>b</sup> "Operant," i. e., active.—  
<sup>c</sup> "The instances," i. e., the motives.—<sup>d</sup> "Validity," i. e.,  
value; efficacy.

<sup>e</sup> "Anchor's for anchor's."—<sup>f</sup> "Blanks," i. e., blanches;  
whitens.—<sup>g</sup> "The mouse-trap," i. e., "The thing in which  
he'll catch the conscience of the king."—<sup>h</sup> "Tropically," i. e.,  
figuratively.—<sup>i</sup> "Ban," i. e., curse.

*Ham.* Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep:

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn <sup>a</sup>Turk with me) with two Provincial roses on my <sup>1</sup>raised shoes, get me a fellow-ship in a <sup>b</sup>cry of players, sir?

*Hor.* Half a <sup>c</sup>share.

*Ham.* A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear!

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock.

*Hor.* You might have rhymed.

*Ham.* O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

*Hor.* Very well, my lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah, ha!—Come; some music! come; the <sup>d</sup>recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, <sup>e</sup>belike,—he likes it not, <sup>f</sup>perdy.—

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Come; some music!

*Guil.* Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

*Guil.* The king, sir,—

*Ham.* Ay, sir, what of him?

*Guil.* Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

*Ham.* With drink, sir?

*Guil.* No, my lord, with choler.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

*Guil.* Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from <sup>g</sup>the affair.

*Ham.* I am tame, sir: pronounce.

*Guil.* The queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Guil.* What, my lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,—

*Ros.* Then, thus she says. Your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any farther trade with us?

*Ros.* My lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

*Ros.* Good my lord, what is your cause of dis-

temper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

*Ham.* Ay, sir, but “while the grass grows,”—the proverb is something musty.

<sup>h</sup>*Enter one with a Recorder.*

O! the <sup>i</sup>recorder!—let me see one.—To withdraw with you!—why do you go about to recover the <sup>j</sup>wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

*Guil.* O, my lord! if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

*Ham.* I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

*Guil.* My lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guil.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you.

*Guil.* I know no touch of it, my lord.

*Ham.* It is as easy as lying: govern these <sup>k</sup>ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

*Guil.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony: I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.—

*Enter POLONIUS.*

God bless you, sir!

*Pol.* My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks, it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or, like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

*Ham.* Then, will I come to my mother by and by,—They fool me to the top of my <sup>l</sup>bent.—I will come by and by.

*Pol.* I will say so.

[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

*Ham.* By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt ROS., GUIL., HOR., &c*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot  
And do such bitter business as the day [blood,  
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.—  
O, heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever  
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:  
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.  
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;  
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:  
How in my words soever she be <sup>m</sup>shent,  
To give them <sup>n</sup>seals never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit*]

<sup>a</sup>To turn *Turk* was a familiar phrase for any violent change in condition or character.—<sup>b</sup>*Ory* was a term in falconry for a pack, a company.—<sup>c</sup>The players were paid by shares or portions of the profit, according to merit.—<sup>d</sup>The recorder was a kind of flute.—<sup>e</sup>“Belike,” i. e., probably.—<sup>f</sup>*Perdy*, a corruption of the French *par Dieu*.

<sup>g</sup>“To recover the wind,” i. e., to get to windward; to take advantage.—<sup>h</sup>“Ventages,” i. e., holes.—<sup>i</sup>“To the top of my bent,” i. e., to the utmost of my disposition.—<sup>j</sup>“Shent,” i. e., reprov'd; disgraced.—<sup>k</sup>“To give them seals,” i. e., to put them in execution.

## SCENE III.—A Room in the Same.

*Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,  
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you:  
I your commission will forthwith despatch,  
And he to England shall along with you.  
The terms of our estate may not endure  
Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow  
Out of his lunacies.

*Guil.* We will ourselves provide.  
Most holy and religious fear it is,  
To keep those <sup>1</sup>very many bodies safe,  
That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

*Ros.* The single and peculiar life is bound,  
With all the strength and armor of the mind,  
To keep itself from <sup>2</sup>noyance; but much more  
That spirit, upon whose <sup>3</sup>weal depend and rest  
The lives of many. The <sup>4</sup>cease of majesty  
Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw  
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,  
Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

*King.* Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;  
For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
Which now goes too free-footed.

*Ros. and Guil.* We will haste us.  
[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

*Enter POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.  
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,  
To hear the process: I'll warrant, she'll tax him  
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,  
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,  
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear  
The speech, of <sup>5</sup>vantage. Fare you well, my liege:  
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

*King.* Thanks, dear my lord.  
[*Exit POLONIUS.*]

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the <sup>6</sup>primal eldest curse upon't,  
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will:  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,  
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,  
But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—  
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I'll look up:  
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—  
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?  
In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilt'd hand may shove by justice,  
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked <sup>7</sup>purse itself  
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies

In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?  
Try what repentance can: what can it not?  
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?  
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!  
O limed soul, that struggling to be free,  
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay:  
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,  
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.  
All may be well. <sup>8</sup>[*Kneels.*]

*Enter HAMLET <sup>4</sup>behind, his Sword drawn.*

*Ham.* Now might I do it, put, now he is praying;  
And now I'll do't;—and so he goes to heaven,  
And so am I reveng'd? That would be <sup>5</sup>scann'd:  
A villain kills my father; and for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge  
He took my father grossly, full of bread;  
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May,  
And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?  
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,  
'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd,  
To take him in the purging of his soul,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?  
No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid <sup>6</sup>hent.  
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;  
Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his bed;  
At gaming, swearing; or about some act,  
That has no relish of salvation in't;  
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,  
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,  
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:  
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*]

*King.* <sup>6</sup>[*Rising.*] My words fly up, my thoughts  
remain below:

Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit*]

## SCENE IV.—A Room in the Same.

*Enter Queen and POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* He will come straight. Look, you lay home  
to him;

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with,  
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between  
Much heat and him. I'll <sup>7</sup>sconce<sup>1</sup> me even here  
Pray you, be round with him.

*Ham.* [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother!

*Queen.* I'll warrant you,  
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

<sup>8</sup>[*Exit POLONIUS behind the Arras*]

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Now, mother: what's the matter?

*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended

*Queen.* Come, come; you answer with an idle  
tongue.

*Ham.* Go, go; you question with a wicked tongue.

*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet!

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Queen.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.* No, by the <sup>9</sup>rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

*Queen.* Nay then, I'll <sup>9</sup>send those to you that can  
speak.

<sup>1</sup> "Limed," i. e., caught as with *birdlime*.—<sup>2</sup> "That would be scann'd," i. e., that should be considered.—<sup>3</sup> "Hent," hold; opportunity.—<sup>4</sup> "Sconce me," i. e., secrete myself.—<sup>5</sup> "The rood," i. e., the cross.

<sup>6</sup> "Weal," i. e., welfare.—<sup>7</sup> "Cease," i. e., extinction.—<sup>8</sup> "Arras," i. e., tapestry.—<sup>9</sup> "Of vantage," i. e., for advantage.—<sup>10</sup> "Primal," i. e., original.



*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge:

You go not, till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you. [*me.*]

*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder Help, help, ho!

*Pol.* [*Behind.*] What, ho! help! help! help!

*Ham.* How now! a rat? [*Draws.*] Dead for a ducat, dead.

[*HAMLET makes a pass through the Arras.*]

*Pol.* [*Behind.*] O! I am slain. [*Falls and dies.*]

*Queen.* O me! what hast thou done?

*Ham.* [*Coming forward.*] Nay, I know not: Is it the king?

[*Lifts the Arras, and draws forth POLONIUS.*]

*Queen.* O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

*Ham.* A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother, As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queen.* As kill a king!

*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word.— Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.

<sup>2</sup>[*Seeing the body of POLONIUS.*]

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands. Peace! sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it is proof and bulwark against sense. [*tongue*]

*Queen.* What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act, That blurs the grace and blush of modesty; Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose From the fair forehead of an innocent love, And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows As false as dicers' oaths: O! such a deed, As from the body of <sup>a</sup>contraction plucks The very soul; and sweet religion makes A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow, Yea, this solidity and compound mass, With <sup>b</sup>tristful visage, as against the doom, Is thought-sick at the act.

*Queen.* Ah me! what act, That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

*Ham.* Look here, upon this picture, and on this; The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:

<sup>c</sup>Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A <sup>d</sup>station like the herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man.

This was your husband: look you now, what follows.

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And <sup>e</sup>batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it, love; for, at your age,

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment

Would <sup>f</sup>stoop from this to this? <sup>g</sup>Sense, sure, you have,

Else, could you not have motion; but, sure, that sense

Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,

But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,

<sup>a</sup> "Of contraction," i. e., of the marriage contract.—

<sup>b</sup> "Tristful," i. e., sad; sorrowful.—<sup>c</sup> "Hyperion's," i. e., Apollo's.—<sup>d</sup> "A station," i. e., an attitude.—<sup>e</sup> "Batten," i. e., feed grossly.—<sup>f</sup> Sense is used here for sensation, perception.

To serve in such a difference. What devil was't, That thus hath cozen'd you at <sup>h</sup>hoodman-blind? Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight, Ears without hands or eyes, smelling <sup>i</sup> sans all, Or but a sickly part of one true sense Could not so <sup>j</sup>mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,

When the compulsive ardor gives the charge,

Since frost itself as actively doth burn,

And reason panders will.

*Queen.* O Hamlet! speak no more

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;

And there I see such black and <sup>k</sup>grained spots,

As will not leave their <sup>l</sup>tinct.

*Ham.* Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an <sup>m</sup>enseamed bed;

Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love

Over the nasty sty;—

*Queen.* O, speak to me no more!

These words, like daggers enter in mine ears:

No more, sweet Hamlet.

*Ham.* A murderer, and a villain;

A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe

Of your precedent lord:—a <sup>n</sup>vice of kings!

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,

And put it in his pocket!

*Queen.* No more!

*Enter Ghost, <sup>4</sup>unarmed.*

*Ham.* A king of shreds and patches.—

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,

You heavenly guards!—What would you, gracious

*Queen.* Alas! he's mad. [*figure?*]

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

That, laps'd in <sup>o</sup>fume and passion, lets go by

Th' important acting of your dread command?

O, say!

*Ghost.* Do not forget. This visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:

O! step between her and her fighting soul;

<sup>p</sup>Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas! how is't with you,

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,

And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;

And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,

Your bedded hair, like life in <sup>q</sup>excrements,

Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son!

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

*Ham.* On him, on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

Would make them <sup>r</sup>capable.—Do not look upon me;

Lest with this piteous action you convert

My stern <sup>s</sup>effects: then, what I have to do

Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

<sup>h</sup> "Hoodman-blind," i. e., blindman's buff.—<sup>i</sup> "Sans," i. e., without.—<sup>j</sup> "Could not so mope," i. e., could not be so stupid.—<sup>k</sup> "Grained," i. e., dyed in *grain*.—<sup>l</sup> "Tinct," i. e., color.—<sup>m</sup> "Enseamed," i. e., greasy; rank; gross.—<sup>n</sup> "A vice," i. e., a mimic; a counterfeit.—<sup>o</sup> "Conceit," i. e., imagination.—<sup>p</sup> The hair is *excrementitious*, that is, without life or sensation.—<sup>q</sup> "Capable," i. e., susceptible; intelligent.—<sup>r</sup> "Effects," i. e., affections of the mind; dispositions.

*Queen.* Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Queen.* No, nothing but ourselves.

*Ham.* Why, look you there! look, how it steals  
My father, in his habit as he liv'd! [away!  
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your brain:  
This bodiless creation <sup>a</sup>ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

*Ham.* Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness,  
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word, which madness  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come,  
And do not spread the <sup>b</sup>compost on the weeds,  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;  
For in the fatness of these pury times,  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,  
Yea, <sup>c</sup>curb and woo, for leave to do him good.

*Queen.* O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

*Ham.* O throw away the worse part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.  
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat  
Of habits, devil, is angel yet in this;  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,  
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And master the devil, or throw him out  
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:  
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,  
[*Pointing to POLONIUS.*]

I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,  
To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—  
I must be cruel, only to be kind:  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—  
One word more, good lady.

*Queen.* What shall I do?

*Ham.* Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:  
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;  
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his <sup>d</sup>mouse;  
And let him, for a pair of <sup>e</sup>reechy kisses,  
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,  
Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know;  
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
Would from a <sup>f</sup>paddock, from a bat, a <sup>g</sup>gib,  
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?  
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,  
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,

To try <sup>h</sup>conclusions in the basket creep,  
And break your own neck down.

*Queen.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,  
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
What thou hast said to me.

*Ham.* I must to England; you know that.

*Queen.*

Alack!

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on. [fellows,—

*Ham.* There's letters seal'd, and my two school  
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—  
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,  
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;  
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own <sup>i</sup>petar, and it shall go hard,  
But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
And blow them from the moon. O! 'tis most sweet,  
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—  
This man shall set me packing:  
I'll lug the guts into the <sup>k</sup>neighbor room.—  
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor  
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,  
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.—  
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—  
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—The Same.

*Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDEN-  
STERN.*

*King.* There's matter in these sighs: these pro-  
found heaves

You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.  
Where is your son?

*Queen.* Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]  
Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

*King.* What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

*Queen.* Mad as the sea and wind, when both con-  
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit, [tend  
Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat! a rat!"  
And in his brainish apprehension kills  
The unseen good old man.

*King.* O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there.  
His liberty is full of threats to all;  
To you yourself, to us, to every one.  
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?  
It will be laid to us, whose providence  
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of <sup>l</sup>haunt,  
This mad young man; but so much was our love,  
We would not understand what <sup>l</sup>most was fit,  
But, like the owner of a foul disease,  
To keep it from divulging, let it feed  
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

*Queen.* To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;  
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore  
Among a <sup>m</sup>mineral of metals base,  
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

*King.* O, Gertrude! come away.  
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,  
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed  
We must, with all our majesty and skill,

<sup>a</sup> "Ecstasy," i. e., frenzy; madness.—<sup>b</sup> "Compost," i. e., manure.—<sup>c</sup> "Curb," i. e., bow; do obeisance.—<sup>d</sup> *Mouse* was formerly a term of endearment.—<sup>e</sup> "Reechy," i. e., filthy; foul.—<sup>f</sup> "Paddock," i. e., toad.—<sup>g</sup> "Gib," i. e., cat.

<sup>h</sup> "Conclusions," i. e., experiments.—<sup>i</sup> "Hoist with his own petar," i. e., blown up with his own bomb, or mortar.—<sup>k</sup> "Neighboring," i. e., "Out of haunt," i. e., out of company.—<sup>m</sup> "A mineral," i. e., a mine.

Both countenance and excuse.—Ho ! Guildenstern !

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Friends both, go join you with some farther aid.  
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,  
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him :  
Go, seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body  
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

*[Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.]*

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends ;  
And let them know, both what we mean to do,  
And what's untimely done : so, haply, slander,—  
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
As level as the cannon to his <sup>a</sup>blank,  
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,  
And hit the <sup>b</sup>woundless air.—O, come away !  
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Safely stowed.—*[Ros., &c., within. Hamlet ! lord Hamlet !]* But soft ! what noise ?—Who calls on Hamlet ?—O ! here they come.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body ?

*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.  
*Ros.* Tell us where 'tis ; that we may take it thence,  
And bear it to the chapel.

*Ham.* Do not believe it.

*Ros.* Believe what ?

*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what <sup>c</sup>replication should be made by the son of a king ?

*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

*Ham.* Ay, sir ; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end : he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed : when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

*Ros.* I understand you not, my lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it : a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

*Ros.* My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

*Ham.* The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

*GUIL.* A thing, my lord !

*Ham.* Of nothing : bring me to him. Hide <sup>d</sup>fox, and all after. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter King, attended.*

*King.* I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose !  
Yet must not we put the strong law on him :  
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,  
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes ;  
And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,  
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,  
This sudden sending him away must seem  
Deliberate pause : diseases, desperate grown,  
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ.*

Or not at all.—How now ! what hath befallen ?

*Ros.* Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,  
We cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is he ?

*Ros.* Without, my lord ; guarded, to know your

*King.* Bring him before us. *[pleasure.]*

*Ros.* Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

*Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

*Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper ! Where ?

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten :  
a certain convocation of <sup>1</sup>palated worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet :  
we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service ; two dishes, but to one table : that's the end.

*King.* Alas, alas !

*Ham.* A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king ; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

*King.* What dost thou mean by this ?

*Ham.* Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a <sup>2</sup>progress through the guts of a beggar.

*King.* Where is Polonius ?

*Ham.* In heaven : send thither to see ; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

*King.* Go seek him there. *[To some Attendants]*

*Ham.* He will stay till you come.

*[Exeunt Attendants.]*

*King.* Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—  
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve  
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence  
With fiery quickness : therefore, prepare thyself.  
The bark is ready and the wind at help,  
Th' associates <sup>3</sup>tend, and every thing is bent  
For England.

*Ham.* For England ?

*King.* Ay, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

*Ham.* I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come, for England !—Farewell, dear mother.

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My mother : father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my mother. Oome, for England ! *[Exit.]*

*King.* Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed aboard :

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.

Away, for every thing is seal'd and done,  
That else leans on th' affair : pray you, make haste

*[Exeunt Ros. and GUIL.]*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,  
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,  
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red  
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe  
Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly <sup>4</sup>see  
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,  
By letters conjuring to that effect,  
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;  
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,  
And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,  
Howe'er my <sup>5</sup>hopes, my joys were ne'er begun.

*[Exit]*

<sup>a</sup> The blank was the mark aimed at.—<sup>b</sup> "Woundless," i. e., invulnerable.—<sup>c</sup> "Replication," i. e., reply.—<sup>d</sup> "Hide fox," the juvenile sport of hide and seek.

<sup>e</sup> "A progress," i. e., a journey.—<sup>f</sup> "The wind at help," i. e., the wind serves.—<sup>g</sup> "Tend," i. e., attend



## SCENE IV.—A Plain in Denmark.

*Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.*

*For.* Go, captains, from me greet the Danish king:  
Tell him, that by his license Fortinbras  
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march  
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.  
If that his majesty would aught with us,  
We shall express our duty in his <sup>a</sup>eye;  
And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will do't, my lord.

*For.* Go safely on.

[*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.*]

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.*

*Ham.* Good sir, whose powers are these?

*Cap.* They are of Norway, sir.

*Ham.* How purpos'd, sir,  
I pray you?

*Cap.* Against some part of Poland.

*Ham.* Who  
Commands them, sir?

*Cap.* The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

*Ham.* Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,  
Or for some frontier?

*Cap.* Truly to speak, and with no addition,  
We go to gain a little patch of ground,  
That hath in it no profit but the name.  
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;  
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,  
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

*Ham.* Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

*Cap.* Yes, 'tis already garrison'd. [ducats,

*Ham.* Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand  
Will not debate the question of this straw:  
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,  
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without  
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

*Cap.* God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*]

*Ros.* Will't please you go, my lord?

*Ham.* I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,  
If his chief good, and <sup>b</sup>market of his time,  
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure, he, that made us with such large <sup>c</sup>discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason,  
To <sup>d</sup>fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some <sup>e</sup>craven scruple  
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,— [dom,  
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wis-  
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know  
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;"  
'Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,  
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:  
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,  
Led by a delicate and tender prince,  
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,  
Makes mouths at the invisible event;  
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,  
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,  
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,  
Is not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
When honor's at the stake. How stand I, then,  
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason and my blood,

And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
That for a fantasy, and trick of fame,  
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a <sup>g</sup>plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause;  
Which is not tomb enough, and <sup>h</sup>continent,  
To hide the slain!—O! from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE V.—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle

*Enter <sup>1</sup>Queen, HORATIO, and a Gentleman.*

*Queen.* I will not speak with her.

<sup>2</sup>*Gent.* She is importunate; indeed, distract:  
Her mood will needs be pitied.

*Queen.*

What would she have?  
*Gent.* She speaks much of her father; says, she  
hears, [heart;

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her  
Spurns <sup>i</sup>enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,  
That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,  
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move  
The hearers to <sup>k</sup>collection; they <sup>l</sup>aim at it,  
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;  
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield  
them,

Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,  
Though nothing sure, yet much <sup>m</sup>unhappily.

*Hor.* 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she  
may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

*Queen.* Let her come in.— [*Exit HORATIO*]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each <sup>n</sup>toy seems prologue to some great amiss:  
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA, <sup>o</sup>distracted.*

*Oph.* Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

*Queen.* How now, Ophelia?

*Oph.* How should I your true love know [Singing.

From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,

And his sandal <sup>p</sup>shoon.

*Queen.* Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?

*Oph.* Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady, [Singing.

He is dead and gone;

At his head a <sup>q</sup>green grass turf,

At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

*Queen.* Nay, but Ophelia,—

*Oph.* Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,

[Singing.

*Enter King.*

*Queen.* Alas! look here, my lord.

*Oph.* <sup>r</sup>Larded with sweet flowers;

Which bewept to the grave did go,

With true-love showers.

*King.* How do you, pretty lady?

*Oph.* Well, <sup>s</sup>God'll you! They say, the owl  
was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we

<sup>a</sup> "In his eye," i. e., in his presence.—<sup>b</sup> "Market," i. e., profit.—<sup>c</sup> "Such large discourse," i. e., such great power of comprehension.—<sup>d</sup> "To fust," i. e., to grow mouldy.—<sup>e</sup> "Craven," i. e., cowardly.—<sup>f</sup> Since.

<sup>g</sup> "A plot," i. e., a plot of ground.—<sup>h</sup> Continent means here that which contains.—<sup>i</sup> "Enviously," i. e., spitefully.—<sup>k</sup> "To collection," i. e., to collect or draw conclusions from her speech.—<sup>l</sup> "Aim," i. e., guess.—<sup>m</sup> "Unhappily," i. e., mischievously.—<sup>n</sup> "Toy," i. e., trifle.—<sup>o</sup> "Shoon," i. e., shoes.—<sup>p</sup> "Larded," i. e., garnished.—<sup>q</sup> "God'll you," i. e., God reward you.

are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

*King.* Conceit upon her father.

*Oph.* Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

*To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine:  
Then, up he rose, and 'don'd his clothes,  
And 'dupp'd the chamber door;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.*

*King.* Pretty Ophelia! [end on't:]

*Oph.* Indeed, la! without an oath, I'll make an

*By Gis and by Saint Charity,  
Alack, and fie for shame!  
Young men will do't, if they come to't;  
By cock, they are to blame.  
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,  
You promised me to wed:*

He answers.

*So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,  
An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

*King.* How long hath she been thus?

*Oph.* I hope, all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they would lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [Exit.]

*King.* Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit HORATIO.]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father's death. And now, behold, O Gertrude, Gertrude! When sorrows come, they come not single spies, But in battalions. First, her father's slain; Next, your son gone; and he most violent author Of his own just remove: the people muddied, Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers, [greenly] For good Polonius' death, and we have done but In <sup>d</sup>hugger-mugger to inter him; poor Ophelia, Divided from herself, and her fair judgment, Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts: Lest, and as much containing as all these, Her brother is in secret come from France, Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds, And wants not buzzers to infect his ear With pestilent speeches of his father's death; Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd, Will nothing stick our persons to arraign In ear and ear. O! my dear Gertrude, this, Like to a murdering <sup>a</sup>piece, in many places Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.]

*Queen.* Alack! what noise is this?

*King.* Attend!

Where are my 'Switzers? Let them guard the door. What is the matter?

<sup>2</sup> Enter a Gentleman, in haste.

*Gent.* Save yourself, my lord; The ocean, overpeering of his list, Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste, Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, <sup>3</sup>king;

And, as the world were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, custom not known, The ratifiers and props of every word, They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!" Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds, "Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!" [cry.]

*Queen.* How cheerfully on the false <sup>§</sup>trail they O! this is <sup>h</sup>counter, you false Danish dogs.

*King.* The doors are broke. [Noise within.]

Enter LAERTES, <sup>a</sup>with his sword drawn; Danes following.

*Laer.* Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all

*Dan.* No, let's come in. [without.]

*Laer.* I pray you, give me leave.

*Dan.* We will, we will.

[They retire without the door.]

*Laer.* I thank you: keep the door.—O thou vile Give me my father. [king!]

*Quecn.* Calmly, good Laertes.

*Laer.* That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot Even here, between the chaste <sup>1</sup>unsmirched brow Of my true mother.

*King.* What is the cause, Laertes, That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,

Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Ger Speak, man. [trude.—]

*Laer.* Where is my father?

*King.* Dead.

*Queen.* But not by him

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with. To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil! Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit! I dare damnation. To this point I stand, That both the worlds I give to negligence, Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd Most thoroughly for my father.

*King.* Who shall stay you?

*Laer.* My will, not all the world's:

And, for my means, I'll husband them so well, They shall go far with little.

*King.* Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty

Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge, That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe, Winner and loser?

*Laer.* None but his enemies.

*King.* Will you know them, then?

*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my And, like the kind life-rendering pelican, [arms;] Repeat them with my blood.

*King.* Why, now you speak Like a good child, and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,

As day does to your eye.

*Danes.* [Within.] Let her come in.

*Laer.* How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA, <sup>b</sup>still distracted.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt, Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!— By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,

<sup>a</sup> "Don'd," i. e., put on.—<sup>b</sup> "Dupp'd," i. e., opened.—  
<sup>c</sup> "Greenly," i. e., unskillfully.—<sup>d</sup> "In hugger-mugger," i. e., secretly.—<sup>e</sup> A murdering piece was a small piece of artillery.  
<sup>f</sup> Switzers were royal guards.

<sup>§</sup> "Trail," i. e., scent.—<sup>h</sup> Hounds run counter when they trace the scent backwards.—<sup>1</sup> "Unsmirched," i. e., unsullied; spotless.





*Laer.* And so have I a noble father lost,  
A sister driven into desperate terms;

<sup>1</sup> Who was, if praises may go back again,  
<sup>2</sup> Sole challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

*King.* Break not your sleeps for that: you must  
not think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,  
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,  
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:  
I loved your father, and we love ourself;  
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—  
How now! what news?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.

This to your majesty: this to the queen.

*King.* From Hamlet! who brought them?

*Mess.* Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:  
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them  
Of him that brought them.

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them.—  
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads.*] "High and mighty, you shall know, I am  
set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg  
leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first  
asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions  
of my sudden and more strange return. HAMLET."  
What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?  
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked,"—  
And, in a postscript here, he says, "alone:"  
Can you advise me?

*Laer.* I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come:  
It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
"Thus diddest thou."

*King.* If it be so, Laertes,  
(As how should it be so? how otherwise?)  
Will you be ruled by me?

*Laer.* Ay, my lord;  
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—  
As liking not his voyage, and that he means  
No more to undertake it,—I will work him  
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;  
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,  
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,  
And call it accident.

*Laer.* My lord, I will be rul'd;  
The rather, if you could devise it so,  
That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls rigt.  
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,  
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality  
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts  
Did not together pluck such envy from him,  
As did that one; and that, in my regard,  
Of the unwortheist <sup>a</sup>siege.

*Laer.* What part is that, my lord?

*King.* A very riband in the cap of youth,  
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it wears,  
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,  
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,  
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:  
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,  
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant  
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;

And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,  
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd  
With the brave beast. So far he topp'd my thought,  
That I, in <sup>b</sup>forgery of shapes and tricks,  
Come short of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman, was't?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Upon my life, Lamord.

*King.* The very same.

*Laer.* I know him well: he is the <sup>c</sup>brooch, indeed,  
And gem of all the nation.

*King.* He made confession of you;  
And gave you such a masterly report,  
For art and exercise in your defence,  
And for your rapier most especially,  
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,  
If one could match you: the <sup>d</sup>scrimers of their nation,  
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
If you oppos'd them. <sup>3</sup>This report of his  
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,  
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg  
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.  
Now, out of this,—

*Laer.* What out of this, my lord?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why ask you this?

*King.* Not that I think you did not love your father,  
But that I know love is begun by time;  
And that I see, in passages of <sup>e</sup>proof,  
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
There lives within the very flame of love  
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it,  
And nothing is at a like goodness still;  
For goodness, growing to a <sup>f</sup>pleurisy,  
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,  
We should do when we would; for this "would"  
changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift's sigh,  
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer,  
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,  
To show yourself your father's son in deed,  
More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should murder sanctu-  
arize; [*tes,*]  
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laer  
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber,  
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:  
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame,  
The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together,  
And wager on your heads: he, being <sup>g</sup>remiss,  
Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
Will not <sup>h</sup>peruse the foils; so that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword <sup>i</sup>unbated, and in a pass of <sup>k</sup>practice  
Require him for your father.

*Laer.* I will do't;

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.  
I bought an unction of a mountebank,  
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,  
Where it draws blood<sup>l</sup> no cataplasm so rare,  
Collected from all simples that have virtue

<sup>b</sup> "In forgery of," i. e., in imagining — "Brooch," i. e., ornament. — <sup>c</sup> "Scrimers" (Fr. *escrimeurs*), fencers. — <sup>d</sup> "In passages of proof," i. e., in daily experience. — <sup>e</sup> "Pleurisy" here means *superabundance*. — <sup>f</sup> "Remiss," i. e., incautious; not vigilant. — <sup>g</sup> "Peruse," i. e., examine. — <sup>h</sup> "Unbated," i. e., not blunted, as foils usually are. — <sup>i</sup> "A pass of practice," i. e., an insidious thrust.

<sup>a</sup> "Of the unwortheist siege," i. e., of the lowest rank.

Under the moon, can save the thing from death,  
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point  
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

*King.* Let's farther think of this;  
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,  
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,  
And that our drift look through our bad performance,  
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore, this project  
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,  
If this should blast in <sup>a</sup>proof. Soft!—let me see:—  
We'll make a solemn wager on your <sup>b</sup>cunnings,—  
I ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry,  
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)  
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prefer'd him  
A chalice for the <sup>c</sup>nonce, whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd <sup>d</sup>stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there. But stay! what noise?

*Enter Queen.*

How now, sweet queen!

*Queen.* One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow.—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

*Laer.* Drown'd! O, where?

*Queen.* There is a willow grows <sup>a</sup>aslant the brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,  
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.  
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambling to hang, an envious sliver broke,  
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,  
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;  
Which time she chanted snatches of old <sup>e</sup>lauds;  
As one <sup>b</sup>incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and <sup>c</sup>reduc'd  
Unto that element: but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alas! then, is she drown'd?

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,  
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet  
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,  
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:  
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,  
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*]

*King.* Let's follow, Gertrude.  
How much I had to do to calm his rage!  
Now fear I, this will give it start again;  
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Church Yard.

*Enter two Clowns, with Spades, &c.*

1 *Clow.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that  
willfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clow.* I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her  
grave <sup>1</sup>straight: the crowner hath set on her, and  
finds it Christian burial.

<sup>a</sup> Blast in proof, as firearms sometimes burst in proving their strength.—<sup>b</sup> Cunning is skill.—<sup>c</sup> A chalice for the nonce.—<sup>d</sup> e., a cup for the occasion.—<sup>e</sup> A stuck is a thrust.  
—<sup>f</sup> Athwart.—<sup>g</sup> Liberal, i. e., licentious.—<sup>h</sup> "Lauds," i. e., hymns.—<sup>i</sup> Incapable, i. e., unsusceptible.—<sup>j</sup> "Straight," i. e., straightway; immediately.

1 *Clow.* How can that be, unless she drowned her  
self in her own defence?

2 *Clow.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clow.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else.  
For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly,  
it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it  
is, to act, to do, and to perform: <sup>k</sup>argal, she drowned  
herself wittingly.

2 *Clow.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver.

1 *Clow.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good:  
here stands the man; good: if the man go to this  
water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he  
goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him,  
and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he  
that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his  
own life.

2 *Clow.* But is this law?

1 *Clow.* Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clow.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had  
not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried  
out of Christian burial.

1 *Clow.* Why, there thou say'st; and the more  
pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this  
world to drown or hang themselves, more than their  
<sup>l</sup>even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no  
ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-  
makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clow.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clow.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clow.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clow.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou un-  
derstand the scripture? The Scripture says, Adam  
digg'd: could he dig without arms? I put another  
question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the  
purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clow.* Go to.

1 *Clow.* What is he, that builds stronger than either  
the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clow.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives  
a thousand tenants.

1 *Clow.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gal-  
lows does well; but how does it well? it does well  
to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the  
gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the  
gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clow.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a ship-  
wright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clow.* Ay, tell me that, and <sup>m</sup>unyoke.

2 *Clow.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clow.* To't.

2 *Clow.* Mass, I cannot tell.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.*

1 *Clow.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for  
your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating;  
and, when you are asked this question next, say, a  
grave-maker: the houses that he makes, last till  
doomsday. Go, get thee to you'; fetch me a <sup>n</sup>stoop  
of liquor.

[*Exit 2 Clown.*]

1 *Clown* digs, and sings.

*In youth, when I did love, did love,*

*Methought it was very sweet,*

*To contract, O! the time, for, ah! my behove,*

*O! methought, there was nothing meet.*

*Ham.* Has this fellow no feeling of his business  
that he sings at grave-making?

*Hor.* Custom hath made it in him a property of  
easiness.

<sup>k</sup> "Argal," i. e., therefore.—*Even Christian* for *fellow Christian*.—<sup>m</sup> "Unyoke," i. e., give over; give it up.—<sup>n</sup> A stoop was a measure containing about half a gallon.

*Ham.* 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

*1 Clo.* But age, with his stealing steps,  
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,  
And hath shipped me intill the land,  
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a scull.

*Ham.* That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my lord.

*Ham.* Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, e'en so, and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at *loggats* with them? mine ache to think on't.

*1 Clo.* A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings.  
For—and a shrouding sheet:  
O! a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another scull.

*Ham.* There's another: why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his *quiddits* now, his *c*quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the *d*sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

*1 Clo.* Mine, sir.—

O! a pit of clay for to be made [Sings.  
For such a guest is meet.

*Ham.* I think, it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

*1 Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

*1 Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

*1 Clo.* For no man, sir.

*Ham.* What woman, then?

*1 Clo.* For none, neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

*1 Clo.* One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is: we must speak by the *card*, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord! Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so *picked*, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his *kibe*.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

*1 Clo.* Of all the days i' the years, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

*1 Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

*1 Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

*1 Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there, the men are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad?

*1 Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

*1 Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

*1 Clo.* Why, here in Denmark. I have been *sex* ton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

*1 Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corpses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

*1 Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now; this scull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*1 Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*1 Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, this same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

*Ham.* This?

[Takes the Scull.

*1 Clo.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch

\* *Loggats*, an ancient game resembling *quoits*.—<sup>b</sup> "Quiddits," i. e., subtleties.—<sup>c</sup> "Quillets," i. e., frivolous distinctions.—<sup>d</sup> "The sconce," i. e., the head.—<sup>e</sup> *Assurance* is here used in a double sense: deeds of *parchment* are called the common *assurances* of the realm.

<sup>f</sup> "By the card," i. e., by the seamen's *card*, or compass.—<sup>g</sup> "The age has grown so *picked*:" an allusion to the shoes with long pointed or *picked* toes, formerly so much worn in England: *picked* is also *curious*, *over-nice*; hence the quibble.—<sup>h</sup> A *kibe* is a *chilblain*.



thick, to this <sup>a</sup> favor she must come ; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What's that, my lord ?

*Ham.* Dost thou think, Alexander looked o'this fashion i'the earth ?

*Hor.* E'en so.

*Ham.* And smelt so ? pah ! [*Puts down the Scull.*]

*Hor.* E'en so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio. Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole ?

*Hor.* 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot ; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it : as thus ; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned into dust ; the dust is earth ; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel ?

"Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop that hole to keep the wind away :  
O' that that earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's <sup>b</sup> flaw !" But soft ! but soft ! aside :—here comes the king.

*Enter Priests, &c. in Procession ; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following ; King, Queen, and their Trains.*

The queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow,  
And with such maimed rites ? This doth betoken,  
The corpse they follow did with desperate hand  
<sup>c</sup> Fordo its own life : 'twas of some <sup>d</sup> estate.  
Couch we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring<sup>1</sup> on one side with HORATIO.*]

*Laer.* What ceremony else ?

*Ham.* That is Laertes,

A very noble youth : mark.

*Laer.* What ceremony else ?

*1 Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd  
As we have warranty : her death was doubtful ;  
And but that great command o'ersways the order,  
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd,  
Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers,  
<sup>e</sup> Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her ;  
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin <sup>f</sup> crants,  
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done ?

*1 Priest.* No more be done.

We should profane the service of the dead,  
To sing <sup>2</sup> sad requiem, and such rest to her  
As to peace-parted souls.

*Laer.* Lay her i' the earth ;  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,  
May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be,  
When thou liest howling.

*Ham.* What ! the fair Ophelia ?

*Queen.* Sweets to the sweet : farewell.

[*Strewing flowers.*]

I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife :  
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,  
And not to have strew'd thy grave.

*Laer.* O ! treble woe  
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,  
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense  
Depriv'd thee of !—Hold off the earth awhile,  
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[*Leaping into the Grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

Till of this flat a mountain you have made,  
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus.

*Ham.* [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand,  
Like wonder-wounded hearers ? this is I,  
Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaping into the Grave.*]

*Laer.* The devil take thy soul.

[*Grappling with him.*]

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat ;

For though I am not splenetic and rash,

Yet have I in me something dangerous,

Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

*King.* Pluck them asunder. <sup>3</sup> [*They strive.*]

*Queen.* Hamlet ! Hamlet !

*All.* Gentlemen !—

*Hor.* Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,  
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

*Queen.* O my son ! what theme ?

*Ham.* I lov'd Ophelia : forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,

Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her ?

*King.* O ! he is mad, Laertes.

*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

*Ham.* 'Swords ! show me what thou'lt do :

Woul't weep ? woul't fight ? woul't <sup>4</sup> storm ? woul't  
tear thyself ?

Woul't drink up Esill ? eat a crocodile ?

I'll do't ; <sup>5</sup> I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine ?

To outface me with leaping in her grave ?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I :

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us ; till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart ! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

<sup>6</sup> *King.* This is mere madness :

And thus a while the fit will work on him.

<sup>7</sup> *Queen.* Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden <sup>8</sup> couplets are <sup>b</sup> disclos'd,

His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Hear you, sir :

What is the reason that you use me thus ?

I lov'd you ever : but it is no matter ;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, the dog'll have his day. [*Exit*]

*King.* I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[*Exit HORATIO.*]

[*To LAERTES.*] Strengthen your patience in our  
last night's speech ;

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument :

An hour of quiet thereby shall we see ;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

*Ham.* So much for this, sir : now shall you see  
the other.—

You do remember all the circumstances.

*Hor.* Remember it, my lord !

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,  
That would not let me sleep : methought, I lay

<sup>a</sup> Favor is complexion, countenance.—<sup>b</sup> "Flaw," i. e., blast.  
—<sup>c</sup> "Fordo," i. e., destroy.—<sup>d</sup> Estate for rank.—<sup>e</sup> "Shards,"  
i. e., broken tiles ; rubbish.—<sup>f</sup> "Crants," i. e., garlands.

<sup>8</sup> The golden couplets alludes to the dove laying but two  
eggs.—<sup>b</sup> "Disclos'd," i. e., hatched.

Worse than the <sup>a</sup> mutines in the <sup>b</sup> bilboes. Rashly,—  
And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us <sup>1</sup> own,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well, [us,  
When our deep plots do <sup>2</sup> fail; and that should teach  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

*Hor.* That is most certain.

*Ham.* Up from my cabin,  
My sea-gown <sup>c</sup>scarf'd about me, in the dark  
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire;  
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew  
To mine own room again: making so bold,  
My fears forgetting manners, to <sup>3</sup> unfold  
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,  
O royal knavery! an exact command,—  
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,  
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,  
With, ho! such <sup>d</sup> bugs and goblins in my <sup>e</sup> life,—  
That on the <sup>f</sup> supervise, no leisure <sup>g</sup> bated,  
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
My head should be struck off.

*Hor.* Is't possible?

*Ham.* Here's the commission: read it at more  
leisure. <sup>4</sup> [Giving it.  
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

*Hor.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus benetted round with villains,—  
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,  
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,  
Devis'd a new commission: wrote it fair.  
I once did hold it, as our <sup>b</sup> statistas do,  
A baseness to write fair, and labor'd much  
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now  
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know  
The effect of what I wrote?

*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Ham.* An earnest conjuration from the king,—  
As England was his faithful tributary,  
As love between them like the palm might flourish,  
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,  
And stand a <sup>1</sup> comma 'tween their amities,  
And many such like as's of great charge,—  
That on the view and know of these contents,  
Without debatement farther, more or less,  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not <sup>k</sup> shriving time allow'd.

*Hor.* How was this seal'd?

*Ham.* Why, even in that was heaven <sup>l</sup> ordinate.  
I had my father's signet in my purse,  
Which was the model of that Danish seal;  
Folded the writ up in form of the other;  
Subscrib'd it; gave't th' impression; plac'd it safely,  
The <sup>m</sup> changeling never known. Now, the next day  
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was <sup>n</sup> sequent  
Thou know'st already.

*Hor.* So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

*Ham.* Why, man, they did make love to this employment:  
They are not near my conscience; their defeat  
Does by their own insinuation grow.  
'Tis dangerous, when <sup>o</sup> a baser nature comes  
Between the pass and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

*Hor.* Why, what a king is this!

<sup>a</sup> Mutines for mutineers.—<sup>b</sup> Bilboes are fetters for the hands and feet brought from Bilbao, in Spain.—<sup>c</sup> Scarf'd, i. e., thrown loosely on.—<sup>d</sup> Bugs for bugbears.—<sup>e</sup> "In my life," i. e., in my character and designs.—<sup>f</sup> "On the supervise," i. e., on the looking over.—<sup>g</sup> "No leisure bated," i. e., without loss of time.—<sup>h</sup> Statists are statesmen.—<sup>i</sup> "Stand a comma," i. e., stand as a note of connection.—<sup>k</sup> Shriving-time is time for confession.—<sup>l</sup> Ordinate, i. e., regular; methodical.—<sup>m</sup> "Changeling," i. e., substitute.—<sup>n</sup> "Was sequent," i. e., followed after.

*Ham.* Does it not, think thee, stand me now  
<sup>o</sup> upon—

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;  
Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes;  
His angle for my proper life <sup>6</sup> thrown out,  
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience,  
To quit him with <sup>7</sup> his own? and is't not to be  
To let this canker of our nature come [damn'd,  
In farther evil? [land,

*Hor.* It must be shortly known to him from England  
What is the issue of the business there.

*Ham.* It will be short: the interim is mine;  
And a man's life no more than to say, one.  
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
That to Laertes I forgot myself,  
For by the image of my cause I see  
The portraiture of his: I'll <sup>8</sup> court his favors:  
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me  
Into a towering passion.

*Hor.* Peace! who comes here?

*Enter OSRICK.*

*Osr.* Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

*Hor.* No, my good lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a  
vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile:  
let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand  
at the king's mess: 'tis a <sup>p</sup> chough; but, as I say,  
spacious in the possession of dirt.

*Osr.* Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure  
I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of  
spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the  
head.

*Osr.* I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

*Ham.* No, believe me, 'tis very cold: the wind is  
northerly.

*Osr.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot  
for my complexion.

*Osr.* Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as  
'twere,—I cannot tell how.—But my lord, his majesty  
bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great  
wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

*Ham.* I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET moves him to put on his Hat.

*Osr.* Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good  
faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes;  
believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent  
differences, of very soft society, and great  
showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is  
the <sup>r</sup> card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find  
in him the continent of what part a gentleman would  
see.

*Ham.* Sir, his refinement suffers no perdition in  
you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially,  
would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but  
raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the  
verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great  
article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness,  
as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his  
mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage,  
nothing <sup>s</sup> more.

*Osr.* Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap  
the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

<sup>o</sup> "Stand me now upon," i. e., become incumbent upon me.—<sup>p</sup> A chough is a sort of jackdaw.—<sup>q</sup> "Excellent differences," i. e., distinguishing excellences.—<sup>r</sup> "The card," i. e., the chart.—<sup>s</sup> "This speech is a ridicule of the court jargon of that time."

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his <sup>a</sup>meed he's unfollowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has <sup>b</sup>imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, <sup>c</sup>hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, must delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the <sup>d</sup>margin, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more <sup>e</sup>germane to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this <sup>f</sup>imponed, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve, for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

[Exit.

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the <sup>g</sup>shell on his head.

Ham. He did <sup>h</sup>comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only

got the tune of the time, and outward habit of <sup>i</sup>encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

[Exit Lord.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. Thou wouldst not think, how ill all is here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of <sup>j</sup>gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRICK, and Attendants with Foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet; come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you But pardon't, as you are a gentleman. [wrong; This <sup>k</sup>presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd With sore distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honor, and exception, Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my terms of honor,

I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters, of known honor,

I have a voice and precedent of peace.

To keep my name <sup>l</sup>ungor'd. But till that time,

<sup>a</sup> Meed is merit.—<sup>b</sup> "Imponed," i. e., staked; wagered.—<sup>c</sup> Hangers are that part of the belt by which the sword is suspended.—<sup>d</sup> The commentary, in old books, was on the margin of the leaf.—<sup>e</sup> "Germane," i. e., akin.—<sup>f</sup> "With the shell on his head," i. e., as soon as it is hatched.—<sup>g</sup> "Comply," i. e., compliment.

<sup>i</sup> The "outward habit of encounter" is exterior politeness of address.—<sup>j</sup> "Gain-giving," i. e., misgiving.—<sup>k</sup> "This presence," i. e., the king and queen.—<sup>l</sup> "Ungor'd," i. e., unwounded.



I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely;  
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—  
Give us the foils; come on. <sup>1</sup>[*Foils brought.*]

*Laer.* Come; one for me.  
*Ham.* I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance  
Your skill shall, like a star i'the darkest night,  
Stick fiery off indeed.

*Laer.* You mock me, sir.  
*Ham.* No, by this hand. [*Hamlet,*  
*King.* Give them the foils, young Osrick.—Cousin  
You know the wager?

*Ham.* Very well, my lord;  
Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker side.  
*King.* I do not fear it. I have seen you both;  
But since <sup>2</sup>he is better, we have therefore odds.  
*Laer.* This is too heavy; let me see another.  
*Ham.* This <sup>3</sup>likes me well. These foils have all  
a length? [*They prepare to play.*]

*Os.* Ay, my good lord.  
*King.* Set me the <sup>4</sup>stoops of wine upon that table.—  
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,  
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;  
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath:  
And in the cup an <sup>5</sup>union shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive kings  
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;  
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,  
"Now the king drinks to Hamlet!"—Come, begin;—  
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on, sir.  
*Laer.* Come, my lord. [*They play.*  
*Ham.* One.  
*Laer.* No.  
*Ham.* Judgment.  
*Os.* A hit, a very palpable hit.  
*Laer.* Well:—again.  
*King.* Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl  
is thine;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.  
[*Trumpets sound; and Cannon shot off within.*  
*Ham.* I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—  
Come.—Another hit; what say you? [*They play.*  
*Laer.* A touch; a touch, I do confess.  
*King.* Our son shall win.  
*Queen.* He's fat, and scant of breath.—  
<sup>3</sup>Here is a napkin, rub thy brows, my son:  
The queen <sup>4</sup>carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good madam,—  
*King.* Gertrude, do not drink.  
*Queen.* I will, my lord: I pray you, pardon me.  
<sup>4</sup>[*She drinks.*  
*King.* It is the poison'd cup! it is too late.

[*Aside.*  
*Ham.* I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.  
*Queen.* Come, let me wipe thy face.  
*Laer.* My lord, I'll hit him now.  
*King.* I do not think it.  
*Laer.* And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*  
*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally:  
I pray you, pass with your best violence.  
I am afeard, you make a <sup>5</sup>wanton of me.  
*Laer.* Say you so? come on. [*They play.*

<sup>1</sup> "Likes me," i. e., pleases me.—By *stoops* are here meant *pitchers, jugs*.—<sup>2</sup> An *union* is a precious pearl: the swallowing of pearls in a draught was an ancient royal and mercantile prodigality.—<sup>3</sup> Carouses to thy fortune," i. e., drinks to thy good success.—<sup>4</sup> "You make a *wanton* of me," i. e., you trifle with me as if I were a *child*.

*Os.* Nothing, neither way.

*Laer.* Have at you now.

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling they change Rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*

*King.* Part them! they are incens'd.  
*Ham.* Nay, come again. [*The Queen falls.*

*Os.* Look to the queen there, ho?  
*Hor.* They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my  
*Os.* How is't, Laertes? [*lord?*

*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,  
Osrick;  
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

*Ham.* How does the queen?

*King.* She swoons to see them bleed.  
*Queen.* No, no, the drink, the drink.—O my dear

Hamlet!—  
The drink, the drink: I am poison'd. [*Dies.*

*Ham.* O villainy!—How? let the door be lock'd:  
Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*

*Laer.* It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;  
No medicine in the world can do thee good:  
In thee there is not half an hour of life;  
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,  
'Unbated, and envenom'd. The foul practice  
Hath turn'd itself on me: lo! here I lie,  
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd;  
I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.

*Ham.* The point  
Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.  
[*Stabs the King.*

*All.* Treason! treason!

*King.* O! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.  
*Ham.* Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned  
Drink off this potion:—is thy union here? [*Dane,*  
Follow my mother. [*King dies*

*Laer.* He is justly serv'd;  
It is a poison <sup>6</sup>temper'd by himself.—  
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:  
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;  
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—  
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—  
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,  
That are but mutes or audience to this act,  
Had I but time, (as this fell <sup>7</sup>sergeant, death,  
Is strict in his arrest) O! I could tell you,—  
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;  
Thou liv'st: report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied.

*Hor.* Never believe it: <sup>8</sup>[*Taking the Cup.*  
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:  
Here's yet some liquor left.

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man,  
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven I'll have it.—  
<sup>9</sup>[*Struggling: HAMLET gets the Cup.*  
O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me  
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my story.—

[*March afar off, and Shot within.*  
What warlike noise is this?

*Os.* Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from  
To the ambassadors of England gives [*Poland,*  
This warlike volley.

*Ham.* O! I die, Horatio;  
The potent poison quite <sup>10</sup>o'er-crows my spirits:  
I cannot live to hear the news from England;

<sup>1</sup> "Unbated," i. e., not blunted; without a button.—<sup>2</sup> "Temper'd," i. e., mixed.—<sup>3</sup> A *sergeant* was a bailiff's or sheriff's officer.—<sup>4</sup> "O'er-crows," i. e., overcomes; subdues.

But I do prophesy the election lights  
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;  
So tell him, with the <sup>a</sup>occurrences, more and less,  
Which have <sup>b</sup>solicited—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*]

*Hor.* Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night,  
sweet prince;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!  
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*]

*Enter* FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and  
others.

*Fort.* Where is this sight?

*Hor.* What is it ye would see?  
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

*Fort.* This <sup>c</sup>quarry cries on <sup>d</sup>havock.—O proud  
death!

What feast is <sup>e</sup>toward in thine eternal cell,  
That thou so many princes at a shot  
So bloodily hast struck?

<sup>1</sup> *Amb.* The sight is dismal,  
And our affairs from England come too late:  
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,  
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,  
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.  
Where should we have our thanks?

*Hor.* Not from his mouth,  
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:  
He never gave commandment for their death.  
But since, so <sup>f</sup>jump upon this bloody question,  
You from the <sup>g</sup>Polack wars, and you from England,

<sup>a</sup> Occurrences.—<sup>b</sup> "Solicited," i. e., incited; the sentence is left unfinished.—<sup>c</sup> *Quarry* was the term for a heap of slaughtered game.—<sup>d</sup> *Havock*, a word of censure, when more game was destroyed than was reasonable.—<sup>e</sup> "Toward," i. e., at hand; near; in preparation.—<sup>f</sup> "So jump," i. e., so exactly at the time.—<sup>g</sup> "Polack," i. e., Polish.

Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view;  
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world,  
How these things came about: so shall you hear  
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,  
Of deaths <sup>h</sup>put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,  
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fall'n on the inventors' heads. All this can I  
Truly deliver.

*Fort.* Let us haste to hear it,  
And call the noblest to the audience.  
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune!<sup>i</sup>  
I have some rights of <sup>j</sup>memory in this kingdom,  
Which now to claim my <sup>k</sup>vantage doth invite me.

*Hor.* Of that I shall have also cause to speak,  
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:  
But let this <sup>l</sup>scene be presently perform'd,  
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mis-  
chance,  
On plots and errors, happen.

*Fort.* Let four captains  
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;  
For he was likely, had he been put on,  
To have prov'd most royally: and for his passage,  
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,  
Speak loudly for him.—  
Take up the body.—Such a sight as this  
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.  
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead March.*]

[*Exeunt, marching; after which, a Peal  
of Ordnance is shot off.*]

<sup>h</sup> "Put on," i. e., instigated; produced.—<sup>i</sup> "Rights of memory," i. e., rights which are remembered.—<sup>k</sup> *Vantage* is here used for *opportunity, convenience*.

# KING LEAR.



ACT II.—Scene 4.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**LEAR**, King of Britain.

King of France.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Cornwall.

Duke of Albany.

Earl of Kent.

Earl of Gloster.

**EDGAR**, Son to Gloster.

**EDMUND**, Bastard Son to Gloster.

**OSWALD**, a Courtier.

**OSWALD**, Steward to Goneril.

Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.

Physician.

Fool.

An Officer, employed by Edmund.

Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

**AGONIL,**

**REGAN,**

**CORDELIA,**

} Daughters to Lear.

Knights <sup>1</sup> of Lear's Train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants

SCENE, Britain.

## ACT I.

**SCENE I.**—A Room of State in King LEAR's Palace.

*Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.*

*Kent.* I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

*Glo.* It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdoms, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that <sup>a</sup>curiosity in neither can make choice of either's <sup>b</sup>moiety.

*Kent.* Is not this your son, my lord?

*Glo.* His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am <sup>c</sup>brazed to it.

*Kent.* I cannot conceive you.

*Glo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so <sup>d</sup>proper.

*Glo.* But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some <sup>e</sup>year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world, before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

*Edm.* No, my lord.

*Glo.* My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

*Edm.* My services to your lordship.

<sup>a</sup> Curiosity is scrupulous nicety, finical precision.—<sup>b</sup> Moiety is used by Shakespeare for part or portion.—<sup>c</sup> "Brazed," i. e., hardened.

<sup>d</sup> Proper is comely, handsome.—<sup>e</sup> "Some year," i. e., about a year.



*Kent.* I must love you, and sue to know you better.

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study <sup>a</sup>deserving.

*Glo.* He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming. [*Sennet within.*]

*Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

*Glo.* I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and EDMUND.*]

*Lear.* Mean-time, we shall express our darker <sup>b</sup>purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided, In three, our kingdom; and 'tis our fast <sup>c</sup>intent To shake all cares and business from our age, Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall, And you, our no less loving son of Albany, [wall, We have this hour a <sup>d</sup>constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters, (Since now we will divest us, both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril, Our eldest-born, speak first. [<sup>e</sup>matter;

*Gon.* <sup>1</sup>I love you more than words can wield the Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor: As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found; A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable; Beyond all manner of so <sup>f</sup>much I love you.

*Cor.* What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent. [*Aside.*]

*Lear.* Of all these bounds, even from this line to this, With shadowy forests, and with champains <sup>g</sup>rich'd, With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter, Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.

*Reg.* I am made of that self metal as my sister, And prize me at her <sup>h</sup>worth. In my true heart I find, she names my very deed of love; Only she comes too short, that I profess Myself an enemy to all other joys, Which the most precious <sup>i</sup>sphere of sense possesses, And find, I am alone <sup>j</sup>felicitate In your dear highness' love.

*Cor.* Then, poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*]

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's More <sup>k</sup>plenteous than my tongue.

*Lear.* To thee, and thine, hereditary ever, Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom; No less in space, <sup>l</sup>validity, and pleasure, Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy, Although our last, not least; to whose young love

The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy, Strive to be <sup>m</sup>interest'd; what can you say, to draw A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing?

*Cor.* Nothing.

*Lear.* Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

*Cor.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty According to my bond; nor more, nor less. [*Little, Lear.* How? how, Cordelia? mend your speech <sup>n</sup>lest you may mar your fortunes.

*Cor.* Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I Return those duties back as are right fit, Obey you, love you, and most honor you. Why have my sisters husbands, if they say. They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed, That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry Half my love with him, half my care, and duty: Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters, To love my father all.

*Lear.* But goes this with thy heart?

*Cor.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* So young, and so untender?

*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

*Lear.* Let it be so: thy truth, then, be thy dower; For, by the sacred radiance of the sun, The mysteries of Hecate, and the night, By all the operation of the orbs, From whom we do exist, and cease to be, Here I disclaim all my paternal care, <sup>o</sup>Propinquity and property of blood, And as a stranger to my heart and me, Hold thee from <sup>p</sup>this for ever. The barbarous Scythian, Or he that makes his <sup>q</sup>generation messes To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom Be as well neighbor'd, pitied, and reliev'd, As thou, my sometime daughter.

*Kent.*

Good my liege,—

*Lear.* Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath. I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

[*To CORDELIA.*]

So be my grave my peace, as here I give Her father's heart from her!—Call France.—Who stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany, With my two daughters' dowers digest the third: Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her. I do invest you jointly with my power, Pre-eminence, and all the large effects That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course, With reservation of an hundred knights, By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode Make with you by due turns. Only, we still retain The name, and all th' <sup>r</sup>additions to a king; The sway, revenue, execution of the rest, Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm, This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*]

*Kent.*

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honor'd as my king, Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd, <sup>s</sup>And as my patron thought on in my prayers,—

*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork invade The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,

<sup>a</sup> "Deserving," i. e., to be, to make myself deserving. —  
<sup>b</sup> "Our darker purpose," i. e., 'that part of our plan which we have not yet disclosed, or brought to light.' —<sup>c</sup> "Fast intent," i. e., fixed resolution. —<sup>d</sup> "Constant," i. e., firm, fixed. —<sup>e</sup> "Can wield the matter," i. e., can express. —<sup>f</sup> "Beyond all manner of so much," i. e., beyond all kinds of comparisons, expressed by 'so much as this, that.' &c.—<sup>g</sup> "Enriched." —<sup>h</sup> "Priz'd me at her worth," i. e., estimate myself at her value. —<sup>i</sup> "Felicitate," i. e., made happy. —<sup>k</sup> "Validity is used for value."

<sup>l</sup> "Interested." —<sup>m</sup> "Propinquity," i. e., kindred; relationship. —<sup>n</sup> "From this, i. e., from this time." —<sup>o</sup> "His generation," i. e., his offspring. —<sup>p</sup> "Additions," i. e., titles.

When Lear is mad.—What would'st thou do, old man?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,  
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;  
And in thy best consideration check  
This hideous rashness: answer my<sup>a</sup> life my judgment,  
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;  
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound  
<sup>b</sup>Reverbs no hollowness.

*Lear.* Kent, on thy life, no more.

*Kent.* My life I never held but as a pawn  
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,  
Thy safety being the motive.

*Lear.* Out of my sight!

*Kent.* See better, Lear; and let me still remain  
The true<sup>c</sup> blank of thine eye.

*Lear.* Now, by Apollo,—

*Kent.* Now, by Apollo, king,  
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

*Lear.* O, vassal! <sup>1</sup>recreant!

[*Laying his Hand upon his Sword.*]

*Alb. Corn.* Dear sir, forbear.

*Kent.* Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;  
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,  
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

*Lear.* Hear me, recreant!

On thee allegiance hear me.  
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,  
(Which we durst never yet) and, with strain'd pride,  
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,  
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)  
Our<sup>d</sup> potency made good, take thy reward.  
Five days we do allot thee for provision  
To shield thee from<sup>e</sup> diseases of the world,  
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom: <sup>2</sup>if the seventh day following,  
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,  
This shall not be revok'd. [*appear,*]

*Kent.* Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt  
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—  
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To Cordelia.*]

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—  
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To Regan and Goneril.*]

That good effects may spring from words of love.—  
Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu;  
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*]

*Flourish.* Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

*Glo.* Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

*Lear.* My lord of Burgundy,

We first address toward you, who with this king  
Hath rival'd for our daughter: what, in the least,  
Will you require in present dower with her,  
Or cease your quest of love?

*Bur.* Most royal majesty,  
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,  
Nor will you tender less.

*Lear.* Right noble Burgundy,  
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;

But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:  
If aught within that little<sup>f</sup> seeming substance,  
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,  
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,  
She's there, and she is yours.

*Bur.* I know no answer.

*Lear.* Will you, with those infirmities she<sup>g</sup> owes,  
Unfriended, new-adapted to our hate,  
Dower'd with our curse, and<sup>h</sup> stranger'd with our  
oath,

Take her, or leave her?

*Bur.* Pardon me, royal sir;

Election makes not<sup>i</sup> up on such conditions.

*Lear.* Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that  
made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,

[*To France.*]

I would not from your love make such a stray,  
To match you where I hate: therefore, beseech you  
T'<sup>j</sup> avert your liking a more worthier way,  
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd  
Almost t'<sup>k</sup> acknowledge hers.

*France.*

This is most strange,  
That she, that even but now was your<sup>l</sup> blest object,  
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,  
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time  
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of favor. Sure, her offence  
Must be of such unnatural degree,  
<sup>l</sup>That<sup>m</sup> 'monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection  
Fall'n into<sup>n</sup> taint: which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith that reason, without miracle,  
Could never plant in me.

*Cor.*

I yet beseech your majesty,  
(If<sup>o</sup> for I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend  
I'll do't before I speak) that you make known  
It is no vicious blot,<sup>o</sup> nor other foulness,  
No unchaste action, or dishonor'd<sup>p</sup> stoop,  
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favor;  
But even for want of that for which I am richer,  
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue  
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,  
Hath lost me in your<sup>q</sup> liking.

*Lear.*

Better thou  
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me  
better.

*France.* Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,  
Which often leaves the history unspoke,  
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,  
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,  
When it is mingled with<sup>r</sup> respects, that stand  
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?  
She is herself a dowry.

*Bur.*

Royal Lear,  
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,  
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchess of Burgundy.

*Lear.* Nothing; I have sworn; I am firm.

*Bur.* I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father,  
That you must lose a husband.

*Cor.*

Peace be with Burgundy:  
Since that respects of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife.

*France.* Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being  
poor,

<sup>a</sup> "Answer my life," i. e., let my life be answerable for.—  
<sup>b</sup> Rev'rberates.—<sup>c</sup> The blank is the mark to shoot at.—  
<sup>d</sup> "Our potency made good," i. e., our power shall be made  
good on thee.—<sup>e</sup> Diseases is used here for troubles, incon-  
veniences.

<sup>f</sup> "Seeming," i. e., specious.—<sup>g</sup> "Owes," i. e., owns; is  
possessed of.—<sup>h</sup> "Stranger'd," i. e., alienated; estranged.—  
<sup>i</sup> "Makes not up," i. e., is not concluded.—<sup>j</sup> That is used here  
for as.—<sup>k</sup> "Monsters it," i. e., makes it monstrous.—<sup>l</sup> "Fall-  
len into taint," i. e., become the subject of reproach.—<sup>m</sup> For  
for because.—<sup>n</sup> "Hath lost me in your liking," i. e., hath  
ruined me in your good opinion.—<sup>p</sup> "With respects," i. e.,  
with prudential considerations.

Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd,  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:  
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st  
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,  
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:  
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy  
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—  
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:  
Thou lovest here, a better where to <sup>a</sup>find.

*Lear.* Thou hast her, France: let her be thine,  
for we  
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again:—Therefore, be gone  
Without our grace, our love, our <sup>b</sup>benison.—  
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORN-  
WALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.]

*France.* Bid farewell to your sisters.

*Cor.* 'Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes  
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;  
And, like a sister, am most loath to call  
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:  
To your <sup>c</sup>professed bosoms I commit him;  
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,  
I would prefer him to a better place.  
So, farewell to you both.

*Gon.* Prescribe not us our duty.

*Reg.* Let your study  
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you  
<sup>a</sup>As fortune's alms: you have obedience scanted,  
And well are worth the want that you have <sup>d</sup>wanted.  
*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plighted cunning  
hides;

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.  
Well may you prosper!

*France.* Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE and CORDELIA.]

*Gon.* Sister, it is not little I have to say of what  
most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father  
will hence to-night.

*Reg.* That's most certain, and with you; next  
month with us.

*Gon.* You see how full of changes his age is; the  
observation we have made of it hath not been little:  
he always loved our sister most, and with what  
poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears  
too grossly.

*Reg.* 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath  
ever but slenderly known himself.

*Gon.* The best and soundest of his time hath been  
but rash; then, must we look to receive from his  
age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted  
<sup>e</sup>condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness  
that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

*Reg.* Such unconstant starts are we like to have  
from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

*Gon.* There is farther compliment of leave-taking  
between France and him. Pray you, let us hit to-  
gether: if our father carry authority with such dis-  
positions as he bears, this last surrender of his will  
but offend us.

*Reg.* We shall farther think of it.

*Gon.* We must do something, and i' the <sup>f</sup>heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Earl of GLOSTER'S  
Castle.

*Enter* EDMUND, <sup>3</sup>the Bastard, with a Letter.

*Edm.* Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law  
My services are bound. Wherefore should I  
Stand <sup>4</sup>on the plague of custom, and permit  
The <sup>5</sup>curiosity of nations to <sup>6</sup>deprive me,  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines  
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base,  
When my dimensions are as well compact,  
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,  
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us  
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?  
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take  
More composition and fierce quality,  
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,  
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,  
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:  
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,  
As to the legitimate. Fine word,—legitimate!  
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,  
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—  
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

<sup>6</sup>[*Reads the Letter.*]

*Enter* GLOSTER.

*Glo.* Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler  
parted!

And the king gone to-night! <sup>1</sup>subscrib'd his power!  
Confin'd to <sup>2</sup>exhibition! All this done  
Upon the <sup>3</sup>gad!—Edmund. How now! what news?  
*Edm.* So please your lordship, none.

<sup>6</sup>[*Hiding the Letter.*]

*Glo.* Why so earnestly seek you to put up that  
letter?

*Edm.* I know no news, my lord.

*Glo.* What paper were you reading?

*Edm.* Nothing, my lord.

*Glo.* No! What needed, then, that terrible des-  
patch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing  
hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come;  
if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

*Edm.* I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter  
from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and  
for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for  
your o'erlooking.

*Glo.* Give me the letter, sir.

*Edm.* I shall offend, either to detain or give it.  
The contents, as in part I understand them,  
Are to blame.

*Glo.* Let's see, let's see.

*Edm.* I hope, for my brother's justification, he  
wrote this but as an <sup>m</sup>essay or taste of my virtue.

*Glo.* [*Reads.*] "This policy, and reverence of  
age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times;  
keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot  
relish them. I begin to find an idle and <sup>2</sup>fond bond  
age in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways,  
not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to  
me, that of this I may speak more. If our father  
would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy  
half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of  
your brother, EDGAR."—Humph!—Conspiracy!—  
"Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half

<sup>a</sup> That is 'Thou lovest preferment here, to find a better  
elsewhere.'—<sup>b</sup> Benison is blessing.—<sup>c</sup> Professed for professing.

—<sup>d</sup> That is, 'And well deserve the loss of the dower that  
they have failed to obtain.'—<sup>e</sup> 'Long-engrafted condition,'  
i. e., qualities of mind confirmed by long habit.—<sup>f</sup> 'I the  
heat,' i. e., 'While the iron is hot.'

<sup>3</sup> "The curiosity of nations," i. e., the nicety, the strictness  
of civil institutions.—<sup>4</sup> To deprive, here, is to disinherit.—

<sup>5</sup> "Subscribed," i. e., yielded; surrendered.—<sup>6</sup> Exhibition is  
an allowance, a stipend.—<sup>7</sup> "Upon the gad," i. e., upon the  
spur; in haste.—<sup>8</sup> "As an essay," i. e., as a trial.—<sup>9</sup> "Fond,"  
i. e., weak; foolish.



his revenue."—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

*Edm.* It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

*Glo.* You know the character to be your brother's?

*Edm.* If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

*Glo.* It is his.

*Edm.* It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

*Glo.* Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

*Edm.* Never, my lord; but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

*Glo.* O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain!—Where is he?

*Edm.* I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; <sup>a</sup>where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no other <sup>b</sup>pretence of danger.

*Glo.* Think you so?

*Edm.* If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any farther delay than this very evening.

*Glo.* He cannot be such a monster.

*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

*Glo.* To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due <sup>c</sup>resolution.

*Edm.* I will seek him, sir, presently, <sup>d</sup>convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

*Glo.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of <sup>e</sup>nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the <sup>f</sup>sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason, and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty.—'Tis strange.

[*Exit.*]

*Edm.* This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behavior) we make guilty of our dis-

asters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of <sup>1</sup>stars! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that, it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut! I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

*Enter EDGAR.*

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.—O! these eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, sol, la, mi.

*Edg.* How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

*Edm.* I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

*Edg.* Do you busy yourself with that?

*Edm.* I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolution of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

*Edg.* How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

*Edm.* Come, come; when saw you my father last?

*Edg.* The night gone by.

*Edm.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* Ay, two hours together.

*Edm.* Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

*Edg.* None at all.

*Edm.* Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong.

*Edm.* That's my fear: I pray you, have a <sup>b</sup>continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go: there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.

*Edg.* Armed, brother?

*Edm.* Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

*Edg.* Shall I hear from you anon?

*Edm.* I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit EDGAR.*]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,  
That he suspects none, on whose foolish honesty  
My practices ride easy.—I see the business.—  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:  
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*]

<sup>a</sup> Where for whereas.—<sup>b</sup> "Pretence," i. e., design; purpose.  
—That is, "I would give all I am possessed of to be satisfied of the truth."—<sup>c</sup> "Convey," i. e., conduct; manage.  
—<sup>d</sup> "The wisdom of nature," i. e., natural philosophy.  
—<sup>e</sup> "The sequent effects," i. e., the consequences.

<sup>f</sup> "Treachers," i. e., traitors.—<sup>h</sup> "Continent," i. e., temperate.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Duke of ALBANY'S Palace.

*Enter GONERIL, and OSWALD her Steward.*

*Gon.* Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* By day and night he wrongs me: every hour He flashes into one gross crime or other, That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it. His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him; say, I am sick: If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

*Osw.* He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question: If he distaste it, let him to my sister, Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one, Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities, That he hath given away!—Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again; and must be used With checks; as flatteries, when they are seen, abus'd. Remember what I have said.

*Osw.* Well, madam. [*you.*]

*Gon.* And let his knights have colder looks among What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so: I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, That I may speak.—I'll write straight to my sister, To hold my course.—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Hall in the Same.

*Enter KENT, disguised.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow, That can my speech<sup>a</sup> diffuse, my good intent May carry through itself to that full issue For which I<sup>b</sup> raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent, If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd, (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st, Shall find thee full of labors.

*Horns within.* *Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

*Kent.* A man, sir.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

*Lear.* If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Whom would'st thou serve?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

*Kent.* No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that?

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services canst thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, make a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

*Lear.* Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho! dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

*Enter OSWALD.*

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

*Osw.* So please you,—

[*Exit.*]

*Lear.* What says the fellow there? Call the clodpole back. [*Exit Knight.*—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—<sup>2</sup> [*Re-enter Knight.*] How now, where's that mongrel?

*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?

*Knight.* Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not!

*Knight.* My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont: there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

*Lear.* Ha! sayest thou so?

*Knight.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness wronged.

*Lear.* Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look farther into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

*Knight.* Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

*Re-enter OSWALD.*

O! you sir, you sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?

*Osw.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* My lady's father? my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

*Osw.* I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*]

*Osw.* I'll not be stricken, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*]

*Lear.* I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

*Kent.* Come, sir, arise; away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to: have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes OSWALD out*]

<sup>a</sup> "Diffuse," i. e., disguise.—<sup>b</sup> "Raz'd," i. e., effaced.—<sup>c</sup> "To converse," i. e., to keep company.

<sup>d</sup> "Jealous curiosity," i. e., punctilious jealousy.—<sup>e</sup> "A very pretence," i. e., an absolute design.

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving KENT money.*]

*Enter Fool.*

*Fool.* Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving KENT his Cap.*]

*Lear.* How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Lear.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* Why? For taking one's part that's out of favor.—Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold <sup>a</sup>shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, <sup>b</sup>nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

*Lear.* Why, my boy?

*Fool.* If I gave them all my <sup>c</sup>living, I'd keep my <sup>1</sup>coxcomb myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

*Lear.* Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

*Fool.* Truth's a dog must to kennel: he must be whipped out, when the lady <sup>d</sup>brach may stand by the fire and stink.

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me.

*Fool.* Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

*Lear.* Do.

*Fool.* Mark it, nuncle.

Have more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou <sup>e</sup>owest,  
Ride more than thou goest,  
Learn more than thou <sup>f</sup>trowest,  
Set less than thou throwest;  
Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
And keep in-a-door,  
And thou shalt have more  
Than two tens to a score.

*Lear.* This is nothing, fool.

*Fool.* Then, 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer: you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

*Lear.* Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

*Lear.* A bitter fool!

*Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

*Lear.* No, lad; teach me.

*Fool.* That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,  
Come place him here by me;  
Do thou for him stand:  
The sweet and bitter fool  
Will presently appear;  
The one in motley here,  
The other found out there.

*Lear.* Dost thou call me fool, boy?

*Fool.* All thy other titles thou hast given away, that thou wast born with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

*Fool.* No, 'faith; lords and great men will not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't, and loads too: they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

*Lear.* What two crowns shall they be?

*Fool.* Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

*Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [Singing.*

*For wise men are grown foppish;*

<sup>2</sup> *And well may fear their wits to wear,*

*Their manners are so apish.*

*Lear.* When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

*Fool.* I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for, when thou gavest them the rod and putt'st down thine own breeches,

*Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.*

*And I for sorrow sung,*

*That such a king should play bo-peep,*

*And go the fools among.*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

*Lear.* An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

*Fool.* I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

*Enter GONERIL.*

*Lear.* How now, daughter! what makes that <sup>b</sup>frontlet on?

Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

*Fool.* Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an <sup>i</sup>O without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool; thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue! so your face [*To Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum:

*He that keeps nor crust nor crum, <sup>3</sup>[Singing.*

*Weary of all, shall want some.*

That's a shealed <sup>k</sup>peascod.

*Gon.* Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,

But other of your insolent retinue

Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth

In rank, and not to be endured, riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known unto you,

To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done,

That you protect this course, and put it <sup>l</sup>on,

By your <sup>m</sup>allowance; which if you should, the fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,

Which, in the tender of a wholesome <sup>n</sup>weal,

Might in their working do you that offence,

Which else were shame, that then necessity

Will call discreet proceeding.

*Fool.* For you <sup>4</sup>know, nuncle,

*The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,*

*That it had its head bit off by its young.*

<sup>a</sup> Grace is favor.—<sup>b</sup> A frontlet, or forehead cloth, was worn by ladies of old to prevent wrinkles, or frowns.—<sup>c</sup> "An O without a figure," i. e., a cipher.—<sup>d</sup> "A shealed peascod," i. e., a shelled peepod: a mere empty husk.—<sup>e</sup> "Put it on," i. e., promote it; instigate it.—<sup>f</sup> Allowance for approbation.—<sup>g</sup> "A wholesome weal," i. e., a well-governed state.

<sup>a</sup> "Catch cold shortly," i. e., be turned out of doors.—<sup>b</sup> Nuncle, a familiar contraction of mine uncle.—<sup>c</sup> "Living," i. e., estate; property.—<sup>d</sup> A brach is a bitch-hound.—<sup>e</sup> Own-est.—<sup>f</sup> "Trowest," i. e., believest.



So, out went the candle, and we were left <sup>a</sup> darkling  
*Lear.* Are you our daughter? [*Wisdom,*

*Gon.* I would, you would make use of your good  
 Whereof I know you are <sup>b</sup> fraught, and put away  
 These dispositions, which of late transform you  
 From what you rightly are.

*Fool.* May not an ass know when the cart draws  
 the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

*Lear.* Does any here know me?—Why this is not  
 Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where  
 are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his  
 discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—  
 Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me  
 who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that;  
 for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and  
 reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

*Fool.* Which they will make an obedient father.

*Lear.* Your name, fair gentlewoman?

*Gon.* This admiration, sir, is much o' the <sup>c</sup> favor  
 Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you  
 To understand my purposes aright,  
 As you are old and reverend, should be wise.  
 Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;  
 Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,  
 That this our court, infected with their manners,  
 Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust  
 Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,  
 Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak  
 For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd  
 By her, that else will take the thing she begs,  
 A little to disquantity your train;  
 And the remainder, that shall still <sup>d</sup> depend,  
 To be such men as may besort your age,  
 Which know themselves and you.

*Lear.* Darkness and devils!—  
 Saddle my horses; call my train together.—  
 Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:  
 Yet have I left a daughter.

*Gon.* You strike my people; and your disorder'd  
 rabble  
 Make servants of their betters.

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir! [*To*  
*ALB.*] are you come?  
 Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses!—  
 Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,  
 More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,  
 Than the <sup>e</sup> sea-monster!

*Alb.* Pray, sir, be patient.

*Lear.* Detested kite! thou liest: [*To GONERIL.*  
 My train are men of choice and rarest parts,  
 That all particulars of duty know,  
 And in the most exact regard support  
 The <sup>1</sup> worship of their name.—O, most small fault!  
 How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show,  
 Which, like an <sup>f</sup> engine, wrench'd my frame of nature  
 From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,  
 And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!  
 Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[*Striking his head.*

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

*Alb.* My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant  
 Of what hath mov'd you.

*Lear.* It may be so, my lord.—  
 Hear, nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!  
 Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend  
 To make this creature fruitful!  
 Into her womb convey sterility!

Dry up in her the organs of increase;  
 And from her <sup>g</sup>derogate body never spring  
 A babe to honor her! If she must teem,  
 Create her child of spleen; that it may live,  
 And be a <sup>h</sup> thwart <sup>i</sup> disnatur'd torment to her!  
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;  
 With <sup>k</sup> cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;  
 Turn all her mother's pains, and <sup>l</sup> benefits,  
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel  
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
 To have a thankless child!—Away! away! [*Exit.*  
*Alb.* Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?  
*Gon.* Never afflict yourself to know the cause;  
 But let his disposition have that scope  
 That dotage gives it.

*Re-enter LEAR.*

*Lear.* What! fifty of my followers, at a clap,  
 Within a fortnight?

*Alb.* What's the matter, sir?

*Lear.* I'll tell thee.—Life and death! [*To GON-*  
*ERIL.*] I am ashamed,  
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:  
 That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,  
 Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs  
 upon thee!

Th' <sup>m</sup> untented woundings of a father's curse  
 Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,  
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out,  
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,  
 To temper clay.—Ha!  
 Let it be so:—I have another daughter,  
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;  
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails  
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,  
 That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think  
 I have cast off for ever.

[*Exit LEAR in fury, KENT, and Attendants.*

*Gon.* Do you mark that, my lord?

*Alb.* I cannot be so partial, Goneril,  
 To the great love I bear you,—  
*Gon.* Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!  
 You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

*Fool.* Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and take  
 the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,  
 And such a daughter,  
 Should sure to the slaughter,  
 If my cap would buy a halter;  
 So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

*Gon.* This man hath had good counsel.—A hun-  
 dred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep [*dream,*  
 At <sup>n</sup> point a hundred knights: yes, that on every  
 Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,  
 He may <sup>o</sup> enguard his dotage with their powers,  
 And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

*Alb.* Well, you may fear too far.

*Gon.* Safer than trust 'oo far.  
 Let me still take away the harms I fear,  
 Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.  
 What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:  
 If she sustain him and his hundred knights,  
 When I have show'd th' unfitness,—how now,  
 Oswald!

*Re-enter OSWALD.*

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

<sup>a</sup> "Darkling," i. e., in the dark.—<sup>b</sup> "Fraught," i. e., stored.  
<sup>c</sup> "Favor is complexion."—<sup>d</sup> "Depend," i. e., continue in service.—<sup>e</sup> "The sea-monster is the hippocottamus, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude."—"An engine," i. e., the rack.

<sup>g</sup> "Derogate," i. e., degenerate.—<sup>h</sup> "Thwart," i. e., per-verse.—<sup>i</sup> "Disnatur'd," i. e., unnatural.—<sup>k</sup> "Cadent," i. e., falling.—<sup>l</sup> "Benefits are good offices."—<sup>m</sup> "Untented," i. e., rankling; never-healing.—<sup>n</sup> "At point," i. e., completely armed.—<sup>o</sup> "Enguard," i. e., guard; protect

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* Take you some company, and away to horse :  
Inform her full of my particular fear ;  
And thereto add such reasons of your own,  
As may compact it more. Get you gone, [lord,  
And hasten your return. [*Exit* *Osw.*] No, no, my  
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,  
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,  
You are much more \*attask'd for want of wisdom,  
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

*Alb.* How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell :  
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well

*Gon.* Nay, then—

*Alb.* Well, well ; the event. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—Court before the Same.

*Enter* *LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

*Lear.* Go you before to Gloster with these letters.  
Acquaint my daughter no farther with any thing you  
know, than comes from her demand out of the letter.  
If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there  
before you.

*Kent.* I will not sleep, my lord, till I have de-  
livered your letter. [*Exit.*]

*Fool.* If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not  
in danger of <sup>b</sup> kibes ?

*Lear.* Ay, boy.

*Fool.* Then, I pr'ythee, be merry ; thy wit shall  
not go slipshod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Fool.* Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee  
\* kindly ; for though she's as like this, as a crab is  
like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

*Lear.* What canst tell, boy ?

*Fool.* She will taste as like this, as a crab does to  
a crab. <sup>1</sup> Canst thou tell why one's nose stands 't the  
middle on's face ?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's  
nose ; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy  
into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong.—

*Fool.* Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell ?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a snail  
has a house.

*Lear.* Why ?

*Fool.* Why, to put his head in ; not to give it  
away to his daughters, and leave his horns without  
a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature.—So kind a father !  
—Be my horses ready ?

*Fool.* Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason  
why the seven stars are no more than seven is a  
pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight ?

*Fool.* Yes, indeed. Thou wouldest make a good  
fool.

*Lear.* To take it again <sup>d</sup> perforce !—Monster in-  
gratitude !

*Fool.* If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee  
beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that ?

*Fool.* Thou shouldst not have been old before thou  
hadst been wise.

*Lear.* O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven !  
Keep me in temper : I would not be mad !—

*Enter Gentleman.*

How now ! Are the horses ready ?

*Gent.* Ready, my lord.

*Lear.* Come, boy.

*Fool.* She that's a maid now, and laughs at my  
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT II.

#### SCENE I.—A Court within the Castle of the Earl of GLOSTER.

*Enter* *EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.*

*Edm.* Save thee, Curan.

*Cur.* And you, sir. I have been with your father,  
and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall,  
and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-  
night.

*Edm.* How comes that ?

*Cur.* Nay, I know not. You have heard of the  
news abroad : I mean, the whispered ones, for they  
are yet but \* ear-bussing arguments.

*Edm.* Not I : I pray you, what are they ?

*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars 'toward,  
'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany ?

*Edm.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may do, then, in time. Fare you well,  
sir. [*Exit.*]

*Edm.* The duke be here to-night ? The better !  
Best !

This weaves itself perforce into my business.  
My father hath set guard to take my brother ;  
And I have one thing, of a <sup>e</sup> queazy question,  
Which I must act.—Briefness, and fortune, work !—  
Brother, a word ;—descend :—brother, I say !

*Enter* *EDGAR.*

My father watches.—O sir ! fly this place ;  
Intelligence is given where you are hid :  
You have now the good advantage of the night.—  
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall ?  
He's coming hither ; now, i' the night, <sup>2</sup> in haste,  
And Regan with him : have you nothing said  
Upon his <sup>3</sup> party 'gainst the duke of Albany ?  
<sup>4</sup> Advise yourself.

*Edg.* I am sure on't, not a word.

*Edm.* I hear my father coming.—Pardon me ;  
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you :  
Draw : seem to defend yourself. Now 'quit you well.  
Yield :—come before my father ;—Light, ho ! here !—  
Fly, brother ;—Torches ! torches !—So, farewell.—

[*Exit* *EDGAR*]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion  
[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavor : I have seen drunkards  
Do more than this in sport.—Father ! father !  
Stop, stop ! No help ?

*Enter* *GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.*

*Glo.* Now, Edmund, where's the villain ? [out,

*Edm.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword  
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon  
To stand auspicious mistress.

*Glo.* But where is he ?

*Edm.* Look, sir, I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villain, Edmund ?

\* "Attask'd," i. e., taxed ; reprehended.—<sup>b</sup> *Kibes* are chil-  
blains.—<sup>c</sup> A quibble upon *kindly*, i. e., like the rest of her  
*kind*, and *kindly*, affectionately.—<sup>d</sup> "Perforce," i. e., by  
force violently.

\* "Ear-bussing arguments," i. e., *whispered* arguments.—  
<sup>1</sup> "Toward," i. e., in preparation.—<sup>2</sup> "Queazy," i. e., delicate.  
—<sup>3</sup> "Upon his party," i. e., upon the party formed by him  
(Cornwall) against the duke of Albany.—<sup>4</sup> "Advise yourself,"  
i. e., recollect yourself.

*Edm.* Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

*Glo.* Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit Serv.*]  
By no means,—what?

*Edm.* Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;  
But that I told him, the revenging gods  
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;  
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond  
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,  
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood  
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,  
With his prepared sword he charges home  
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:  
But ' whether he saw my best alarm'd spirits,  
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,  
Or whether 'ghasted by the noise I made,  
Full suddenly he fled.

*Glo.* Let him fly far:  
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;  
And found, ' dispatch'd.—The noble duke my master,  
My worthy 'arch and patron, comes to-night:  
By his authority I will proclaim it,  
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,  
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;  
He, that conceals him, death.

*Edm.* When I dissuaded him from his intent,  
And found him 'pight to do it, with 'curst speech  
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,  
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,  
If I would stand against thee, would the 'reposal  
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee  
Make thy words 'faith'd? No: what I should deny,  
(As this I would; ' although thou didst produce  
My very 'character) I'd turn it all  
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:  
And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
If they not thought the profits of my death  
Were very pregnant and potential spurs  
To make thee seek it."

*Glo.* ' Strong and fasten'd villain!  
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

[*Tucket within.*]

Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;  
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture  
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom  
May have due note of him; and of my land,  
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means  
To make thee 'capable.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.*

*Corn.* How now, my noble friend! since I came  
hither, [news]

(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,  
Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord?

*Glo.* O, madam! my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.

*Reg.* What! did my father's godson seek your life?  
He whom my father nam'd? ' your heir, your Edgar?

*Glo.* O, lady, lady! shame would have it bid.

*Reg.* ' Was he companion with the riotous knights  
That tend upon my father?

*Glo.* I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.—

*Edm.* Yes, madam, ' yes; he was of that consort.

*Reg.* No marvel, then, though he were ill-affected:

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,  
To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.  
I have this present evening from my sister  
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions  
That if they come to sojourn at my house,  
I'll not be there.

*Corn.* Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father  
A child-like office.

*Edm.* 'Twas my duty, sir.

*Glo.* He did bewray his ' practice; and receiv'd  
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

*Corn.* Is he pursued?

*Glo.*

Ay, my good lord, he is.

*Corn.* If he be taken, he shall never more  
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,  
How in my strength you please.—' As for you, Ed-  
mund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant  
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:  
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;  
You we first seize on.

*Edm.* I shall serve you, sir,  
Truly, however else.

*Glo.* For him I thank your grace.

*Corn.* You know not why we came to visit you.

*Reg.* Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night.  
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some 'poize,  
Wherein we must have use of your advice.  
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,  
Of differences, which I best 'thought fit  
To answer from our 'home: the several messengers  
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,  
Lay comforts to 'our bosom, and bestow  
Your needful counsel to our business,  
Which craves the instant use.

*Glo.* I serve you, madam.  
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—Before GLOSTER's Castle.

*Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.*

*Osw.* Good 'dawning to thee, friend: art of this  
house?

*Kent.* Ay.

*Osw.* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent.* I' the mire.

*Osw.* Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Osw.* Why, then I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in <sup>10</sup> Finsbury 'pinfold, I would  
make thee care for me.

*Osw.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

*Osw.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats;  
a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hun-  
dred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-  
liver'd, action-taking knave, a whoreson glass-gazing,  
super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting  
slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good  
service, and art nothing but the composition of a  
knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and  
heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into  
clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable  
of thy 'p addition.

*Osw.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus  
to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor  
knows thee.

\* "Ghasted," i. e., *aghasted*; frightened.—<sup>b</sup> "Arch," i. e., chief.—<sup>c</sup> "Pight," i. e., fixed in his purpose.—<sup>d</sup> "Curst," i. e., angry; bitter.—<sup>e</sup> "The reposal," i. e., the opinion *reposed* in thee.—<sup>f</sup> "Faith'd," i. e., to be believed; to be credited.—<sup>g</sup> "Character," i. e., hand-writing; signature.—<sup>h</sup> "Strong," i. e., determined; resolute.—<sup>i</sup> "Capable," i. e., *capable* of succeeding to my land.

<sup>k</sup> "Bewray his practice," i. e., reveal his treacherous de-  
vices.—<sup>l</sup> *Poize* is *weight, moment*.—<sup>m</sup> "From our home," i. e.,  
away from our home.—<sup>n</sup> *Dawning* for *morning*.—<sup>o</sup> "Pin-  
fold," i. e., pound.—<sup>p</sup> "Of thy addition," i. e., of thy titles.



*Kent.* What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me. Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines: I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: [*Drawing his Sword.*] Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

*Osw.* Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take <sup>a</sup>Vanity, the puppet's, part, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! help!

*Kent.* Strike, you slave: stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike.

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, EDMUND, and Servants.*

*Edm.* How now! What's the matter? Part.

*Kent.* With you, Goodman boy, if you please: I'll flesh you; come on, young master. [*come, Glo.* Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives:  
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the king.

*Corn.* What is your difference? speak.

*Osw.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor. You cowardly rascal, nature <sup>b</sup>disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee. [*man?*]

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a

*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

*Osw.* This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have At suit of his grey beard,— [*spar'd*]

*Kent.* Thou, whoreson zed? thou, unnecessary letter?—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this <sup>c</sup>unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a <sup>d</sup>jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

*Corn.* Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

*Corn.* Why art thou angry?

*Kent.* That such a slave as this should wear a sword, Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these, Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain [*sion* Which are too <sup>e</sup>intrinse t' unloose; smooth every pas-

That in the natures of their lords rebels;  
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

<sup>f</sup>Reneg, affirm, and turn their <sup>g</sup>halecyon beaks

With every gule and vary of their masters,

And knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—

A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile <sup>h</sup>at my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

*Corn.* What, art thou mad, old fellow?

*Glo.* How fell you out? say that.

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy,

Than I and such a knave. [*this offence?*]

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave? What's

*Kent.* His countenance <sup>b</sup>likes me not.

*Corn.* No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

*Kent.* Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:

I have seen better faces in my time,  
Than <sup>2</sup>stand on any shoulders that I see  
Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow,  
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect  
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb  
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he;  
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:  
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness  
Harbor more craft, and more corrupter ends,  
Than twenty silly ducking observants,  
That stretch their duties nicely.

*Kent.* Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,  
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,  
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire  
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

*Corn.* What was the offence you gave him?

*Osw.* I never gave him any.

It pleas'd the king, his master, very late,  
To strike at me upon his misconstruction;  
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,  
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,  
And put upon him such a deal of man,  
That worthied him, got praises of the king  
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;  
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,  
Drew on me here again.

*Kent.* None of these rogues, and cowards  
But Ajax is their <sup>i</sup>fool.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!

You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend barggart,  
We'll teach you—

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn.

Call not your stocks for me; I serve the king,  
On whose employment I was sent to you:  
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice  
Against the grace and person of my master,  
Stocking his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!

As I have life and honor, there shall he sit till noon.

*Reg.* Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

*Kent.* Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,  
You should not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

*Corn.* This is a fellow of the self-same color  
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.

*Glo.* Let me beseech your grace not to do so.

His fault is much, and the good king his master  
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction  
Is such, as basest and condemn'dst wretches,  
For pilferings and most common trespasses,  
Are punish'd with. The king must take it ill,  
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,  
Should have him thus restrain'd.

*Corn.* I'll answer that.

*Reg.* My sister may receive it much more worse,  
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,  
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

KENT is set in the Stocks

<sup>a</sup> *Vanity*, a character in the old moralities.—<sup>b</sup> *Disclaims* in for disclaims.—<sup>c</sup> "Unbolt-d." i. e., coarse; unrefined.—<sup>d</sup> "Jakes," i. e., privy.—<sup>e</sup> "Intrinse," i. e., intricate; perplexed.—<sup>f</sup> To *reneg* is to deny, *disown*.—<sup>g</sup> The *halecyon* is the kingfisher, which, when dried and hung up by a thread, is supposed to turn his bill to the point whence the wind blows.—<sup>h</sup> "Likes," i. e., pleases.

<sup>i</sup> "Is their fool," i. e., is a fool to them.

Come, my lord, away.

[*Exeunt* REGAN and CORNWALL.

*Glo.* I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows, Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

*Kent.* Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle:

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.

Give you good morrow!

*Glo.* The duke's to blame in this: 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

*Kent.* Good king, that must approve the common Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st [*a* saw:— To the warm sun.

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe, That by thy comfortable beams I may Peruse this letter.—Nothing almost sees miracles, But misery:—I know, 'tis from Cordelia; Who hath most fortunately been inform'd Of my obscured course; and shall find time From this <sup>b</sup> enormous state,—seeking to give Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'er-watch'd, Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold This shameful lodging. Fortune, good night; Smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*He sleeps.*

### SCENE III.—A Part of the Heath.

*Enter* EDGAR.

*Edg.* I heard myself proclaim'd; And by the happy hollow of a tree Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place, That guard, and most unusual vigilance, Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape, I will preserve myself; and am bethought To take the basest and most poorest shape, That ever penury, in contempt of man, Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth, Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in <sup>c</sup> knots, And with presented nakedness out-face The winds, and persecutions of the sky. The country gives me proof and precedent Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices, Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms Pins, wooden <sup>d</sup>pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary; And with this horrible object, from low farms, Poor <sup>e</sup>pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills, Sometime with lunatic <sup>f</sup>bans, sometime with prayers, Enforce their charity.—Poor Turluygood! poor Tom! That's something yet:—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

### SCENE IV.—Before GLOSTER's Castle.

*Enter* LEAR, Fool, and a Gentleman.

*Lear.* 'Tis strange that they should so depart from And not send back my messenger. [*Home,*

*Gent.* As I learn'd, The night before there was no purpose in them Of this remove.

*Kent.* Hail to thee, noble master! <sup>1</sup> [*Waking.*

*Lear.* Ha! Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

*Kent.* No, my lord.

*Fool.* Ha, ha! look; he wears <sup>2</sup>cruel garters. Horses are tied by the head; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the

legs. When a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden <sup>3</sup>nether-stocks. [*mistook,*

*Lear.* What's he, that hath so much thy place To set thee here?

*Kent.* It is both he and she;

Your son and daughter.

*Lear.* No.

*Kent.* Yes.

*Lear.* No, I say.

*Kent.* I say, yea.

*Lear.* No, no; they would not.

*Kent.* Yes, they have.

*Lear.* By Jupiter, I swear no.

*Kent.* By Juno, I swear, ay.

*Lear.*

They durst not do't; 'tis worse than murder to do upon 'respect such violent outrage. [*der,* Resolve me with all modest haste which way Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage, Coming from us.

*Kent.* My lord, when at their home I did commend your highness' letters to them, Ere I was risen from the place that show'd My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post, Stew'd in his haste, half-breathless, panting forth From Goneril, his mistress, <sup>2</sup>salutation; Deliver'd letters, spite of <sup>3</sup>intermission, Which presently they read: on whose contents, They summon'd up their <sup>4</sup>meiny, straight took horse; Commanded me to follow, and attend The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks: And meeting here the other messenger, Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine, (Being the very fellow which of late Display'd so saucily against your highness) Having more man than wit about me, drew: He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries. Your son and daughter found this trespass worth The shame which here it suffers. [*that way.*

*Fool.* Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly Fathers, that wear rags, Do make their children blind; But fathers, that bear bags, Shall see their children kind. Fortune, that arrant whore, Ne'er turns the key to the poor.— But, for all this, <sup>3</sup>it follows, Thou shalt have as many <sup>m</sup>dolors For thy daughters <sup>4</sup>dear, As thou canst tell in a year.

*Lear.* O, how this <sup>2</sup>mother swells up toward my heart!

*Hysterica passio!* down, thou climbing sorrow, Thy element's below.—Where is this daughter?

*Kent.* With the earl, sir; here, within.

*Lear.* Follow me not: Stay here. [*Exit.*

*Gent.* Made you no more offence than what you *Kent.* None. [*Speak of?*

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no laboring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great

<sup>a</sup> "Approve the common saw," i. e., verify the common saying.—<sup>b</sup> "Enormous," i. e., irregular; disordered.—<sup>c</sup> Hair thus knotted was supposed to be the work of elves and fairies in the night.—<sup>d</sup> Skewers.—<sup>e</sup> Paltrey.—<sup>f</sup> Curses.—<sup>g</sup> Cruel, a quibble on *crevel*, a sort of worsted.

<sup>h</sup> Nether-stocks, the old word word for stockings.—<sup>i</sup> "Upon respect," i. e., upon consideration; deliberately.—<sup>k</sup> "Spite of intermission," i. e., 'spite of leaving me unanswered'.—<sup>l</sup> "Meiny," i. e., people; train; suite.—<sup>m</sup> A quibble between *dolors* and *dollars*.—<sup>n</sup> A disease called the mother.

wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The <sup>1</sup> fool turns knave that runs away,

The <sup>2</sup> knave no fool, perdy.

*Kent.* Where learn'd you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i' the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere <sup>a</sup> fetches, The images of revolt and flying off. Fetch me a better answer.

*Glo.* My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremovable and fix'd he is

In his own course.

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—Fiery! what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,

I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

*Glo.* Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me,

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord. [man?]

*Lear.* The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father [vice:]

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service. Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!—

Fiery! the fiery duke!—Tell the hot duke, that—

No, but not yet;—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereunto our health is bound: we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

<sup>3</sup> [Pointing to KENT.]

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,

That this <sup>b</sup> remotion of the duke and her

Is <sup>c</sup> practice only. Give me my servant forth.

Go, tell the duke and 's wife, I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,

Till it cry—"Sleep to death."

*Glo.* I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.]

*Lear.* O me! my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she <sup>a</sup> knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!" 'twas her brother, that in pure kindness to his horse butter'd his hay.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.*

*Lear.* Good morrow to you both.

*Corn.*

Hail to your grace!

[KENT is set at liberty.]

*Reg.* I am glad to see your highness.

*Lear.* Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad, I would divorce <sup>b</sup> thee from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adultress,—O! are you free?

[To KENT.]

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan! she hath tied Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here.—

[Points to his heart.]

I can scarce speak to thee: thou'lt not believe, With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!—

*Reg.* I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope, You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.

*Lear.* Say, how is that?

*Reg.* I cannot think, my sister in the least Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance, She have restrain'd the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end, As clears her from all blame.

*Lear.* My curses on her!

*Reg.* O, sir! you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led By some discretion, that discerns your state Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you, That to our sister you do make return: Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness!

Do you but mark how this becomes the <sup>c</sup> mouth:

"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;

Age is <sup>d</sup> unnecessary: on my knees I beg,

[Kneeling.]

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

*Reg.* Good sir, no more: these are unsightly tricks. Return you to my sister.

*Lear.* Never, Regan. <sup>e</sup> [Rising.]

She hath abated me of half my train;

Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.—

All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall

On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

*Corn.* Fie, sir, fie!

*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty, [flames] You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun, To <sup>f</sup> fall and blast her pride!

*Reg.* O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

*Lear.* No, Regan; thou shalt never have my curse:

Thy <sup>g</sup> tender-hearted nature shall not give

Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine

Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee

To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

To bandy hasty words, to scant my <sup>h</sup> sizes,

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt

Against my coming in: thou better know'st

The offices of nature, bond of childhood,

Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;

Thy half o' the kingdom <sup>i</sup> thou hast not forgot,

Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.* Good sir, to the purpose.

*Lear.* Who put my man i' the stocks?

[Tucket within.]

*Corn.* What trumpet's that?

*Enter OSWALD.*

*Reg.* I know't; my sister's: this approves her letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

*Lear.* This is a slave, whose easy borrow'd pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—

Out, varlet, from my sight!

*Corn.* What means your grace?

<sup>a</sup> "Fetches," i. e., evasions.—<sup>b</sup> "Remotion," i. e., retirement.—<sup>c</sup> "Practice," i. e., artifice.

<sup>d</sup> "Unnecessary" is used here in the sense of *necessitous*.—<sup>e</sup> "To fall," i. e., to make fall; to humble.—<sup>f</sup> A size is a portion or allotment of food.



*Lear.* Who stock'd my servant? *Regan,* I have  
good hope [heavens!  
*Thou* didst not know on't.—Who comes here? *O*

*Enter GONERIL.*

If you do love old men, if your sweet away  
\*Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,  
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—  
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?

[*To GONERIL.*

*O Regan!* wilt thou take her by the hand?

*Gon.* Why not by the hand, sir? How have I  
offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,  
And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O sides! you are too tough:  
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the  
stocks?

*Corn.* I set him there, sir; but his own disorders  
Deserv'd much less advancement.

*Lear.* You! did you?  
*Reg.* I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.

If, till the expiration of your month,  
You will return and sojourn with my sister,  
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:  
I am now from home, and out of that provision  
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

*Lear.* Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?  
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage against the enmity o' the air;  
To be a comrade with the wolf and howl  
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her!  
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took  
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought  
To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg  
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?  
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter  
To this detested groom. [*Looking at OSWALD.*

*Gon.* At your choice, sir.

*Lear.* I prythee, daughter, do not make me mad:  
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.  
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;  
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;  
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,  
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,  
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,  
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;  
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.  
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:  
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,  
I, and my hundred knights.

*Reg.* Not altogether so:  
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;  
For those that mingle reason with 's their passion,  
Must be content to think you old, and so—  
But she knows what she does.

*Lear.* Is this well spoken?

*Reg.* I dare avouch it, sir. What! fifty followers?  
Is it not well? What should you need of more?  
Yea, or so many, 'sith that both charge and danger  
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,  
Should many people, under two commands,  
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

*Gon.* Why might not you, my lord, receive at-  
tendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

*Reg.* Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd  
to slack you,

We could control them. If you will come to me,  
(For now I spy a danger) I entreat you  
To bring but five and twenty: to no more  
Will I give place, or notice.

*Lear.* I gave you all.

*Reg.* And in good time you gave it

*Lear.* Made you my guardians, my depositaries,  
But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number. What! must I come to you  
With five and twenty? *Regan,* said you so?

*Reg.* And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.

*Lear.* Those wicked creatures yet do look well-  
favor'd,

When others are more wicked; not being the worst  
Stands in some rank of \*praise.—I'll go with thee:

[*To GONERIL.*

*Thy* fifty yet doth double five and twenty,  
And thou art twice her love.

*Gon.* Hear me, my lord.

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,  
To follow in a house, where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you?

*Reg.* What need one?

*Lear.* O! reason not the need; your basest beggars  
Are in the poorest things superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is 'cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,  
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,  
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true  
need,—

You heavens, give me <sup>3</sup>but patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both:

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger.

O! let not women's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks.—No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,

That all the world shall—I will do such things:—

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;

No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart

[*Storm heard at a distance*

Shall break into a hundred thousand <sup>4</sup>flaws,

Or ere I'll weep.—O, fool! I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.*

*Corn.* Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

*Reg.* This house is little: the old man and 's people  
Cannot be well bestow'd. [*Rest;*

*Gon.* 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from  
<sup>4</sup>He must needs taste his folly.

*Reg.* For his <sup>5</sup>particular, I'll receive him gladly,  
But not one follower.

*Gon.* So am I purpos'd.

Where is my lord of Gloster?

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

*Corn.* Follow'd the old man forth.—He is return'd.

*Glo.* The king is in high rage.

*Corn.* Whither is he going?

*Glo.* He calls to horse; but will I know not  
whither.

*Corn.* 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

*Gon.* My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

*Glo.* Alack! the night comes on, and the bleak  
Do sorely ruffle: for many miles about [winds  
There's scarce a bush.

*Reg.* O, sir! to wilful men,

\* Allow, "i. e., approve.—<sup>b</sup> Sumpter, "i. e., sumpter-horse, that carries necessities on a journey.—<sup>c</sup> Embossed, "i. e., swelling; protuberant.—<sup>d</sup> Since.

<sup>3</sup> That is, "To be not the worst deserves some praise."—<sup>4</sup> "Cheap," i. e., as little worth.—<sup>5</sup> "Flaws," i. e., fragments; shivers.—<sup>b</sup> "For his particular," i. e., for himself alone.

The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:  
He is attended with a desperate train,  
And what they may <sup>a</sup>incense him to, being apt  
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear. [night:  
*Corn.* Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild  
My Regan counsels well.—Come out o' the storm.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Heath.

*A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning. Enter  
KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.*

*Kent.* Who's here, beside foul weather?

*Gent.* One minded, like the weather, most un-  
quietly.

*Kent.* I know you. Where's the king?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful elements;  
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the <sup>b</sup>main, [hair,  
That things might change or cease: tears his white  
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,  
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:  
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn  
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. [couch,  
This night, wherein the <sup>c</sup>cub-drawn bear would  
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their fur dry, unbanned he runs,  
And bids what will take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool, who labors to outjest  
His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you,  
And dare, upon the warrant of my <sup>d</sup>note,  
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,  
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;  
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars  
Thron'd and set high) servants, who seem no less,  
Which are to France the spies and <sup>e</sup>spectators  
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,  
Either in snuffs and <sup>f</sup>packings of the dukes,  
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne  
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,  
Whereof, perchance, these are but <sup>g</sup>flourishings;—  
But, true it is, from France there comes a power  
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,  
Wise in our negligence, have secret <sup>h</sup>feet  
In some of our best ports, and are at point  
To show their open banner.—Now to you:  
If on my credit you dare build so far  
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find  
Some that will thank you, making just report  
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow  
The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,  
And from some knowledge and assurance offer  
This office to you.

*Gent.* I will talk farther with you.

*Kent.* No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more  
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take  
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,

<sup>a</sup>To incense is here to instigate.—<sup>b</sup>The main is here the main land.—<sup>c</sup>The cub-drawn bear," i. e., the bear whose dugs are drawn dry by its cubs.—<sup>d</sup>"My note," i. e., my observation of your character.—<sup>e</sup>"Snuffs and packings," i. e., distikes and underhand contrivances.—<sup>f</sup>"Secret feet," i. e., secret footing.

(As fear not but you shall) show her this ring,  
And she will tell you who that <sup>i</sup>fellow is  
That yet you do not know. [*Thunder.*] Fie on this  
storm!

I will go seek the king. [say?

*Gent.* Give me your hand. Have you no more to

*Kent.* Few words, but, to effect, more than all  
yet; [pain

That, when we have found the king, in which your  
That way, I'll this, he that first lights on him,  
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—Another part of the Heath. Storm  
continues.

*Enter LEAR and Fool.*

*Lear.* Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage  
You cataracts and hurricanoes spout, [blow  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the  
cocks!

You sulphurous and <sup>b</sup>thought-executing fires,  
<sup>i</sup>Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts, [der  
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thun  
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world:  
Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once,  
That make ingrateful man!

*Fool.* O nuncle, court <sup>b</sup>holy-water in a dry house  
is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good  
nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing: here's  
a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

<sup>3</sup>[*Thunder.*

*Lear.* Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!  
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,  
You owe me no <sup>1</sup>subscription; then, let fall  
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,  
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.  
But yet I call you servile ministers,  
That with two pernicious daughters join  
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

*Fool.* He that has a house to put 's head in has a  
good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall louse;—

So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe

What he his heart should make,

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made  
mouths in a glass.

*Enter KENT.*

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I  
will say nothing.

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Fool.* Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's  
a wise man, and a fool.

*Kent.* Alas, sir! are you here? Things that love  
night,

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies

<sup>m</sup>Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,

And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

<sup>3</sup>"Fellow," i. e., companion.—<sup>b</sup>"Thought-executing,"  
i. e., executing with the rapidity of thought.—<sup>i</sup>*Avant-*  
*couriers*, Fr.—<sup>k</sup>"Court holy-water," a proverbial phrase  
for fair words.—<sup>1</sup>"Subscription," i. e., obedience.—<sup>m</sup>"Gal-  
low," i. e., frighten; scare.

Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry Th' affliction, nor the fear.

*Lear.* Let the great gods,  
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,  
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;  
Thou 'perjure,<sup>a</sup> and thou 'simuler of virtue  
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guilts,  
Rive your concealing 'continents, and cry  
These dreadful summoners 'd grace.—I am a man,  
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

*Kent.* Alack! bare-headed.  
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;  
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:  
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,  
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd,  
Which even but now, demanding after you,  
Denied me to come in) return, and force  
Their scantied courtesy.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turn.—  
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?  
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?  
The art of our necessities is strange,  
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.  
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.

*Fool.* He that has a little tiny wit,— [Sings.  
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—  
Must make content with his fortunes fit;  
For the rain it raineth every day.

*Lear.* True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [Exeunt LEAR and KENT.]

*Fool.* This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.—  
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;  
When brewers mar their malt with water;  
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;  
No heretics burn'd, but wenches suitors.  
When every case in law is right;  
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;  
When slanders do not live in tongues,  
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;  
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,  
And bawds and whores do churches build;  
Then shall the realm of Albion  
Come to great confusion:  
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,  
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [Exit.]

#### SCENE III.—A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

*Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.*

*Glo.* Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

*Edm.* Most savage, and unnatural!

*Glo.* Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken:—I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged

home; there is part of a power already 'footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.]

*Edm.* This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too. This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me that which my father loses; no less than all: The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.]

#### SCENE IV.—A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

*Kent.* Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough  
For nature to endure. [Storm still.]

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?

*Kent.* I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter. [Storm]

*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious  
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;  
But where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;  
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,  
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the  
mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,  
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home.—  
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night  
To shut me out!—Pour on;—I will endure.—  
In such a night as this! O Regan! Goneril!—  
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all.—  
O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;  
No more of that.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:  
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:  
In, boy; go first.—[To the Fool.] You houseless  
poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.— [Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,  
Your loop'd and 'window'd raggedness, defend you  
From seasons such as these? O! I have ta'en  
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
That thou may'st shake the superfluous to them,  
And show the heavens more just.

*Edg.* [Within.] Fathom and half, fathom and half!  
Poor Tom!

[The Fool runs out from the Hovel.]

*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit.  
Help me! help me!

*Kent.* Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

<sup>a</sup> Perjure was anciently used to signify a perjured forsworn person. — <sup>b</sup> "Simuler," i. e., counterfeit. — <sup>c</sup> Continents for containers, enclosures. — <sup>d</sup> Grace, i. e., favor.

<sup>e</sup> "Footed," i. e., on foot. — <sup>f</sup> Loop'd and window'd signifies full of holes and apertures.



*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i'  
Come forth. [the straw?]

*Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.*

*Edg.* Away! the foul fiend follows me!—  
"Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold  
wind."—

*Humph!* go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

*Lear.* Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?  
And art thou come to this?

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom  
the foul fiend hath led through fire and through  
flame, through <sup>1</sup>swamp and whirlpool, over bog and  
quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,  
and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge;  
made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-  
horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own  
shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits! Tom's  
a-cold.—O! do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from  
whirlwinds, star-blasting, and <sup>2</sup>taking! Do poor  
Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes.—  
There could I have him now,—and there,—and  
there,—and there again, and there.

<sup>2</sup>[*Strikes.* *Storm continues.*]

*Lear.* What! have his daughters brought him to  
this pass? [all?]

Could'st thou save nothing? Didst thou give them  
*Fool.* Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been  
all asham'd.

*Lear.* Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air  
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, sir. [nature]

*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued  
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—  
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers  
Should have thus little mercy <sup>3</sup>of their flesh?  
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot  
Those <sup>4</sup>pelican daughters.

*Edg.* Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all to fools and  
madmen.

*Edg.* Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy pa-  
rents; <sup>5</sup>keep thy word; do justice; swear not;  
commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy  
sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

*Lear.* What hast thou been?

*Edg.* A serving-man, proud in heart and mind;  
that curled my hair, wore gloves in my <sup>6</sup>cap, served  
the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of  
darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake  
words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven:  
one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked  
to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and  
in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart,  
light of <sup>7</sup>ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in  
stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in  
prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling  
of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy  
foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy  
pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—  
"Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;"  
says suum, mun, ha no nunny. Dolphin my boy,  
my boy; sessa! let him trot by.

[*Storm still continues.*]

*Lear.* Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to  
answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of  
the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider  
him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast

no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—  
—Ha! here's three <sup>8</sup>on's are sophisticated: thou  
art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no  
more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou  
art.—Off, off, you lendings.—Come; unbutton  
here.—<sup>6</sup>[*Tearing his clothes.*]

*Fool.* Prythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a  
naughty night to swim in.—Now, a little fire in a  
wide field were like an old lecher's heart; a small  
spark, all the rest on's body cold.—Look! here  
comes a walking fire.

*Edg.* This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he  
begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he  
gives the web and the <sup>9</sup>pin, squints the eye, and  
makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and  
hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the world;*

*He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;*

*Bid her alight,*

*And her troth plight,*

*And, 'aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!*

*Kent.* How fares your grace?

*Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.*

*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.* Who's there? What is't you seek?

*Glo.* What are you there? Your names?

*Edg.* Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog,  
the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the  
<sup>10</sup>water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul  
fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the  
old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle  
of the standing pool: who is whipped from tything  
to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned;  
who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to  
his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice, and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin! peace, thou  
fiend!

*Glo.* What! hath your grace no better company?

*Edg.* The prince of darkness is a gentleman;  
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

*Glo.* Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,  
That it doth hate what gets it.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer

To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:  
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,  
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,  
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,  
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

*Lear.* First let me talk with this philosopher.—  
What is the cause of thunder? [house.]

*Kent.* Good my lord, take his offer: go into the

*Lear.* I'll talk a word with this same learned  
What is your study? [Theban.—]

*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

*Lear.* Let me ask you one word in private.

<sup>7</sup>[*They talk apart.*]

*Kent.* Importune him once more to go, my lord,  
His wits begin t' unsettle.

*Glo.* Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death.—Ah, that good Kent!—  
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!  
Thou say'st, the king grows mad: I'll tell thee, friend,  
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,  
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,  
But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend,  
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

<sup>1</sup> "Taking," i. e., blasting with malignant influences.—

<sup>2</sup> The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood.—

<sup>3</sup> It was the custom to wear gloves in the hat, as the favor of  
a mistress.—<sup>4</sup> "Light of ear," i. e., ready to receive mali-  
cious reports.

<sup>5</sup> "The web and the pin," diseases of the eyes, resembling  
the cataract.—<sup>6</sup> "Aroint," i. e., away.—<sup>7</sup> "The water," i. e.,  
the water-newt.

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!  
[*Storm continues.*]

I do beseech your grace,—

*Lear.* O! cry you mercy, sir.—

Noble philosopher, your company.

*Edg.* Tom's a-cold. [warm.]

*Glo.* In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee

*Lear.* Come, let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my lord.

*Lear.* With him:

I will keep still with my philosopher. [fellow.]

*Kent.* Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the

*Glo.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

*Lear.* Come, good Athenian.

*Glo.* No words, no words:

Hush!

*Edg.* "Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man." [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE V.—A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

*Corn.* I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

*Edm.* How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

*Corn.* I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.

*Edm.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

*Corn.* Go with me to the duchess.

*Edm.* If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

*Corn.* True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

*Edm.* [Aside.] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—[To him.] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

*Corn.* I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE VI.—A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

*Glo.* Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

*Kent.* All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience.—The gods reward your kindness!

[Exit GLOSTER.]

*Edg.* Frateretto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray<sup>b</sup> innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

*Fool.* Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

*Lear.* A king, a king!

*Fool.* No: he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits Come whizzing in upon them.—

*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

*Fool.* He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath. [straight.—]

*Lear.* It shall be done; I will arraign them Come, sit thou here, most learned<sup>c</sup> justicer;—

[To EDGAR.]

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!—

*Edg.* Look, where he stands and glares!—

Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the<sup>d</sup> bourne, Bessy, to me:—

*Fool.* Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

*Kent.* How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

*Lear.* I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—

[To EDGAR.]

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the Fool.]

Bench by his side.—You are o' the commission, Sit you too. [To KENT.]

*Edg.* Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy<sup>e</sup> minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

*Lear.* Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father. [eril?]

*Fool.* Come hither, mistress. Is your name Gon-

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

*Lear.* And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place! False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

*Edg.* Bless thy five wits!

*Kent.* O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain? [much,

*Edg.* [Aside.] My tears begin to take his part so They'll mar my counterfeiting.

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

*Edg.* Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim,

Hound, or spaniel, brach, or 'lym;

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,

Tom will make them weep and wail:

For with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de. See, see! Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market-towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

*Lear.* Then, let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, [To

<sup>c</sup> Justicer for justice.—<sup>d</sup> A bourne is a brook or rivulet.—

<sup>e</sup> Minikin was anciently a term of endearment.—[“Lym,” i. e., bloodhound.—Tike and trundle-tail are species of mean dogs.]

<sup>a</sup> Child is an old name for a knight.—<sup>b</sup> Fools were anciently termed innocents.

EDGAR.] I entertain you for one of my hundred ; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments : you will say, they are Persian attire ; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise : draw the curtains. So, so, so : we'll go to supper i' the morning : so, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go bed at noon.

*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

Glo. Come hither, friend : where is the king my master ? [gone.]

Kent. Here, sir : but trouble him not ; his wits are

Glo. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy arms ; I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him.

There is a litter ready ; lay him in't, [meet

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master :

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up ;

And follow me, that will to some provision

Give these quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps :—

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,

Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master ;

Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the King.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,  
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,

Leaving free things and happy shows behind ;

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now, [bow :

When that which makes me bend, makes the king

He childed, as I father'd !—Tom, away !

Mark the high noises ; and thyself bewray,

When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,

In thy just proof, repeats and reconciles thee.

What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king !

Lurk, lurk. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband ;

show him this letter :—the army of France is landed.

—Seek out the traitor Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my <sup>1</sup>disposure.—Edmund,

keep you our sister company : the revenges we are

bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit

for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are

going, to a most <sup>c</sup>festinate preparation : we are

bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and in-

telligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister :—fare-

well, my lord of <sup>d</sup>Gloster.

*Enter OSWALD.*

How now ! Where's the king ?

Osw. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence :

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,

<sup>a</sup> "The high noises," i. e., the great events that are approaching.—<sup>b</sup> "Bewray," i. e., betray ; discover.—<sup>c</sup> "Festinate," i. e., quick ; hasty.—<sup>d</sup> "My lord of Gloster," i. e., Edmund, invested with his father's title.

Hot <sup>e</sup>questrists after him, met him at gate ;  
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,  
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast  
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL, EDMUND, and OSWALD.*

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor

Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants*

Though well we may not pass upon his life

Without the form of justice, yet our power

Shall do a 'courtesy to our wrath, which men

May blame, but not control. Who's there ? The traitor ?

*Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.*

Reg. Ingrateful fox ! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his <sup>e</sup>corky arms. [consider

Glo. What mean your graces ?—Good my friends.

You are my guests : do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants bind him.

Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor !

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—

<sup>2</sup> [They bind him : REGAN plucks his beard.

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor !

Glo. Naughty lady.

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will <sup>b</sup>quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host :

With robbers' hands my hospitable <sup>4</sup>favours

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from

France ?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the

Late <sup>k</sup>footed in the kingdom ? [traitors

Reg. To whose hands

Have you sent the lunatic king ? Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,

Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,

And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king ?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore ?

To Dover ? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover ? Let him answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the

Reg. Wherefore to Dover ? [course

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes ; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh <sup>1</sup>rash boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,

And quench'd the <sup>m</sup>stelled fires ;

Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the

All cruels else <sup>a</sup>subscrib'd : but I shall see [key,"

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

<sup>a</sup> A *quest* is one who goes in *quest* or search of another. —<sup>b</sup> "Shall do a courtesy," i. e., shall bend.—<sup>c</sup> "Corky," i. e., dry ; withered ; husky.—<sup>d</sup> "Will quicken," i. e., will quicken into life.—<sup>e</sup> "Favors," i. e., features.—<sup>f</sup> "Footed," i. e., set on foot.—<sup>g</sup> To *rash* is the old term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs.—<sup>h</sup> "Stelled," i. e., starred.—<sup>i</sup> "Subscrib'd," i. e., yielded ; submitted to the necessity of the occasion.



*Corn.* See it shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

*Glo.* He, that will think to live till he be old,  
Give me some help !—O cruel ! O ye gods !

*Reg.* One side will mock another ; the other too.  
*Corn.* If you see, vengeance,—

*Serv.* Hold your hand, my lord.  
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child,

But better service have I never done you,  
Than now to bid you hold.

*Reg.* How now, you dog !

*Serv.* If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean ?

*Corn.* My villain ! [*Draws and runs at him.*]

*Serv.* Nay then, come on, and take the chance of  
anger. [*Draws.* CORNWALL is wounded.

*Reg.* Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up  
thus ! [*left*]

*Serv.* O, I am slain !—My lord, you have one eye  
To see some mischief on him.—O ! [*Dies.*]

*Corn.* Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly !  
Where is thy lustre now ?

*Glo.* All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son  
Edmund ?

Edmund, kindle all the sparks of nature,  
To quit this horrid act.

*Reg.* Out, treacherous villain !  
Thou call'st on him that hates thee : it was he  
That made the <sup>b</sup>overture of thy treasons to us,  
Who is too good to pity thee.

*Glo.* O my follies ! Then Edgar was abus'd.—  
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him !

*Reg.* Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell  
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord ? How look  
you ?

*Corn.* I have receiv'd a hurt. Follow me, lady.—  
Turn out that eyeless villain : throw this slave  
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed space :

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN:—Servants*

*unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1 *Serv.* I'll never come what wickedness I do,  
If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,  
And in the end meet the old course of <sup>c</sup>death,  
Women will all turn monsters. [*lam*]

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the <sup>d</sup>Bed-  
To lead him where he would : his roguish madness  
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou : I'll fetch some flax, and whites  
of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help  
him ! [*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—The Heath.

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* <sup>3</sup>Yes, better thus, unknown to be contemn'd,  
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,  
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,  
Stands still in <sup>e</sup>esperance, lives not in fear :  
The lamentable change is from the best ;  
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,

Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace :

The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,  
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here ?—

*Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.*

My father, poorly led ?—World, world, O world !  
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,  
Life would not yield to age.

*Old Man.* O my good lord ! I have been your  
tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore  
years.

*Glo.* Away, get thee away ; good friend, be gone :  
Thy comforts can do me no good at all ;  
Thee they may hurt.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir ! you cannot see your way.

*Glo.* I have no way, and therefore want no eyes :  
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,  
Our <sup>4</sup>wants secure us ; and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities.—Ah ! dear son Edgar,  
The food of thy abused father's wrath,  
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,  
I'd say I had eyes again !

*Old Man.* How now ! Who's there ?

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] O gods ! Who is't can say, "I am  
at the worst ?"

I am worse than e'er I was.

*Old Man.* 'Tis poor mad Tom.

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet : the worst  
is not

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

*Old Man.* Fellow, where goest ?

*Glo.* Is it a beggar-man ?

*Old Man.* Madman, and beggar too.

*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could not beg  
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,  
Which made me think a man a worm : my son  
Came then into my mind ; and yet my mind  
Was then scarce friends with him : I have heard  
more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods ;  
They kill us for their sport.

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] How should this be ?—  
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,  
Angering itself and others. [*To him.*] Bless thee,

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow ? [*master !*]

*Old Man.* Ay, my lord.

*Glo.* Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,  
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,  
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love ;  
And bring some covering for this naked soul,  
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir ! he is mad.

*Glo.* 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead  
the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure ;  
Above the rest, be gone.

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,  
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*]

*Glo.* Sirrah, naked fellow.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.—[*Aside.*] I cannot  
daub it farther.

*Glo.* Come hither, fellow.

*Edg.* [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—[*To him.*] Bless  
thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

*Glo.* Know'st thou the way to Dover ?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path.  
Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits :  
bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend !  
Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once ; of lust,  
as Obidicut ; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness ;  
Mahu, of stealing ; Modo, of murder ; and Flibber-  
tigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since pos-

<sup>a</sup> "To quit," i. e., to requite.—<sup>b</sup> The *overture* here means the opening, the disclosure.—<sup>c</sup> "Meet the old course of death," i. e., die a natural death.—<sup>d</sup> "The Bedlam," i. e., the Bedlamite ; the madman.—<sup>e</sup> "In esperance," i. e., in hope.

<sup>f</sup> "Daub," i. e., disguise.

esses chamber-maids and waiting women. So, bless thee, master!

*Glo.* Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched, Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still! Let the <sup>a</sup>superfluous, and lust-dieted man, That <sup>b</sup>braves your ordinance, that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly; So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glo.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully <sup>b</sup>in the confined deep: Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear, With something rich about me: from that place I shall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy arm: Poor Tom shall lead thee. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of ALBANY's Palace.

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; OSWALD meeting them.*

*Gon.* Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband

Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

*Osw.* Madam, within; but never man so chang'd. I told him of the army that was landed; He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming; His answer was, "The worse;" of Gloster's treach- And of the loyal service of his son, *[Ery,* When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot, And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out. What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him; What like, offensive.

*Gon.* Then, shall you go no farther. *[To EDMUND.]*

It is the cowish terror of his spirit, That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs, Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way May prove <sup>c</sup>effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother; Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers: I must change arms at home, and give the distaff Into my husband's hand. This trusty servant Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear, If you dare venture in your own behalf, A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; *[Giving a <sup>b</sup>chain.]*

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak, Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.—Conceive, and fare thee well.

*Edm.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear Gloster! *[Exit EDMUND.]* O, the difference of man, and man! To thee a woman's services are due: My fool usurps my body.

*Osw.* Madam, here comes my lord. *[Exit OSWALD.]*

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Gon.* I have been worth the <sup>d</sup>whistle.

*Alb.* O Goneril! You are not worth the dust, which the rude wind Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition: That nature, which condemns its origin, Cannot be border'd certain in itself; She that herself will <sup>e</sup>silver and disbranch From her material sap, perforce must wither,

And come to deadly use.

*Gon.* No more: the text is foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile; Filths savor but themselves. What have you done? Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd? A father, and a gracious aged man, Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick, Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you maddened Could my good brother suffer you to do it? A man, a prince, by him so benefited? If that the heavens do not their visible spirits Send quickly down to tame these vile offences, It will come, Humanity must perforce prey on itself, Like monsters of the deep.

*Gon.* Milk-liver'd man! That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs; Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning Thine honor from thy suffering; that not know'st, Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land; With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats; Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest, "Alack! why does he so?"

*Alb.* See thyself, devil! Proper deformity seems not in the fiend So horrid, as in woman.

*Gon.* O vain fool! *[shame]* *Alb.* Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness To let these hands obey my <sup>f</sup>blood, They are apt enough to dislocate and tear Thy flesh and bones: howe'er thou art a fiend, A woman's shape doth shield thee.

*Gon.* Marry, your manhood now!—

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alb.* What news? *[dead;]* *Mess.* O, my good lord! the duke of Cornwall's Slain by his servant, going to put out The other eye of Gloster.

*Alb.* Gloster's eyes! *Mess.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse, Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd, Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead, But not without that harmful stroke, which since Hath pluck'd him after.

*Alb.* This shows you are above You justicers, that these our nether crimes So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster! Lost he his other eye?

*Mess.* Both, both, my lord.

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer; *[Giving it]* 'Tis from your sister.

*Gon.* *[Aside.]* One way I like this well; But being widow, and my Gloster with her, May all the building in my fancy pluck Upon my hateful life. Another way, The news is not so tart. *[To him.]* I'll read, and answer. *[Exit.]*

*Alb.* Where was his son, when they did take his *[eyes?]* *Mess.* Come with my lady hither. *[eyes?]*

*Alb.* He is not here. *Mess.* No, my good lord; I met him back again. *Alb.* Knows he the wickedness? *[him]* *Mess.* Ay, my good lord, 'twas he inform'd against And quit the house, on purpose that their punishment Might have the freer course.

<sup>a</sup> "The superfluous," i. e., the pampered.—<sup>b</sup> *In* is put here for *on*.—<sup>c</sup> "May prove effects," i. e., may be consummated. —<sup>d</sup> "Worth the whistle," i. e., worth calling for.—<sup>e</sup> "Silver," i. e., tear off.

<sup>f</sup> "My blood," i. e., my passion; my inclination.

*Alb.* Gloster, I live.  
To thank thee for the love thou show'st the king,  
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend:  
Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—The French Camp near Dover.

*Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.*

*Kent.* Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back, know you the reason?

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the state,  
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which  
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,  
That his personal return was most requir'd,  
And necessary.

*Kent.* Whom hath he left behind him general?

*Gent.* The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.  
*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

*Gent.* Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down  
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen  
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,  
Sought to be king o'er her.

*Kent.* O! then it mov'd her.

*Gent.* Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove  
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen  
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears  
Were like a better May: those happy smilets,  
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know  
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,  
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow  
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all  
Could so become it.

*Kent.* Made she no verbal question?

*Gent.* 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name  
of "father"

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;  
Cried, "Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!  
Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the  
night?"

Let pity not be <sup>b</sup>believed!"—There she shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
And clamor <sup>c</sup>moisten'd; then, away she started  
To deal with grief alone.

*Kent.* It is the stars,  
The stars above us, govern our <sup>d</sup>conditions;  
Else one self mate and <sup>e</sup>mate could not beget  
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

*Gent.* No.

*Kent.* Was this before the king return'd?

*Gent.* No, since.

*Kent.* Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear's i' the  
town,

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers  
What we are come about, and by no means  
Will yield to see his daughter.

*Gent.* Why, good sir?

*Kent.* A sovereign shame so elbows him; his own  
unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her  
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights  
To his dog-hearted daughters; these things sting  
His mind so venomously, that burning shame  
Detains him from Cordelia.

*Gent.* Alack, poor gentleman!

*Kent.* Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you  
*Gent.* 'Tis so they are afoot. [*heard not?*]

*Kent.* Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,  
And leave you to attend him. Some dear <sup>f</sup>cause  
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:  
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve  
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go  
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.—The Same. A Tent.

*Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and <sup>2</sup>French Soldiers.*

*Cor.* Alack! 'tis he: why, he was met even now  
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;  
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,  
With hoar-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,  
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;  
Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*—What  
can man's wisdom,

In the restoring his bereaved sense?  
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

*Phy.* There is means, madam:

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,  
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him  
Are many simples operative, whose power  
Will close the eye of anguish.

*Cor.* All bless'd secrets,  
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,  
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,  
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;  
Lest his un govern'd rage dissolve the life  
That wants the means to lead <sup>h</sup>it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* News, madam:  
The British powers are marching hitherward.

*Cor.* 'Tis known before; our preparation stands  
In expectation of them.—O dear father!  
It is thy business that I go about,

Therefore great France  
My mourning, and <sup>i</sup>important tears, hath pitied.  
No <sup>k</sup>blown ambition doth our arms incite,  
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right.  
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt*]

## SCENE V.—A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

*Enter REGAN and OSWALD.*

*Reg.* But are my brother's powers set forth?

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Reg.* Himself in person there?

*Osw.* Madam, with much ado:  
Your sister is the better soldier. [*home?*]

*Reg.* Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at

*Osw.* No, madam.

*Reg.* What might import my sister's letter to him?

*Osw.* I know not, lady.

*Reg.* 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.  
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,  
To let him live: where he arrives he moves  
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,  
In pity of his misery, to despatch  
His <sup>l</sup>nighted life; moreover, to descry  
The strength o' the enemy.

*Osw.* I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

*Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;  
The ways are dangerous.

*Osw.* I may not, madam;

<sup>a</sup> "Question," i. e., discourse; conversation.—<sup>b</sup> That is,  
"Let not pity be supposed to exist."—<sup>c</sup> And clamor moisten'd," i. e., accompanied her outcries with tears.—<sup>d</sup> "Con-  
ditions," i. e., dispositions.—<sup>e</sup> "One self mate and mate,"  
i. e., the selfsame husband and wife.

<sup>f</sup> "Dear cause," i. e., important business.—<sup>g</sup> Fumitory.—  
<sup>h</sup> "The means to lead it," i. e., the reason which should  
guide it.—<sup>i</sup> "Importunate."—<sup>k</sup> "Blown," i. e., inflated.—  
<sup>l</sup> "Nighted," i. e., darkened, by the loss of his eyes.



My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

*Reg.* Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike, Something—I know not what.—I'll love thee much; Let me unseal the letter.

*Osw.*

Madam, I had rather—

*Reg.* I know your lady does not love her husband, I am sure of that; and, at her late being here, She gave strange <sup>a</sup>ceilids, and most speaking looks To noble Edmund. I know, you are of her bosom.

*Osw.* I, madam?

*Reg.* I speak in understanding: y' are, I know it; Therefore, I do advise you, take this <sup>b</sup>note: My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd, And more convenient is he for my hand, Than for your lady's.—You may gather more. If you do find him, pray you, give him this; And when your mistress hears thus much from you, I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her: So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor, Preferment falls on him that cuts him off. [*show*]

*Osw.* Would I could meet him, madam: I would What party do I follow.

*Reg.* Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI.—The Country near Dover.

*Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a Peasant.*

*Glo.* When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

*Edg.* You do climb up it now: look, how we labor.

*Glo.* Methinks, the ground is even.

*Edg.* Horribly steep.

Hark! do you hear the sea?

*Glo.* No, truly.

*Edg.* Why, then your other senses grow imperfect By your eyes' anguish.

*Glo.* So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

*Edg.* Y' are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I But in my garments. [*chang'd,*]

*Glo.* Methinks, y' are better spoken.

*Edg.* Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still.—How fearful,

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air, Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down Hangs one that gathers <sup>c</sup>samphire; dreadful trade! Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach, Appear like mice; and yond' tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her <sup>d</sup>cock; her cock, a buoy Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,

That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes, Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight

<sup>e</sup>Topple down headlong.

*Glo.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand; you are now within a foot Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon Would I <sup>f</sup>leap upright.

*Glo.* Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies, and gods, Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off: Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare you well, good sir.

*Glo.*

With all my heart.

*Edg.* Why I do trifle thus with his despair, Is done to cure it.

*Glo.*

O, you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and in your sights Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—

Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*]

*Edg.*

Gone, sir: farewell.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the <sup>g</sup>theft: had he been where he thought,

By this had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?

Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!

Thus might he <sup>h</sup>pass indeed;—yet he revives.

What are you, sir?

*Glo.*

Away, and let me die. [*air,*]

*Edg.* Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers,

So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art

Ten masts at <sup>i</sup>each make not the altitude, [*sound.*]

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:

Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

*Glo.* But have I fallen, or no?

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky <sup>j</sup>bourn.

Look up a height; the <sup>k</sup>shrill-gorg'd lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

*Glo.* Alack! I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm: <sup>l</sup>[*Helping him up.*]

Up:—so;—how is't? Feel you your legs? You stand

*Glo.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is above all strangeness

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that

Which parted from you?

*Glo.*

A poor unfortunate beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought, his eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,

Horns <sup>m</sup>whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea:

It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,

Think that the <sup>n</sup>clearest gods, who make them honors

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

*Glo.* I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear

Affliction, till it do cry out itself

"Enough, enough!" and die. That thing you speak of,

I took it for a man; often 'twould say,

"The fiend, the fiend!" he led me to that place.

*Edg.* Bear <sup>o</sup>free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with <sup>p</sup>Straws and Flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate

His master thus.

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

*Edg.* O, thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's <sup>q</sup>yard.—Look,

<sup>f</sup> "Yields to the theft," i. e., is willing to be destroyed.

<sup>g</sup> "Pass," i. e., die.—<sup>h</sup> "At each," i. e., each added to the other.—<sup>i</sup> "Bourn," i. e., boundary.—<sup>k</sup> "Shrill-gorg'd," i. e., shrill-throated.—<sup>l</sup> "Whelk'd," i. e., twisted; convoluted.—<sup>m</sup> "The clearest," i. e., the purest.—<sup>n</sup> "Free," i. e., pure.—<sup>o</sup> "A clothier's yard," i. e., an arrow of a cloth-yard long.

<sup>a</sup> "Ceilids," i. e., glances of the eyes.—<sup>b</sup> "Take this note," i. e., observe what I am saying.—<sup>c</sup> *Samphire*, a vegetable gathered for pickling.—<sup>d</sup> "Her cock," i. e., her *cock-boat*.—<sup>e</sup> "Topple," i. e., tumble.

look! a mouse. Peace, peace!—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown <sup>a</sup> bills.—O, well-flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the <sup>b</sup> clout: hewgh!—Give the <sup>c</sup> word.

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say "ay," and "no," to every thing I said!—"Ay" and "no" too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

*Glo.* The <sup>d</sup> trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the king?

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause?—Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery? No:

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son

Was kinder to his father, than my daughters

Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, <sup>e</sup> luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yond' simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presageth snow;

That <sup>f</sup> mimics virtue, and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name;

Thie <sup>g</sup> fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't

With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,

Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,

Beneath is all the fiends: there's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

*Glo.* O, let me kiss that hand!

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first: it smells of mortality.

*Glo.* O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost Thou <sup>h</sup> squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge: mark but the penning of it.

*Glo.* Were all the letters' sons, I could not see one.

*Edg.* I would not take this from report; it is, And my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What! with the case of eyes?

*Lear.* O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond' justice rails upon yond' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-

dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

*Glo.* Ay, sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! [back; Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind [cozener. For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear; Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll <sup>i</sup> able 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power

To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem [now!

To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,

Pull off my boots: harder, harder; so.

*Edg.* O, matter and <sup>j</sup> impertinency mix'd;

Reason in madness!

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:

Thou must be patient. We came crying hither:

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air

We wawl, and cry. I will preach to thee: mark me.

*Glo.* Alack! alack the day!

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry that we are come

To this great stage of fools.—<sup>k</sup> 'Tis a good plot.

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

*Enter a Gentleman with Attendants.*

*Gent.* O! here he is: lay hand upon him.—Sir, Your most dear daughter—

*Lear.* No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am even

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;

You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,

I am cut to the brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of <sup>l</sup> salt,

To use his eyes for garden water-pots,

Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

*Gent.*

Good sir,—

*Lear.* I will die bravely,

Like a smug bridegroom. What! I will be jovial.

Come, come; I am a king, my masters, know you that?

*Gent.* You are a royal one, and we obey you.

*Lear.* Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit: Attendants follow.*]

*Gent.* A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch, Past <sup>m</sup> speaking in a king!—Thou hast one daughter, Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

*Edg.* Hail, gentle sir.

*Gent.* Sir, speed you: what's your will?

*Edg.* Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

*Gent.* Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that, Which can distinguish sound.

*Edg.*

But, by your favor,

How near's the other army?

*Gent.* Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry Stands on the hourly <sup>n</sup> thought.

<sup>a</sup> "The brown bills," i. e., the battle-axes.—<sup>b</sup> "The clout," i. e., the white mark for archers to aim at.—<sup>c</sup> "The word," i. e., the watchword.—<sup>d</sup> "The trick," i. e., the manner.—<sup>e</sup> "Luxury," i. e., incontinence.—<sup>f</sup> The fitchew is the polecat.  
<sup>g</sup> To squiny is to look squint.

<sup>h</sup> "I'll able 'em," i. e., I'll support, uphold them.—<sup>i</sup> "Impertinency" means here something not belonging to the subject.—<sup>j</sup> "A man of salt" is a man of tears.—<sup>k</sup> That is, "The main body is expected to be descried every hour."

*Edg.* I thank you, sir: that's all.  
*Gent.* Though that the queen on special cause is  
 Her army is mov'd on. [here,

*Edg.* I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*  
*Glo.* You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from  
 Let not my wors<sup>a</sup> spirit tempt me again [me:  
 To die before you please!

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.  
*Glo.* Now, good sir, what are you? [blows;  
*Edg.* A most poor man, made tame to fortune's  
 Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,  
 Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,  
 I'll lead you to some bidding.

*Glo.* Hearty thanks;  
 The bounty and the benison of heaven  
 To boot, and boot!

*Enter OSWALD.*

*Osw.* A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!  
 That eyesless head of thine was first fram'd flesh  
 To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,  
 Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out

That must destroy thee. <sup>1</sup>[*Drawing.*

*Glo.* Now let thy friendly hand  
 Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR interposes.*

*Osw.* Wherefore, bold peasant,  
 Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;  
 Lest that th' infection of his fortune take  
 Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Ch'll not let go, zir, without varther 'casion.  
*Osw.* Let go, slave, or thou diest.

*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your 'c gait, and let poor  
 vork pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of  
 my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a  
 vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep  
 out, <sup>d</sup>che vor'ye, or Ise try whether your 'c costard or  
 my ballow be the harder. Ch'll be plain with you.

*Osw.* Out, dunghill!  
*Edg.* Ch'll pick your teeth, zir Come; no mat-  
 ter vor your 'c foins.

[*They fight; and EDGAR strikes him down.*  
*Osw.* Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain, take my  
 If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body; [pursue.  
 And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,  
 To Edmund earl of Gloster: seek him out  
 Upon the British party.—O, untimely death! [*Dies.*

*Edg.* I know thee well: a serviceable villain;  
 As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,  
 As badness would desire.

*Glo.* What! is he dead?  
*Edg.* Sit you down, father; rest you.—  
 Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,  
 May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry  
 He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—  
 Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:  
 To know our enemies' minds we rip their hearts,  
 Their 'papers are more lawful.

[*Reads.*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remem-  
 bered. You have many opportunities to cut him off:  
 if your will want not, time and place will be fruit-  
 fully offered. There is nothing done, if he return  
 the conqueror; then, am I the prisoner, and his bed  
 my jail, from the loathed warmth whereof deliver  
 me, and supply the place for your labor.

"Your (wife, so I would say)  
 "affectionate servant,  
 "GONERIL."

O, <sup>2</sup>unextinguish'd blaze of woman's will!  
 A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;

<sup>a</sup> "My wors<sup>a</sup> spirit." i. e., my evil genius.—<sup>b</sup> "Benison,"  
 i. e., blessing.—<sup>c</sup> "Your gait," i. e., your way.—<sup>d</sup> "Che  
 vor'ye," i. e., I warn you.—<sup>e</sup> Costard is head.—<sup>f</sup> Foins are  
 thrusts.—<sup>g</sup> "Their papers," i. e., to rip their papers.

And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sand,  
 Thee I'll rake up, the <sup>h</sup>post unsanctified  
 Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time,  
 With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
 Of the death-practis'd <sup>i</sup>duke. For him 'tis well,  
 That of thy death and business I can tell.

*Glo.* The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,  
 That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling  
 Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract;  
 So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,  
 And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose  
 The knowledge of themselves. [*Drum afar off.*

*Edg.* Give me your hand:  
 Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.  
 Come, father; I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Tent in the French Camp.* LEAR  
 on a Bed, asleep; Doctor, Gentleman, and others,  
 attending: *Enter CORDELIA and KENT.*

*Cor.* O thou good Kent! how shall I live, and work,  
 To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,  
 And every measure fail me.

*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.  
 All my reports go with the modest truth;  
 Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

*Cor.* Be better <sup>k</sup>suit<sup>d</sup>:  
 These weeds are <sup>l</sup>memories of those wors<sup>r</sup> hours.  
 I pry'thee, put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon me, dear madam;  
 Yet to be known shortens my <sup>3</sup>main intent:  
 My boon I make it, that you know me not,  
 Till time and I think meet.

*Cor.* Then be't so, my good lord.—How does the  
 king? [*To the Physician.*

*Doct.* Madam, sleeps still.  
*Cor.* O, you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his abused nature!  
 Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up  
 Of this <sup>m</sup>child-changed father!

*Doct.* So please your majesty,  
 That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed  
 I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

*Doct.* Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,  
 We put fresh garments on him.

*Kent.* Good madam, be by when we do awake him:  
 I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cor.* Very well. [*Music.*  
*Doct.* Please you, draw near.—Louder the music  
 there.

*Cor.* O my dear father! Restoration, hang  
 Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss  
 Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters  
 Have in thy reverence made!

*Kent.* Kind and dear princess!  
*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these white  
 flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face  
 To be expos'd against the warring winds?  
 To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?  
 In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
 Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor <sup>n</sup>perdu!)  
 With this thin <sup>o</sup>helm? Mine enemy's dog,  
 Though he had bit me, should have stood that night  
 Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,  
 To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,

<sup>h</sup> "The post unsanctified," i. e., the unconsecrated burial-  
 place.—<sup>i</sup> The Duke of Albany.—<sup>k</sup> "Suit<sup>d</sup>," i. e., dressed.—  
<sup>l</sup> "Memorials,"—<sup>m</sup> "Child-changed" i. e., changed by his chil-  
 dren.—<sup>n</sup> "Poor perdu!" The allusion is to the forlorn hope  
 in an army, called in French, *enfants perdus*.—<sup>o</sup> "This thin  
 helm," i. e., this thin covering of hair.



In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!  
 'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once<sup>d</sup>  
 Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.  
*Doct.* Madam, do you; 'tis fittest. [majesty?  
*Cor.* How does my royal lord? How fares your  
*Lear.* You do me wrong, to take me out o' the  
 Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound [grave.—  
 Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
 Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?  
*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know. Where did you  
*Cor.* Still, still, far wide. [die?  
*Doct.* He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.  
*Lear.* Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair  
 day-light?—

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity  
 To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—  
 I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;  
 I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd  
 Of my condition!

*Cor.* O! look upon me, sir,  
 And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.—  
 No, sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me:  
 I am a very foolish fond old man,  
 Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;  
 And, to deal plainly,  
 I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.  
 Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;  
 Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant  
 What place this is; and all the skill I have  
 Remembers not these garments; nor I know not  
 Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,  
 For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
 To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor.* And so I am, I am.  
*Lear.* Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,  
 weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
 I know, you do not love me; for your sisters  
 Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
 You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in France?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Doct.* Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,  
 You see, is cur'd in him; and yet it is danger  
 To make him<sup>b</sup> even o'er the time he has lost.  
 Desire him to go in: trouble him no more,  
 Till farther settling.

*Cor.* Will't please your highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me:  
 Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old, and  
 foolish.

[*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, Doctor, and Attendants.*  
*Gent.* Holds it true, sir, that the duke of Corn-  
 wall was so slain?

*Kent.* Most certain, sir.

*Gent.* Who is conductor of his people?

*Kent.* As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.

*Gent.* They say, Edgar, his banished son, is with  
 the earl of Kent in Germany.

*Kent.* Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look  
 about; the powers o' the kingdom approach apace.

*Gent.* The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare  
 you well, sir. [Exit.

*Kent.* My point and period will be thoroughly  
 wrought,  
 Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [Exit.

<sup>a</sup> "Abus'd," i. e., imposed upon.—<sup>b</sup> "To make him even  
 o'er," i. e., to reconcile to his apprehension.—<sup>c</sup> "The arbitre-  
 ment," i. e., the decision.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Camp of the British Forces, near  
 Dover.

*Enter, with Drums and Colors, EDMUND, REGAN,  
 Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

*Edm.* Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;  
 Or whether since he is advis'd by aught  
 To change the course. He's full of alteration,  
 And self-reproving:—bring his constant<sup>d</sup> pleasure.

[*To an Officer, who exit.*

*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

*Edm.* 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

*Reg.* Now, sweet lord,  
 You know the goodness I intend upon you:  
 Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,  
 Do you not love my sister?

*Edm.* In honor'd love.

*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's way  
 To the<sup>e</sup> forefended place?

*Edm.* That thought abuses you.

*Reg.* I am doubtful that you have been conjunct,  
 And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

*Edm.* No, by mine honor, madam.

*Reg.* I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,  
 Be not familiar with her.

*Edm.* Fear me not.—  
 She, and the duke her husband,—

*Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

*Gon.* I had rather lose the battle, than that sister  
 Should loosen him and me. [Aside

*Alb.* Our very loving sister, well be-met.—

Sir, this I hear,—the king is come to his daughter,  
 With others, whom the rigor of our state  
 Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,  
 I never yet was valiant: for this business,  
 It toucheth us, as France invades our land,  
 Not 'holds the king, with others, whom, I fear,  
 Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

*Edm.* Sir, you speak nobly.

*Reg.* Why is this reason'd?

*Gon.* Combine together 'gainst the enemy;  
 For these domestic and particular broils  
 Are not the question here.

*Alb.* Let us, then, determine  
 With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.

*Reg.* Sister, you'll go with us?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

*Gon.* O, ho! I know the riddle. [Aside.]—I will  
 go.

*Enter EDGAR, disguised.*

*Edg.* If e'er your grace had speech with man so  
 Hear me one word. [poor,

*Alb.* I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,  
 Soldiers, and Attendants.*

*Edg.* Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound  
 For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,  
 I can produce a champion, that will prove  
 What is avouched there. If you miscarry,  
 Your business of the world hath so an end,  
 And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

<sup>1</sup> [Going

*Alb.* Stay, till I have read the letter.

<sup>d</sup> "His constant pleasure," i. e., his settled resolution.—  
<sup>e</sup> "Forefended," i. e., forbidden.—<sup>f</sup> "Not holds the king,"  
 i. e., not as it emboldens the king.

*Edg.* I was forbid it.  
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,  
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]  
*Alb.* Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.

*Re-enter EDMUND.*

*Edm.* The enemy's in view; draw up your powers. Here is the guess of their true strength and forces. By diligent discovery; <sup>1</sup>[*Showing a Paper.*] but is now urg'd on you. [*Your haste*]

*Alb.* We will greet the time. [*Exit.*]  
*Edm.* To both these sisters have I sworn my love; Each jealous of the other, as the stung are of the adder. Which of them shall I take? Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd, If both remain alive: to take the widow Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril; And hardly shall I carry out my <sup>b</sup>side, Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use His countenance for the battle; which being done, Let her who would be rid of him devise His speedy taking off. As for the mercy Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia, The battle done, and they within our power, Shall never see his pardon; for my state Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Field between the two Camps.

*Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colors, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.*

*Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.*

*Edg.* Here, father, take the shadow of this tree For your good host; pray that the right may thrive. If ever I return to you again, I'll bring you comfort.

*Glo.* Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit EDGAR.*]

*Alarum; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Away, old man! give me thy hand: away! King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en. Give me thy hand; come on.

*Glo.* No farther, sir: a man may rot even here.

*Edg.* What! in ill thoughts again? Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:

<sup>c</sup>Ripeness is all. Come on.

*Glo.* And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The British Camp near Dover.

*Enter, in conquest, with Drum and Colors, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as Prisoners; Captain, Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

*Edm.* Some officers take them away: good guard, Until their greater pleasures first be known, That are to <sup>d</sup>censure them.

*Cor.* We are not the first, Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst. For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down; Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown. Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

*Lear.* No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison: We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage: When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down, And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live, And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,

Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out; And take upon's the mystery of things, As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out, In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones, That ebb and flow by the moon.

*Edm.*

Take them away.

*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven, And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes; The <sup>e</sup>goujeers shall devour them, flesh and <sup>f</sup>fell, Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

*Edm.* Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; [*Giving a Paper.*] go, follow them to prison.

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men Are as the time is; to be tender-minded Does not become a sword. Thy great employment Will not bear <sup>g</sup>question: either say, thou'lt do't, Or thrive by other means.

*Capt.*

I'll do't, my lord.

*Edm.* About it; and write happy, when thou hast Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so, [*done.*] As I have set it down.

*Capt.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats; If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Captain.*]

*Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, and Attendants.*

*Alb.* Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant <sup>h</sup>strain,

And fortune led you well. You have the captives Who were the opposites of this day's strife: We do require them of you, so to use them, As we shall find their merits, and our safety, May equally determine.

*Edm.*

Sir, I thought it fit

To send the old and miserable king To some retention, and appointed guard; Whose age has charms in it, whose title more, To pluck the common bosom on his side, And turn our impress'd <sup>i</sup>lances in our eyes, Which do command them. With him I sent the queen:

My reason all the same; and they are ready To-morrow, or at farther space, to appear Where you shall hold your session. At this time, We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd By those that feel their sharpness.—

The question of Cordelia, and her father, Requires a fitter place.

*Alb.*

Sir, by your patience,

I hold you but a subject of this war, Not as a brother.

*Reg.*

That's as we list to grace him:

Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded, Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers, Bore the <sup>k</sup>commission of my place and person; The which <sup>l</sup>immediacy may well stand up, And call itself your brother.

*Gon.*

Not so hot:

<sup>a</sup> "Will greet the time," i. e., will be ready to meet the occasion.—<sup>b</sup> "Carry out my side," i. e., make my part good.—<sup>c</sup> "Ripeness," i. e., preparation.—<sup>d</sup> "To censure them," i. e., to pass judgment on them.

<sup>e</sup> "The goujeers is a loathsome disease.—<sup>f</sup> Fell is skin.—<sup>g</sup> "Bear question," i. e., admit of debate.—<sup>h</sup> Strain is here used for race, descent.—<sup>i</sup> "Impressed lances," i. e., lance men hired with press-money.—<sup>k</sup> "Commission," i. e., authority.—<sup>l</sup> "Immediacy," i. e., authority to act on his own judgment.

In his own <sup>a</sup> grace he doth exalt himself,  
More than in your addition.

*Reg.* In my rights,  
By me invested, he compeers the best.

*Gon.* That were the most, if he should husband you.

*Reg.* Jesters do oft prove prophets.

*Gon.* *Holla! holla!*

That eye that told you so look'd but <sup>b</sup> a-squint.

*Reg.* Lady, I am not well; else I should answer  
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;  
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are <sup>c</sup> thine.

Witness the world, that I create thee here

My lord and master.

*Gon.* Mean you to enjoy him?

*Alb.* The <sup>d</sup> let-alone lies not in your good will.

*Edm.* Nor in thine, lord.

*Alb.* Half-blooded fellow, yes.

*Reg.* Let the drum strike, and prove my title  
thine. [*To EDMUND.*]

*Alb.* Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee  
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,  
This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to GON.*]—For your  
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your bans.

If you will marry, make your love to me,

My lady is bespoken.

*Gon.* An interlude! [*sound:*]

*Alb.* Thou art arm'd, Gloster.—Let the trumpet

If none appear to prove upon thy person,

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,

There is my pledge. [*Throwing down a Glove.*] I'll  
prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

*Reg.* Sick! O, sick!

*Gon.* [*Aside.*] If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

*Edm.* There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a  
Glove.*] what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you, who not? I will maintain

My truth and honor firmly.

*Alb.* A herald, ho!

*Edm.* A herald, ho! a herald!

*Alb.* Trust to thy single <sup>e</sup> virtue; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name

Took their discharge.

*Reg.* My sickness grows upon me.

*Alb.* She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*]

*Enter a Herald.*

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,  
And read out this.

*Capt.* Sound, trumpet. [*A Trumpet sounds.*]

*Herald reads.*

"If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists  
of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed  
earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him  
appear at the third sound of the trumpet. He is  
bold in his defence."

*Edm.* Sound! [*1 Trumpet.*]

*Her.* Again. [*2 Trumpet.*]

*Her.* Again. [*3 Trumpet.*]

[*Trumpet answers within.*]

*Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a Trumpet*

*Alb.* Ask him his purposes, why he appears  
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

*Her.* What are you?

Your name? your quality? and why you answer  
This present summons?

*Edg.* Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:

Yet am I noble, as the adversary

I come to cope withal.

*Alb.* Which is that adversary?

*Edg.* What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of  
Gloster?

*Edm.* Himself: what say'st thou to him?

*Edg.* Draw thy sword,

That if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:

[*Drawing.*]

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors,

My oath, and my profession. I protest,

Maugre thy strength, <sup>2</sup> skill, youth, and eminence,

Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,

Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;

And, from th' extremest upward of thy head,

To the descent and dust below thy foot,

A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No,"

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,

Thou liest.

*Edm.* In wisdom, I should ask thy name;

But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue some <sup>f</sup> say of breeding breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well <sup>g</sup> delay

By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;

With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;

Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,

Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak!

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND falls.*]

*Alb.* O, save him! save him!

*Gon.* This is mere <sup>h</sup> practice, Gloster.

By the <sup>i</sup> laws of arms, thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,

But cozen'd and beguill'd.

*Alb.*

Shut your mouth, dame;

Or with this paper shall I stop it?—Hold, sir!

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.

[*She snatches at the Letter.*]

No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*]

*Gon.* Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:

Who can arraign me for't?

*Alb.*

Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

*Gon.*

Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit GONERIL.*]

*Alb.* Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.

[*Exit an Officer.*]

*Edm.* What you have charg'd me with, that have

I done,

And more, much more; the time will bring it out:

'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou,

That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,

I do forgive thee.

*Edg.*

Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;

<sup>a</sup> Grace here means noble deportment.—<sup>b</sup> Alluding to the proverb: 'Love being jealous makes a good eye look a-squint.'—<sup>c</sup> 'The walls are thine,' i. e., I surrender at discretion.—<sup>d</sup> 'The let-alone,' i. e., the power of obstructing their union.—<sup>e</sup> 'To thy single virtue,' i. e., 'to thy valor.'

<sup>f</sup> Say, or assay, is a sample, a taste.—<sup>g</sup> That is, 'What I might safely delay, if I acted punctiliously.'—<sup>h</sup> 'Practice,' i. e., stratagem.



If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

<sup>1</sup> [*Taking off his Helmet.*]

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to plague us:

The dark and vicious place where thee he got

Cost him his eyes.

*Edm.* Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;  
The wheel is come full circle: I am here.

*Alb.* Methought, thy very gait did prophesy

A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee:

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I

Did hate thee, or thy father.

*Edg.* Worthy prince, I know't.

*Alb.* Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father?

*Edg.* By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—

The bloody proclamation to escape,

That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness!

That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,

Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift

Into a madman's rags, t' assume a semblance

That very dogs disdain'd; and in this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;

Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,

Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,

I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,

(Alack! too weak the conflict to support)

'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,

Burst smilingly.

*Edm.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me,

And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on:

You look as you had something more to say.

*Alb.* If there be more more woful, hold it in,

For I am almost ready to dissolve,

Hearing of this.

*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period

To such as love not sorrow; but <sup>a</sup> another,

To amplify too much, would make much more,

And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamor, came there a man,

Who, having seen me in my worst estate,

Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding

Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out

As he'd burst heaven; threw me on my father;

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,

That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting,

His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life

Began to crack; twice, then, the trumpets sounded,

And there I left him tranç'd.

*Alb.* But who was this?

*Edg.* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service

Improper for a slave.

*Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.*

*Gent.* Help, help! O help!

*Edg.* What kind of help?

*Alb.* Speak, man.

*Edg.* What means that bloody knife?

*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead:

*Alb.* Who dead? speak, man.

*Gent.* Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister  
By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

*Edm.* I was contract'd to them both: all three  
Now marry in an instant.

*Alb.* Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—  
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,  
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

*Enter KENT.*

*Edg.* Here comes Kent.

*Alb.* O! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,

Which very manners urges.

*Kent.* I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night:

Is he not here?

*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot!—

Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's

Seest thou this object, Kent? [*Cordelia?*]

[*The Bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.*]

*Kent.* Alack! why thus?

*Edm.* Yet Edmund was belov'd:

The one the other poison'd for my sake,

And after slew herself.

*Alb.* Even so.—Cover their faces.

*Edm.* I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,

Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—

Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ

Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.—

Nay, send in time.

*Alb.* Run, run! O, run! [*send*]

*Edg.* To whom, my lord?—Who has the office?

Thy token of reprieve.

*Edm.* Well thought on: take my sword,

Give it the captain.

*Alb.* Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit EDGAR.*]

*Edm.* He hath commission from thy wife and me

To hang Cordelia in the prison, and

To lay the blame upon her own despair,

That she <sup>b</sup> fordid herself.

*Alb.* The gods defend her! Bear him hence

awhile. [*EDMUND is borne off.*]

*Enter LEAR with CORDELIA dead in his Arms;*

*EDGAR, Officer, and others.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O! you are men

of stones;

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so

That heaven's vault should crack.—She's gone for

ever.—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;

She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;

If that her breath will mist or stain the <sup>2</sup> shine,

Why, then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd <sup>c</sup> end?

*Edg.* Or image of that horror?

*Alb.* Fall, and cease!

*Lear.* This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,

It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows

That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* O, my good master!

[*Kneeling.*]

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, away.

*Edg.* 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!

I might have sav'd her; now, she's gone for ever.—

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,

Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.—

I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

*Off.* 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

<sup>a</sup> "But another," i. e., but I must add another.

<sup>b</sup> "Fordid," i. e., destroyed.—"The promis'd end," i. e., the promised end of all things.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow ?  
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion  
I would have made them skip : I am old now  
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you ?  
Mine eyes are not o' the best : I'll tell you straight.

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,  
One of them we behold.

*Lear.* This is a dull <sup>1</sup>light :—are you not Kent ?

*Kent.* The same,  
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius ?

*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you that ;  
He'll strike, and quickly too.—He's dead and rotten.

*Kent.* No, my good lord ; I am the very man—

*Lear.* I'll see that straight.

*Kent.* That from your first of difference and decay,  
Have follow'd your sad steps.

*Lear.* You are welcome hither.

*Kent.* Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark,  
and deadly :

Your eldest daughters have <sup>a</sup>fordone themselves,  
And desperately are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he says ; and vain is it,  
That we present us to him.

*Edg.* Very bootless.

*Enter an Officer.*

*Off.* Edmund is dead, my lord.

*Alb.* That's but a trifle here.—  
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.  
What comfort to this great <sup>b</sup>decay may come,  
Shall be applied : for us, we will resign,  
During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power.—<sup>2</sup>To you your rights,  
[*To EDGAR and KENT.*

With <sup>c</sup>boot, and such addition, as your honors  
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste  
The wages of their virtue, and all foes  
The cup of their deservings.—O ! see, see ! [*life :*

*Lear.* And my poor fool is hang'd ! No, no, no  
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,  
And thou no breath at all ? Thou'lt come no more,  
Never, never, never, never, never !—

Pray you, undo this button : thank you, sir.—  
Do you see this ? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—  
Look there, look there !— [He dies.

*Edg.* He faints.—My lord, my lord !—

*Kent.* Break, heart ; I pr'ythee, break !

*Edg.* Look up, my lord.

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost : O ! let him pass : he  
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.

*Edg.* He is gone, indeed.

*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long :  
He but usurp'd his life.

*Alb.* Bear them from hence. Our present business  
Is general woe.—Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To KENT and EDGAR.*  
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

*Kent.* I have a journey, sir, shortly to go :  
My master calls me ; I must not say, no.

*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must obey ;  
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.  
The oldest hath borne most : we, that are young,  
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*

<sup>a</sup> "Fordone," i. e., destroyed.—<sup>b</sup> "This great decay," i. e.,  
this ruined majesty, Lear.

<sup>c</sup> "With boot," i. e., with increase, advantage.

# OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.



Act V.—Scene 2.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.  
BRABANTIO, a Senator.  
Two other Senators.  
GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.  
LUDOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.  
OTHELLO, the Moor.  
CASSIO, his Lieutenant.  
IAGO, his Ancient.  
RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.

MONTANO, <sup>1</sup> Governor of Cyprus.  
Clown, Servant to Othello.  
Herald.

DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.

EMILIA, Wife to Iago.

BIANCA, a Courtesan <sup>2</sup> of Venice.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-Port in Cyprus.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

*Enter RODERIGO <sup>3</sup> in choler, and IAGO.*

*Rod.* Tush! never tell me, I take it much un-  
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse, [kindly,  
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.

*Iago.* 'Sblood! but you will not hear me:  
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

*Rod.* Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy  
hate. [of the city,

*Iago.* Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones  
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
<sup>a</sup> Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,  
I know my price: I am worth no worse a place;  
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
Evades them, with a bombast <sup>b</sup> circumstance,  
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;  
And, in conclusion,  
Nonsuits my mediators; "For <sup>c</sup> certes," says he,  
"I have already chose my officer." And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,  
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;  
That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster; unless the bookish <sup>d</sup> theoretic,  
Wherein the <sup>e</sup> togged consuls can propose  
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,  
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election;  
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds,  
Christian and heathen,—must be 'be-lee'd and calm'd  
By debitor and creditor, this <sup>f</sup> counter-caster:  
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I, God bless the mark! his Moor-ship's <sup>h</sup> ancient.

*Rod.* By heaven, I rather would have been his  
hangman. [service,

*Iago.* But there's no remedy: 'tis the curse of  
Preferment goes by <sup>4</sup> favor and affection,

<sup>a</sup> "Off-capp'd," i. e., took cap in hand.—<sup>b</sup> "Circumstance,"  
i. e., circumlocution.—<sup>c</sup> "Certes," i. e., certainly.

<sup>d</sup> "Theoric," i. e., theory.—<sup>e</sup> "The togged consuls," i. e.,  
men of the gown, or toga; mere civilians.—<sup>f</sup> "Must be be-  
lee'd," i. e., must be put on the leeward side, and therefore  
calm'd.—<sup>g</sup> "Counter-caster," a contemptuous term for an  
arithmetician.—<sup>h</sup> An ancient was an ensign, a standard-  
bearer.



Not by the old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir t' the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,  
Whether I in any just <sup>1</sup> terms am <sup>a</sup> affin'd  
To love the Moor.

*Rod.* I would not follow him, then.

*Iago.* O, sir! content you;  
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking <sup>b</sup> knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
For nought but provender; and when he's old, cash-  
ier'd:

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,  
Who, <sup>a</sup> learn'd in forms and usages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,  
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by them; and when they have lin'd  
their coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;  
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,  
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:  
In following him, I follow but myself;  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:  
For when my outward action doth demonstrate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In complement <sup>c</sup> extern, 'tis not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

*Rod.* What a full fortune does the thick-lips <sup>d</sup> owe,  
If he can carry't thus!

*Iago.* Call up her father:  
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,  
Proclaim him in the streets: incense her kinsmen;  
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,  
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,  
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,  
As it may lose some color.

*Rod.* Here is her father's house: I'll call aloud.

*Iago.* Do; with like <sup>a</sup> clamorous accent, and dire  
As when, by night and negligence, the fire [yell,  
Is spied in populous cities.

*Rod.* What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!

*Iago.* Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!  
thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!  
Thieves! thieves!

*Enter BRABANTIO, above, at a Window.*

*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible summons?  
What is the matter there?

*Rod.* Signior, is all your family within?

*Iago.* Are your doors lock'd?

*Bra.* Why? wherefore ask you this?

*Iago.* 'Zounds! sir, you are robb'd; for shame,  
put on your gown:

Your heart is <sup>e</sup> burst, you have lost half your soul:  
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!  
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.  
Arise, I say.

*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits?

*Rod.* Most reverend signior, do you know my

*Bra.* Not I: what are you? [voice?

*Rod.* My name is Roderigo.

*Bra.* The worse welcome:  
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,  
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,  
Being full of supper and 'distemp'ring draughts,  
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

*Rod.* Sir, sir, sir,—

*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure,  
My spirit and my place have in them power  
To make this bitter to thee.

*Rod.* Patience, good sir.

*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is  
My house is not a <sup>f</sup> grange. [Venice;

*Rod.* Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

*Iago.* 'Zounds! sir, you are one of those, that  
will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because  
we come to do you service, and you think we are  
ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a  
Barbary horse: you'll have your <sup>b</sup> nephews neigh  
to you; you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets  
for <sup>i</sup> germans.

*Bra.* What <sup>k</sup> profane wretch art thou?

*Iago.* I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your  
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast  
with two backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are—a senator.

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Rod-  
erigo. [you,

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech  
If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,  
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,  
At this 'odd-even and dull watch o' the night,  
Transported with no worse nor better guard,  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,  
If this be known to you, and your <sup>m</sup> allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;  
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe  
That <sup>n</sup> from the sense of all civility,  
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:  
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,  
<sup>4</sup> Laying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,  
<sup>5</sup> On an <sup>o</sup> extravagant and wheedling stranger,  
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:  
If she be in her chamber, or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state  
For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, ho!

Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—

This accident is not unlike my dream;

Belief of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say! light! [Exit from above.

*Iago.* Farewell, for I must leave you:

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,

To be produc'd (as if I stay I shall)

Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,—

However this may gall him with some <sup>p</sup> check,—

Cannot with safety <sup>q</sup> cast him; for he's embark'd

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars

(Which even now stand in act) that, for their souls,

<sup>a</sup> "Affin'd," i. e., bound by relationship.—<sup>b</sup> Knave is used here for servant.—<sup>c</sup> "In complement extern," i. e., in outward show of civility.—<sup>d</sup> "Owe," i. e., own; possess.—<sup>e</sup> "Burst," i. e., broken.

<sup>f</sup> "Distemp'ring," i. e., intoxicating.—<sup>g</sup> A grange is a solitary, unprotected farm-house.—<sup>h</sup> Nephews here mean grandchildren.—<sup>i</sup> "Gennets for germans," i. e., horses for relations.—<sup>j</sup> "Profane," i. e., wicked; licentious.—<sup>k</sup> The odd-even of the night is the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning.—<sup>l</sup> "Allowance," i. e., approbation.—<sup>m</sup> From is put for against.—<sup>n</sup> Extravagant is used here for wandering, strolling.—<sup>o</sup> "Check," i. e., rebuke.—<sup>p</sup> "Cast," i. e., dismiss; reject.

Another of his <sup>a</sup>fathom they have none,  
To lead their business : in which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,  
Yet for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love, [him,  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find  
Lead to the <sup>b</sup>Sagittary the raised search;  
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

*Enter BRABANTIO, and Servants with Torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil : gone she is ;  
And what's to come of my despised <sup>c</sup>time  
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—  
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a  
father?— [me

How didst thou know 'twas she?—O! thou deceiv'st  
Past thought.—What said she to you?—Get more  
tapers!

Raise all my kindred!—Are they married, think you?

*Rod.* Truly, I think, they are.

*Bra.* O heaven!—How got she out?—O, treason  
of <sup>1</sup>my blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds  
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,  
By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
Of some such thing?

*Rod.* Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

*Bra.* Call up my brother.—O, that you had had  
her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know  
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

*Rod.* I think, I can discover him, if you please  
To get good guard, and go along with me.

*Bra.* Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;  
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!  
And raise some special officers of night.—  
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants, with  
Torches.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience  
To do no contriv'd murder : I lack iniquity  
Sometimes, to do me service. Nine or ten times  
I had thought to have <sup>d</sup>yerk'd him here, under the  
*Oth.* 'Tis better as it is. [ribs.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against your honor,  
That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,  
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,  
That the <sup>e</sup>magnifico is much beloved;  
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential,  
As <sup>f</sup>double as the duke's : he will divorce you;  
Or put upon you what restraint, or grievance,  
The law (with all his might t' enforce it on)  
Will give him <sup>g</sup>cable.

*Oth.* Let him to his spite :  
My services, which I have done the signiory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,  
Which, when I know that boasting is an honor,

I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal <sup>h</sup>siege; and my <sup>i</sup>demerits  
May speak, unbosomed, to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reach'd : for know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my <sup>k</sup>unhoused free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine [yonder?  
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come  
*Iago.* These are the raised father, and his friends :  
You are best go in.

*Oth.* Not I; I must be found :  
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with Torches.*

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.  
The goodness of the night upon you, friends.  
What is the news?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general;  
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,  
Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you?  
*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.

It is a business of some heat : the galleys  
Have sent a dozen <sup>l</sup>sequent messengers,  
This very night, at one another's heels;  
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met, [for;  
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd  
When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
<sup>2</sup>The senate sent above three several <sup>m</sup>quests,  
To search you out.

*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you. [Exit.

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here?

*Iago.* 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land  
<sup>n</sup>carack :

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.

*Cas.* To whom?

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

*Iago.* Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

*Oth.* Have with you.

*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Iago.* It is Brabantio.—General, be <sup>o</sup>advis'd :  
He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers, with  
Torches and Weapons.*

*Oth.* Holla! stand there!

*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief!

[*They draw on both sides.*

*Iago.* You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the dew  
will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,  
Than with your weapons. [my daughter?

*Bra.* O, thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd  
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;  
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magic were not bound,  
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,  
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd  
The wealthy <sup>q</sup>curled darlings of our nation,

<sup>a</sup> "His fathom," i. e., his discernment, penetration.—  
<sup>b</sup> "The Sagittary" was an inn of that name.—<sup>c</sup> "Time," i. e.,  
old age.—<sup>d</sup> "Yerk'd," i. e., stabbed.—<sup>e</sup> "A magnifico is a  
grandee of Venice."—<sup>f</sup> "As double," i. e., as strong; as  
forcible.—<sup>g</sup> "Will give him cable," i. e., will allow, or  
authorize.

<sup>h</sup> "Men of royal siege," i. e., men who have sat upon  
royal thrones.—<sup>i</sup> "Demerits for merits."—<sup>j</sup> "Unhoused," i. e.,  
unsettled; free from domestic cares.—<sup>k</sup> "Sequent," i. e.,  
successive.—<sup>l</sup> "Quests," i. e., messengers.—<sup>m</sup> "A carack was  
a richly-laden vessel."—<sup>n</sup> "Be advis'd," i. e., be cautious.—  
<sup>o</sup> "Opposite," i. e., averse.—<sup>p</sup> "It was the fashion for gallants  
to wear curled or frizzled hair."

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou; to <sup>a</sup> fear, not to delight.  
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,  
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;  
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,  
That weaken motion.—I'll have 't disputed on;  
<sup>b</sup> 'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.  
I, therefore, apprehend, and do attach thee  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts <sup>b</sup> inhibited, and out of warrant.—  
Lay hold upon him! if he do resist,  
Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands!  
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go,  
To answer this your charge?

*Bra.* To prison; till fit time  
Of law, and course of direct session,  
Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey?  
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,  
Whose messengers are here about my side,  
Upon some present business of the state,  
To bear me to him?

*Off.* 'Tis true, most worthy signior:  
The Duke's in council, and your noble self,  
I am sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How! the duke in council,  
In this time of the night!—Bring him away.  
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;  
For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[*Eæunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Council-Chamber.

*The Duke, and Senators, sitting <sup>1</sup> in state; Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition in these news,  
That gives them credit.

*1 Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd:  
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.  
*2 Sen.* And mine, two hundred:

But though they <sup>a</sup> jump not on a just account,  
(As in these cases, <sup>b</sup> with the same reports,  
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment.  
I do not so secure me in the error,  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

*Sailor.* [Within.] What ho! what ho! what ho!

*Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.*

*Off.* A messenger from the galleys.

*Duke.* Now, the business?

*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes:  
So was I bid report here to the state,  
By signior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change?

*1 Sen.* This cannot be,  
By no <sup>a</sup> assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider  
The impotency of Cyprus to the Turk;  
And let ourselves again but understand,

That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile <sup>c</sup> question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike <sup>c</sup> brace,  
But altogether lacks th' abilities [this  
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of  
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,  
To leave that latest which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
To wake, and <sup>b</sup> wage, a danger profitless.

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

*Off.* Here is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,  
Have there <sup>d</sup> enjoined them with an after fleet.

*1 Sen.* Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

*Mess.* Of thirty sail; and now do they re-stem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appear-  
ance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
With his free duty recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

*Duke.* 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.—

Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

*1 Sen.* He's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us to him; post, post-haste  
dispatch. [Moor.]

*1 Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,  
and Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;

[*To BRABANTIO.*]

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;  
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business,  
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general  
Take hold of me, for my particular grief [care  
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

*Duke.*

Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter! O, my daughter!

*Sen.*

Dead?

*Bra.*

Ay, to me:

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense)  
<sup>k</sup> Sans witchcraft could not.

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,  
Hath thus beguill'd your daughter of herself,  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
After <sup>3</sup> its own sense; yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your <sup>1</sup> action.

*Bra.*

Humbly I thank your grace.

Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,  
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,  
Hath hither brought.

*Duke and Sen.*

We are very sorry for it.

*Duke.* What, in your own part, can you say to  
this? [*To OTHELLO.*]

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

<sup>a</sup> "To fear," i. e., a thing to cause fear, to terrify.—<sup>b</sup> "Inhibited," i. e., forbidden; prohibited.—<sup>c</sup> "Composition," i. e., consistency.—<sup>d</sup> "Jump," i. e., agree.—<sup>e</sup> "By no assay of reason," i. e., by any reasonable test.

<sup>f</sup> "With more facile question," i. e., with less dispute.—  
<sup>g</sup> "Brace," i. e., state of defence.—<sup>h</sup> "To wake and wage," i. e., to undertake and follow up.—<sup>i</sup> "Injoined them," i. e., united themselves.—<sup>j</sup> "Sans" (Fr.), without.—<sup>k</sup> "In your action," i. e., exposed to your accusation.



My very noble and approv'd good masters,  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her:  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious pa-  
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver [tience,  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what  
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,  
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)  
I won his daughter with.

*Bra.* A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?  
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,  
That will confess perfection so could err  
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell,  
Why this should be. I, therefore, vouch again,  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this is no proof:  
Without more evidence and overt test,  
These are thin habits, and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming, you prefer against him.

1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak:  
Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections;  
Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father:  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.  
*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them; you best know the  
place.— [*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*]  
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.  
*Oth.* Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I had pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;  
Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history:

Wherein of 'antres vast, and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch  
heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process;  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,  
Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence—  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not <sup>h</sup>intently: I did consent;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful! [strange;  
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd  
me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her.—<sup>3</sup> On this hint I spake;  
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,  
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:  
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think, this tale would win my daughter too.  
*Good Brabantio,*  
Take up this mangled matter at the best:  
Men do their broken weapons rather use,  
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak:  
If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man.—Come hither, gentle mistress:  
Do you perceive in all this noble company,  
Where most you owe obedience?

*Des.* My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty.  
To you, I am bound for life, and education:  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;  
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband;  
And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor, my lord.

*Bra.* God be with you!—I have done.—  
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs:  
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—  
Come hither, Moor:  
I here do give thee that with all my heart,  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child,  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself; and <sup>4</sup>say a  
sentence,  
Which, as a <sup>5</sup>grise, or step, may help these lovers

\* "Their dearest action," i. e., their best exertion.—  
b *Herself for itself*.—c "Overt test," i. e., open proof.—d "Of  
modern seeming," i. e., of weak show.—e "Portance," i. e.,  
my bearing, behavior.

f "Antres" (Fr.) caverns; dens.—g "Idle," i. e., sterile.—  
h "Intently," i. e., with full attention.—i "Speak like  
yourself," i. e., as you yourself would speak in your cooler  
moments.—k "Grise," i. e., step.

Into your favor.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes. [thief:  
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the  
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile:  
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.  
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;  
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.  
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:  
But words are words; I never yet did hear,  
That the bruised heart was pieced through the ear.  
Beseech you, now to the affairs of state.

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty preparation  
makes for Cyprus.—Othello, the <sup>a</sup>fortitude of the  
place is best known to you; and though we have  
there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet  
opinion, a <sup>2</sup>most sovereign mistress of effects,  
throws a more safer voice on you: you must, there-  
fore, be content to <sup>3</sup>slubber the gloss of your new  
fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous ex-  
pedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My <sup>c</sup>thrice-driven bed of down: I do <sup>d</sup>agnize  
A natural and prompt alacrity,  
I find in hardness; and do undertake  
These present wars against the Ottomites.  
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife;  
Due reference of place, and <sup>e</sup>exhibition,  
With such accommodation and <sup>f</sup>besort,  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please,  
Be't at her father's.

*Bra.* I'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I; I might there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts,  
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,  
To my unfolding lend <sup>3</sup>a <sup>5</sup>prosperous ear:  
And let me find a charter in your voice,  
T' assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued  
Even to the very <sup>h</sup>quality of my lord:  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;  
And to his honors, and his valiant parts,  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Your voices, lords: <sup>i</sup>beseech you, let her will  
Have a free way.  
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite;

Nor to comply wi' <sup>4</sup>the young <sup>1</sup>affects of heat,  
(In me defunct) and proper satisfaction;  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:  
And heaven defend your <sup>c</sup>counsels, that you think  
I will your serious and great business scant,  
<sup>6</sup>When she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys  
Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness  
My speculative and active <sup>k</sup>instruments,  
That my <sup>1</sup>disports corrupt and taint my business,  
Let housewives make a skillet of my <sup>m</sup>helm,  
And all <sup>n</sup>indign and base adversities  
Make head against my reputation!

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay, or going. Th' affair cries haste,  
And speed must answer it: you must hence to-night.

*Des.* To-night, my lord?

*Duke.* This night.

*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.  
Othello, leave some officer behind,  
And he shall our commission bring to you;  
With such things else of quality and respect,  
As do import you.

*Oth.* Please your grace, my ancient  
A man he is of honesty, and trust:  
To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good grace shall think  
To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.—  
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,

[To BRABANTIO.

If virtue no <sup>o</sup>delighted beauty lack,  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*1 Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:  
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[Exit DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.

*Oth.* My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:  
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her,  
And bring her after in the best <sup>p</sup>advantage.—  
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour  
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,  
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[Exit Othello and DESDEMONA.

*Rod.* Iago.

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, thinkest thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Rod.* I will <sup>q</sup>incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee  
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

*Rod.* It is silliness to live, when to live is a tor-  
ment; and then have we a prescription to die, when  
death is our physician.

*Iago.* O villainous! I have looked upon the world  
for four times seven years, and since I could dis-  
tinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never  
found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I  
would say, I would drown myself for the love of a  
Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a  
baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess, it is my  
shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to  
amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are  
thus, or thus. Our bodies are gardens, to the which,  
our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant net-

<sup>a</sup> "The fortitude," i. e., the strength.—<sup>b</sup> "To slubber," i. e., to obscure.—<sup>c</sup> Thrice-driven fathers are those which have been selected by driving.—<sup>d</sup> To agnize is to acknowledge, confess.—<sup>e</sup> "Exhibition," i. e., allowance.—<sup>f</sup> "Besort," i. e., company; society.—<sup>g</sup> "Prosperous," i. e., propitious.—<sup>h</sup> "Quality," i. e., profession.

<sup>1</sup> "Affects," i. e., affections.—<sup>2</sup> Speculative instruments, in Shakespeare's language, are the eyes; active instruments are the hands and feet.—<sup>3</sup> Disports are pastimes.—<sup>4</sup> "H-met."—<sup>5</sup> "Indign" (Fr.), unworthy.—<sup>6</sup> Delighted for delighting.—<sup>7</sup> "In the best advantage," i. e., at the fairest opportunity.—<sup>8</sup> "Incontinently," i. e., immediately.

tles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one <sup>a</sup>gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or mannured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our <sup>b</sup>unbitted lusts, whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a <sup>c</sup>sect, or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I profess me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of <sup>d</sup>perdurable toughness; I could never better <sup>e</sup>stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy <sup>f</sup>favor with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable <sup>g</sup>sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as colicoquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. She must have change, she must: therefore, put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an <sup>h</sup>erring barbarian and a <sup>i</sup>supersupple Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is <sup>j</sup>hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. <sup>k</sup>Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

*Rod.* What say you?

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear?

*Rod.* I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse. [Exit RODERIGO.]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;  
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,  
If I would time expend with such a snipe,  
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;  
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;  
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
Will do as if for <sup>l</sup>surety. He holds me well;  
The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;  
To get his place, and to plume up my will  
In double knavery,—How, how?—Let's see:—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear  
That he is too familiar with his wife:  
He hath a person, and a smooth <sup>m</sup>dispose,  
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.  
The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so,  
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,  
As asses are.—

I have't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.  
[Exit.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. A Platform.

*Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.*

*Mon.* What from the cape can you discern at sea?  
*1 Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;  
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,  
Descry a sail. [Land;

*Mon.* Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at  
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:  
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

*2 Gent.* A <sup>n</sup>segregation of the Turkish fleet:  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,  
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous  
Seems to cast water on the burning <sup>o</sup>bear, [mane,  
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole.  
I never did like molestation view  
On the <sup>p</sup>enchafed flood.

*Mon.* If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;  
It is impossible to bear it out.

*Enter a Third Gentleman.*

*3 Gent.* News, lads! our wars are done.  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
That their <sup>q</sup>designment halts: a noble ship of Venice  
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How! is this true?

*3 Gent.* The ship is here put in:  
A <sup>r</sup>Florentine, Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,  
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

*Mon.* I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

*3 Gent.* But this same Cassio, though he speak of  
comfort,  
Touching the Turkish loss, yet ~~he~~ looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest.

*Mon.* Pray heaven he be;  
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands

\* "Gender," i. e., kind.—<sup>b</sup>Unbridled.—<sup>c</sup>A *sect* is what gardeners call a *cutting*.—<sup>d</sup>"Perdurable," i. e., lasting.—<sup>e</sup>"Stead," i. e., serve; profit.—<sup>f</sup>"Defeat thy favor," i. e., disfigure thy face.—<sup>g</sup>"Sequestration," i. e., separation.—<sup>h</sup>*Erring* here means wandering.—<sup>i</sup>"Hearted," i. e., seated in the heart.—<sup>k</sup>"Traverse," i. e., March!

l "Will do as if for surety," i. e., will act as if I were certain of the fact.—<sup>m</sup>*Dispose* for *disposition*.—<sup>n</sup>*Segregation* is *separation, dispersion*.—<sup>o</sup>"The burning bear," i. e., the constellation near the polar star.—<sup>p</sup>"Enchafed," i. e., angry.—<sup>q</sup>"Designment," i. e., purpose; intention.



Like a <sup>a</sup> full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!  
As well to see the vessel that's come in,  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,  
Even till we make the main, and th' aerial blue,  
An indistinct <sup>b</sup> regard.

3 *Gent.* Come, let's do so;  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more <sup>c</sup> arrivance.

*Enter CASSIO, <sup>1</sup> and several Islanders.*

*Cas.* Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike isle,  
That so approve the Moor.—O! let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

*Mon.* Is he well shipp'd?

*Cas.* His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot  
Of very expert and approv'd <sup>d</sup> allowance;  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold <sup>e</sup> cure.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Cas.* What noise?

*Mess.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea  
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "a sail."

*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[*Guns heard.*]

2 *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:  
Our friends, at least.

*Cas.* I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*]

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

*Cas.* Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid,  
That paragon description, and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in th' essential vesture of <sup>f</sup> creation, [in?]  
Does bear all excellency.—How now! who has put

*Re-enter Second Gentleman.*

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

*Cas.* He has had most favorable and happy speed:  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,  
Traitors <sup>g</sup> ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their <sup>h</sup> mortal natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

*Mon.* What is she? [*tain,*]

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's cap-  
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,  
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove! Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
And bring all Cyprus comfort.—O, behold!

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore.  
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.

[*They kneel.*]

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round.

*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

*Cas.* He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught  
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

*Des.* O! but I fear.—How lost you company?

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship.

[*Within.*] A sail, a sail!

But, hark! a sail. [*Guns heard.*]

2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel:  
This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.* See for the news.—

[*Exit Gentleman*]

Good ancient, you are welcome.—Welcome, mis-  
tress.— [*To EMILIA.*]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her*]

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,  
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

*Des.* Alas! she has no speech.

*Iago.* In faith, too much;  
I find it still, when I have <sup>3</sup> lust<sup>k</sup> to sleep:  
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
And chides with thinking.

*Emil.* You have little cause to say so. [*doors,*]

*Iago.* Come on, come on; you are pictures out of  
Bells in your parlors, wild cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your

*Des.* O, fie upon thee, slanderer! [*beds.*]

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:

You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.* No, let me not.

*Des.* What would'st thou write of me, if thou  
should'st praise me?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to't,  
For I am nothing, if not <sup>m</sup> critical. [*harbor?*]

*Des.* Come on; assay.—There's one gone to the

*Cas.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry; but I do beguile

The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—

Come; how would'st thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it, but, indeed, my invention  
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from <sup>n</sup> frize,  
It plucks out brains and all; but my muse labors,  
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,  
The one's for use, the other useth it. [*witty?*]

*Des.* Well praise'd! How, if she be black and

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She'll find a <sup>o</sup> white that shall her blackness fit.

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How, if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was fair;  
For even her folly <sup>4</sup> helps her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old <sup>p</sup> fond paradoxes, to make  
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise  
hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

*Iago.* There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,  
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

*Des.* O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst  
best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a  
deserving woman indeed? one that, in the authori-

<sup>a</sup> "A full soldier," is a complete one.—<sup>b</sup> "Regard," i. e., object of sight.—<sup>c</sup> "Arrivance," i. e., company arrived.—<sup>d</sup> That is, "Of allowed and approved expertness."—<sup>e</sup> "In bold cure," i. e., in confidence of being realized.—<sup>f</sup> "In th' essential vesture of creation," i. e., in outward form; in native beauty.—<sup>g</sup> "Ensteep'd," i. e., concealed under the water.—<sup>h</sup> Mortal is deadly, destructive.—<sup>i</sup> "Enwheel," i. e., encompass; encircle.

<sup>k</sup> "When I have lust," i. e., when I desire.—<sup>l</sup> "Saints in your injuries," i. e., doing injuries with an air of sanctity.—<sup>m</sup> "Critical," i. e., censorious.—<sup>n</sup> Frize is a sort of coarse cloth.—<sup>o</sup> A quibble between white and wight.—<sup>p</sup> "Fond," i. e., foolish; silly.

ty of her merit, did justly put on the <sup>a</sup>vouch of very malice itself?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair, and never proud;  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;  
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;  
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—"now I may;"  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;  
She that in wisdom never was so frail,  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's <sup>b</sup>tail;  
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following, and not look behind;  
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

*Des.* To do what?

*Iago.* To suckle fools, and chronicle small <sup>c</sup>beer.

*Des.* O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—  
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and <sup>d</sup>liberal <sup>e</sup>censurer?

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam: you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

<sup>2</sup>[*Talks apart with Desd.*]

*Iago.* [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will <sup>g</sup>gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the 'sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake. —[*A Trumpet heard.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

*Cas.* 'Tis truly so.

*Des.* Let's meet him, and receive him.

*Cas.* Lo, where he comes!

*Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.*

*Oth.* O, my fair warrior!

*Des.* My dear Othello!

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my content,  
To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy!  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow, till they have waken'd death;  
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas,  
Olympus-high, and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Des.* The heavens forbid,  
But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
Even as our days do grow!

*Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers!—  
I cannot speak enough of this content;  
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:  
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,

[*Kissing her.*]

That e'er our hearts shall make!

*Iago.* [*Aside.*] O! you are well tun'd now;  
But I'll set down the pegs that <sup>3</sup>make this music,  
As honest as I am.

*Oth.* Come, let us to the castle.—  
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are  
drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—

Honey, you shall be well <sup>4</sup>desir'd in Cyprus,  
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,  
I prattle out of <sup>5</sup>h fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts.—I pry'thee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers.  
Bring thou the master to the citadel:  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,  
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*]

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the harbor.  
—Come hither.—If thou be'st valiant—as they say  
base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their  
natures more than is native to them,—list me. The  
lieutenant to-night watches on the court of <sup>k</sup>guard.  
—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly  
in love with him.

*Rod.* With him? why, 'tis not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be  
instructed. Mark me with what violence she first  
loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her  
fantastical lies; and will she love him still for prating?  
let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye  
must be fed; and what delight shall she have to  
look on the devil? When the blood is made dull  
with the act of sport, there should be,—again to in-  
flame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveli-  
ness in favor, sympathy in years, manners, and  
beauties; all which the Moor is defective in.  
Now, for want of these required conveniences, her  
delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to  
heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor;  
very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her  
to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as  
it is a most <sup>m</sup>pregnant and unforced position) who  
stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune,  
as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no farther  
conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of  
civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing  
of his <sup>n</sup>salt and most hidden loose affection? why,  
none; why, none: a subtle slippery knave; a finder  
out of occasion; that has an eye can stamp and  
counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never  
present itself: a devilish knave! besides, the knave  
is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in  
him, that folly and <sup>o</sup>green minds look after; a pes-  
sident complete knave, and the woman hath found  
him already.

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her: she is full of  
most blessed <sup>p</sup>condition.

*Iago.* Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is  
made of grapes! if she had been blessed, she  
would never have loved the Moor: bless'd pud-  
ding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the  
palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index, and ob-  
scure prologue to the history of lust and foul  
thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that  
their breaths embraced together. Villainous  
thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so  
marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master  
and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion.  
Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have  
brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night;

<sup>g</sup> "Well desir'd," i. e., much solicited by invitation.—

<sup>h</sup> "Out of fashion," i. e., without method.—<sup>i</sup> "List me," i. e., listen to me.—<sup>k</sup> The court of guard is the place where the guard musters.—<sup>l</sup> Lay thy finger, i. e., on thy mouth, to stop it, while listening to a wiser man.—<sup>m</sup> Pregnant, i. e., plain; evident.—<sup>n</sup> Salt, i. e., licentious.—<sup>o</sup> Green, i. e., unripe; immature.—<sup>p</sup> Condition, i. e., qualities disposition of mind.

<sup>a</sup> "Put on the vouch," i. e., provoke the approbation.—  
<sup>b</sup> That is, "To exchange a delicacy for coarser fare."—  
<sup>c</sup> "Chronicle small beer," i. e., keep the accounts of the household.—<sup>d</sup> "Liberal," i. e., licentious.—<sup>e</sup> "Gyve thee," i. e., fetter, shackle thee.—<sup>f</sup> "To play the sir in," i. e., to exhibit your good breeding and gallantry in.

for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you? do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or 'tainting his discipline; or from what other cause you please, which the time shall more favorably minister.

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash, and very <sup>b</sup>sudden in choler, and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose <sup>c</sup>qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to <sup>d</sup>prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lustful Moor Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards, And nothing can, or shall, content my soul, Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife; Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—If this poor <sup>1</sup>brach<sup>2</sup> of Venice, whom I <sup>3</sup>trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,—I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank <sup>4</sup>garb,—For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;—Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an ass, And <sup>5</sup>practising upon his peace and quiet, Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd: Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE II.—A Street.

*Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation; People following.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere <sup>1</sup>perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his <sup>2</sup>addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All <sup>3</sup>offices are open; and there is full liberty of

feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night: Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

*Oth.* Iago is most honest. Michael, good night: to-morrow, with your earliest, Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love: The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[*To DESDEMONA.*]

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.— Good night. [*Exeunt OTH., DES.,<sup>2</sup> attended.*]

*Enter IAGO.*

*Cas.* Welcome, Iago: we must to the watch.

*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our general <sup>3</sup>cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, whom let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

*Cas.* She's a most exquisite lady.

*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Cas.* Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature.

*Iago.* What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

*Cas.* An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

*Iago.* And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

*Cas.* She is, indeed, perfection.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

*Cas.* Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

*Iago.* O! they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

*Cas.* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily <sup>4</sup>qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

*Iago.* What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

*Cas.* Where are they?

*Iago.* Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

*Cas.* I'll do't, but it <sup>5</sup>dislikes me. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence. [*Roderigo,* As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out—*To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd* [*ward,* Potatoes pottle deep; and he's to watch. Three <sup>6</sup>elves of Cyprus,—noble, swelling spirits, That hold their honors in a wary distance, The very elements of this warlike isle,— Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

<sup>a</sup> "Tainting," i. e., throwing a slur upon.—<sup>b</sup> "Sudden," i. e., hasty.—<sup>c</sup> "Qualification," i. e., pacification; appeasement.—<sup>d</sup> "To prefer," i. e., to advance.—<sup>e</sup> *Brach* was the term for a bitch-hound.—<sup>f</sup> *To trash* is to impede; to keep back.—<sup>g</sup> "In the rank garb," i. e., in the right down style or fashion.—<sup>h</sup> "Practising," i. e., using malicious artifices.—<sup>i</sup> "The mere perdition," i. e., the entire destruction.—<sup>k</sup> "His addiction," i. e., his habitual disposition.—<sup>l</sup> "Offices," i. e., rooms in the castle where refreshments were served out.

<sup>m</sup> "Cast us," i. e., dismissed us.—<sup>n</sup> "Craftily qualified," i. e., slyly mixed with water.—<sup>o</sup> "It dislikes me," i. e., I do it with dislike, or unwillingly.



And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of  
Am I to put our Cassio in some action [drunkards,  
That may offend the isle.—But here they come.  
If consequence do but approve my <sup>a</sup> dream,  
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentle-  
men.*

*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, they have given me a <sup>b</sup> rouse  
already.

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one <sup>c</sup> not past a pint, as  
I am a soldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho!

*And let me the <sup>e</sup> canakin clink, clink; [Sings.*

*And let me the canakin clink:*

*A soldier's a man;*

*A life's but a span;*

*Why then let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought.

*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learned it in England, where (indeed)  
they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your  
German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink,  
ho!—are nothing to your <sup>f</sup> Englishman.

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drink-  
ing?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your  
Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your  
<sup>g</sup> Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the  
next pottle can be filled.

*Cas.* To the health of our general.

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you <sup>h</sup> jus-  
tice.

*Iago.* O sweet England!

*King Stephen was a worthy <sup>i</sup> peer,*

*His breeches cost him but a crown;*

*He held them sixpence all too dear,*

*With that he call'd the tailor—<sup>j</sup> lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,*

*And thou art but of low degree:*

*'Tis pride that pulls the country down,*

*Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the  
other.

*Iago.* Will you hear it again?

*Cas.* No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his  
place that does those things.—Well, heaven's above  
all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be  
souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* It is true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part,—no offence to the gen-  
eral, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

*Iago.* And so do I too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay; but, by your leave, not before me: the  
lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient.—Let's  
have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive  
us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business.  
Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my  
ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left  
hand.—I am not drunk now; I can stand well  
enough, and speak well enough.

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well, then; you must not think,  
then, that I am drunk. [Exit.

*Mon.* To the platform, masters: come, let's set  
the watch.

*Iago.* You see this fellow, that is gone before:

<sup>a</sup> That is, 'If success favor my schemes.'—<sup>b</sup> "A rouse,"  
i. e., a little more than enough.—<sup>c</sup> A canakin is a little can, or  
cup.—<sup>d</sup> "Almain," i. e., German.—<sup>e</sup> "Do you justice," i. e.,  
drink as much as you do.—<sup>f</sup> "Peer," i. e., fellow.—  
<sup>g</sup> "Lown," i. e., clown.

He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar  
And give direction; and do but see his vice.  
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,  
The one as long as th' other: 'tis pity of him.  
I fear, the trust Othello puts in him,  
On some odd time of his infirmity,  
Will shake this island.

*Mon.*

But is he often thus?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:  
He'll watch the horologe a double <sup>h</sup> set,  
If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.*

It were well,

The general were put in mind of it.  
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature  
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,  
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* How now, Roderigo? [Aside to him.  
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[Exit RODERIGO

*Mon.* And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor  
Should hazard such a place as his own second,  
With one of an <sup>i</sup> ingraft infirmity:  
It were an honest action to say  
So to the Moor.

*Iago.*

Not I, for this fair island:

I do love Cassio well, and would do much  
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise!  
[Cry within,—Help! Help!

*Re-enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.*

*Cas.* You rogue! you rascal!

*Mon.* What's the matter, lieutenant?

*Cas.* A knave!—teach me my duty?

I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

*Rod.* Beat me!

*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue?

[Striking RODERIGO.

*Mon.* Nay, good lieutenant; [Staying him.

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

*Cas.*

Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the <sup>k</sup> mazzard.

*Mon.*

Come, come; you're drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk!

[They fight.

*Iago.* Away, I say! [Aside to ROD.] go out, and  
cry a mutiny. [Exit ROD.

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen!—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

[Bell rings.

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant, hold!

You will be sham'd for ever.

*Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.*

*Oth.*

What is the matter here?

*Mon.* 'Zounds! I bleed still: I am hurt to the  
death. [He faints.

*Oth.* Hold, for your lives!

*Iago.* Hold, hold, lieutenant!—sir, Montano,—  
gentlemen!—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you: hold, for  
shame! [this?

*Oth.* Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that,

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl!

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—

<sup>k</sup> That is, 'He'll keep awake while the clock strikes two  
rounds, or four and twenty hours, if he have no drink.'—  
<sup>i</sup> "Ingraft," i. e., rooted; settled.—<sup>k</sup> "The mazzard," i. e.,  
the jaw.

Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle  
From her <sup>a</sup>propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—  
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,  
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

*Iago.* I do not know <sup>a</sup>—friends all but now, even  
In <sup>b</sup>quarter, and in terms like bride and groom [now  
<sup>c</sup>Divesting them for bed; and then, but now,  
(As if some planet had unwitting <sup>d</sup>them)  
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,  
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
Any beginning to this peevish <sup>e</sup>odds;  
And would in action glorious I had lost  
Those legs, that brought me to a part of it. [got?]

*Oth.* How came it, Michael, you were thus <sup>f</sup>for—

*Cas.* I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

*Oth.* Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest <sup>g</sup>censure: what's the matter,  
That you unlance your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich <sup>h</sup>opinion, for the name  
Of a night brawler? give me answer to it.

*Mon.* Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you, [me,  
While I spare speech, which something now offends  
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught  
By me that's said or done amiss this night,  
Unless <sup>i</sup>self-charity be sometime a vice,  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,  
When violence assails us.

*Oth.* Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;  
And passion, having my best judgment <sup>j</sup>quelled,  
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on;  
And he that is <sup>k</sup>approv'd in this offence,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,  
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court of guard and safety?  
<sup>l</sup>This monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

*Mon.* If partially <sup>m</sup>affin'd, or leagu'd in office,  
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

*Iago.* Touch me not so near.  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth  
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;  
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow crying out for help,  
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword  
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
Lest by his clamor (as it so fell out)  
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,  
Outran my purpose; and I return'd, the rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
And Cassio high in oath, which, till to-night,  
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,  
(For this was brief) I found them close together,  
At blow and thrust, even as again they were,

When you yourself did part them.  
More of this matter can I not report:—  
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,  
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,  
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received  
From him that fled some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

*Oth.* I know, Iago,  
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;  
But never more be officer of mine.—

*Enter DESDEMONA, attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up!—  
I'll make thee an example.

*Des.* What's the matter?

*Oth.* All's well now, sweeting; come away to  
bed.—

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.—  
Lead him off.— [MONTANO is led off.  
Iago, look with care about the town,  
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—  
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,  
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*]

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cas.* Ay, past all surgery.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! O! I  
have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal  
part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My  
reputation, Iago, my reputation!

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had  
received some bodily wound; there is more offence  
in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle  
and most false imposition; oft got without merit,  
and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputa-  
tion at all unless you repute yourself such a loser.  
What, man! there are ways to recover the general  
again: you are but now cast in his <sup>n</sup>mood, a punish-  
ment more in policy than in malice; even so as  
one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an  
imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despised, than to de-  
ceive so good a commander, with so light, so  
drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk?  
and speak <sup>o</sup>parrot? and squabble? swagger?  
swear? and discourse fustian with one's own  
shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou  
hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—  
devil.

*Iago.* What was he that you follow'd with your  
sword? What had he done to you?

*Cas.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is't possible?

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing  
distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O  
God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths,  
to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy,  
revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves  
into beasts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough: how  
came you thus recovered?

*Cas.* It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to  
give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness  
shows me another, to make me frankly despise my-  
self.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a <sup>p</sup>moralizer. As  
the time, the place, and the condition of this coun-

<sup>a</sup> "From her propriety," i. e., from her proper or regular estate.—<sup>b</sup> "In quarter," i. e., on our station.—<sup>c</sup> "Divesting," i. e., undressing.—<sup>d</sup> "This peevish odds," i. e., this silly dispute.—<sup>e</sup> "You were thus forgot," i. e., you thus forgot yourself.—<sup>f</sup> "Censure," i. e., opinion; judgment.—<sup>g</sup> "Opinion," i. e., reputation; character.—<sup>h</sup> "Self-charity," i. e., care of one's self.—<sup>i</sup> "Approv'd," i. e., convicted by proof.—<sup>j</sup> "Affin'd," i. e., related by nearness of office.

<sup>l</sup> "Cast in his mood," i. e., dismissed in his anger.—  
<sup>m</sup> "Speak parrot," i. e., talk idly; utter all you know.—  
<sup>n</sup> "Moralizer"

try stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me, I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

*Cas.* I have well <sup>a</sup>approved it, sir.—I drunk!

*Iago.* You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general:—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and <sup>1</sup>devotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter, and my fortunes against any <sup>b</sup>lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

*Cas.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

*Cas.* I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit* CASSIO.]

*Iago.* And what's he, then, that says I play the villain,

When this advice is <sup>c</sup>free I give, and honest,  
<sup>2</sup>Probable to thinking, and, indeed, the course  
 To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy  
 The <sup>d</sup>inclining Desdemona to subdue  
 In any honest suit: she's fram'd as <sup>e</sup>fruitful  
 As the free elements. And, then, for her  
 To win the Moor,—wer't to renounce his baptism,  
 All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—  
 His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,  
 That she may make, unmake, do what she list,  
 Even as her appetite shall play the god  
 With his weak function. How am I, then, a villain,  
 To counsel Cassio to this <sup>f</sup>parallel course,  
 Directly to his good?—Divinity of hell!  
 When devils will their blackest sins put on,  
 They do <sup>g</sup>suggest at first with heavenly shows,  
 As I do now; for whiles this honest fool  
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,  
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,  
 I'll pour this <sup>h</sup>pestilence into his ear,—  
 That she <sup>i</sup>repels him for her body's lust;  
 And, by how much she strives to do him good,  
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor:  
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch,  
 And out of her own goodness make the net,  
 That shall <sup>k</sup>enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo!

<sup>a</sup> "Approved," i. e., proved; experienced.—<sup>b</sup> "Any lay," i. e., any bet or wager.—<sup>c</sup> "Free," i. e., liberal; frank.—<sup>d</sup> "Inclining," i. e., compliant.—<sup>e</sup> "Fruitful," i. e., liberal; bountiful.—<sup>f</sup> "This parallel course," i. e., this course that is parallel or level with his design.—<sup>g</sup> "Suggest," i. e., tempt; instigate.—<sup>h</sup> "Pestilence for poison."—<sup>i</sup> "Repels" (Fr. *repeler*), i. e., recalls.—<sup>k</sup> "Enmesh," i. e., entrap; enclose in a net.

*Enter* RODERIGO, <sup>3</sup>angrily.

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent: I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

*Iago.* How poor are they, that have not patience! What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?

Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft; And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou by that small hurt hast cashier'd Cassio.

Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:

Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning; Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* ROD.] Two things are to be done.

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress.

I'll set her on:

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him <sup>4</sup>jump <sup>4</sup>where he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife.—Ay, that's the way:

Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before the Castle.

*Enter* CASSIO, and some Musicians.

*Cas.* Masters, play here, I will content your pains: Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow <sup>5</sup>to the general. [*Music*]

*Enter* Clown.

*Clo.* Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they <sup>6</sup>squeak i' the nose thus?

*1 Mus.* How, sir, how?

*Clo.* Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

*1 Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

*Clo.* O! thereby hangs a tail.

*1 Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

*1 Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

*Clo.* If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

*1 Mus.* We have none such, sir.

*Clo.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away.

[*Exeunt* Musicians.]

*Cas.* Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

*Clo.* No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, keep up thy <sup>m</sup>quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there is one Cassio entreats her a little favor of speech: wilt thou do this?

*Clo.* She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem <sup>n</sup>so to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> "Jump," i. e., just at the time.—<sup>m</sup> "Quillets," i. e., nice distinctions.



*Enter IAGO.*

*Cas.* Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been a-bed, then?

*Cas.* Why, no; the day had broke  
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,  
To send in to your wife: my suit to her  
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona  
Procure me some access.

*Iago.* I'll send her to you presently;  
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor  
Out of the way, that your converse and business  
May be more free. [*Exit.*]

*Cas.* I humbly thank you for't. I never knew  
A Florentine more kind and honest.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* Good-morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry  
For your <sup>a</sup>displeasure; but all will soon be well.  
The general and his wife are talking of it,  
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,  
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,  
And great <sup>b</sup>affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom  
He might not but refuse you; but, he protests, he  
loves you,

And needs no other suitor but his likings,  
To take the safest occasion by the front,  
To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you,—  
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—  
Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
With Desdemona alone.

*Emil.* Pray you, come in:  
I will bestow you where you shall have time  
To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.*

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,  
And by him do my duties to the state:  
That done, I will be walking on the <sup>c</sup>works;  
Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord; I'll do't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

*Gent.* We wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Before the Castle.

*Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.*

*Des.* Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf. [*husband,*]

*Emil.* Good madam, do: I know it grieves my  
As if the case were his. [*Cassio,*]

*Des.* O! that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,  
But I will have my lord and you again  
As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,  
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
He's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* O, sir! I thank you. You do love my lord;  
You have known him long, and be you well assur'd,  
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off  
Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,  
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that: before Emilia here,  
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch him <sup>d</sup>tame, and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a <sup>e</sup>shrift;  
I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit. Therefore, be merry, Cassio,  
For thy solicitor shall rather die,  
Than give thy cause away.

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.*

*Emil.* Madam, here comes my lord.

*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave.

*Des.* Why, stay, and hear me speak.

*Cas.* Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease;  
Unfit for mine own purpose.

*Des.* Well, do your discretion. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

*Iago.* Ha! I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord? No, sure; I cannot think it,  
That he would steal away so guilty-like,  
Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.

*Des.* How, now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is't you mean?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good, my lord  
If I have any grace, or power to move you,  
His present <sup>f</sup>reconciliation take;  
For if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance, and not in <sup>g</sup>cunning,  
I have no judgment in an honest face.  
I pr'ythee, call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now?

*Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled,  
That he hath left part of his grief with me,  
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other

*Des.* But shall't be shortly? [*time.*]

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home:  
I meet the captains at the citadel. [*morn;*]

*Des.* Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday  
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:

I pr'ythee, name the time, but let it not  
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,  
(Save that they say, the wars must make examples  
Out of <sup>h</sup>our <sup>i</sup>best) is not almost a fault

T' incur a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,

What you could ask me that I should deny,  
Or stand so <sup>j</sup>ammering on. What! Michael

Cassio,  
That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,  
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do  
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

*Oth.* Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he

I will deny thee nothing. [*will,*]

*Des.* Why, this is not a boon;  
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

<sup>a</sup> Hawks are tamed by keeping them from sleep.—<sup>e</sup> "A shrift," i. e., a confession.—<sup>f</sup> "Reconciliation," i. e., stone-ment; confession.—<sup>g</sup> "Cunning" here signifies knowledge.—

<sup>h</sup> "Our best," i. e., our best men.—<sup>i</sup> "Mammering," i. e., hesitating.

<sup>a</sup> "Your displeasure," i. e., the displeasure you have incurred from Othello.—<sup>b</sup> "Affinity," i. e., relationship; family alliance.—<sup>c</sup> "The works," i. e., the fortifications.

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,  
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit  
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of <sup>a</sup>poize and difficult weight,  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing:  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you? no. Farewell, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee  
straight. [you;

*Des.* Emilia, come.—Be it as your fancies teach  
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit, with EMILIA.]

*Oth.* Excellent <sup>b</sup>wretch! Perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my  
Know of your love? [lady,

*Oth.* He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought;  
No farther harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think, he had been acquainted  
with it.

*Oth.* O, yes; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed? [in that?

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed:—discern'st at thou aught  
Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord?

*Oth.* Honest? ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord?

*Oth.* Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean some-  
thing.

I heard thee say but now,—thou lik'st not that,  
When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?  
And, when I told thee, he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou criest, "In-  
deed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think, thou dost;  
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them  
breath,—

Therefore, these steps of thine fright me the more;  
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,  
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,  
They are close <sup>1</sup>delations, working from the heart,  
That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,  
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem;  
Or, those that be not, would they might seem <sup>c</sup>none!

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this.

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts  
The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me:  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and  
false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep <sup>d</sup>leets, and law-days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear  
A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you,—  
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,  
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not)—that your wisdom yet,  
From one that so imperfectly <sup>e</sup>conceits,  
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.  
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?  
*Iago.* Good name, in man, and woman, dear my  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls: [lord,  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,  
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he, that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;  
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Iago.* O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make  
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss,  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet <sup>f</sup>fondly loves!

*Oth.* O misery!

*Iago.* Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;  
But riches <sup>g</sup>fineless is as poor as winter,  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.—  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!

*Oth.* Why? why is this?  
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,  
Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such <sup>h</sup>exsufficate and blown surmises,  
Matching thy <sup>i</sup>inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,  
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me: no, Iago;  
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,  
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

*Iago.* I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason

<sup>a</sup> "Of poize," i. e., of weight.—<sup>b</sup> Wretch was formerly a term of endearment.—<sup>c</sup> "Might seem none," i. e., might no longer seem, or bear the shape of men.

<sup>d</sup> Leets are courts of inquiry.—<sup>e</sup> "Conceits," i. e., conceives; imagines.—<sup>f</sup> "Fineless," i. e., endless; boundless.—<sup>g</sup> "Exsufficate," i. e., whispered.—<sup>h</sup> "Matching thy inference," i. e., such as you have mentioned.

To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio:  
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:  
I would not have your free and noble nature,  
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't.  
I know our country disposition well:  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best con-  
science

Is, not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you;  
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,  
She lov'd them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to, then;  
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,  
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—  
He thought, 'twas witchcraft.—But I am much to  
blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,

For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from my love.—But, I do see you are mov'd:—  
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,  
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success,  
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy  
friend.

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

*Oth.* No, not much mov'd.—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest. [so]

*Iago.* Long live she so; and long live you to think

*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

*Iago.* Ay, there's the point:—as,—to be bold with  
you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends.  
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,  
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—  
But pardon me; I do not in suspicion  
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear,  
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,  
May fall to match you with her country forms,  
And happily repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell.

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;

Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [Going.]

*Oth.* Why did I marry?—This honest creature,  
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*Iago.* My lord, I would, I might entreat your  
honor [Returning.]

To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time.

Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,

(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability)

Yet if you please to hold him off a while,

You shall by that perceive him and his means.

Note, if your lady strain his entertainment  
With any strong or vehement importunity:  
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,  
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am)  
And hold her free, I do beseech your honor.

*Oth.* Fear not my government.

*Iago.* I once more take my leave. [Exit.]

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit  
Of human dealings: if I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind  
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd  
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much:—  
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief  
Must be to loath her. O, curse of marriage!  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;  
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:  
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,  
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself.—  
I'll not believe it.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello!

Your dinner and the generous islanders,  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame. [well?]

*Des.* Why is your speech so faint? are you not

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well. <sup>2</sup>[Offers to bind his Head.]

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;

[Lets fall her <sup>3</sup>Napkin.]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exit OTH. and DES.]

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin.

This was her first remembrance from the Moor:  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Wood'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,  
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it)  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,  
And give't Iago: what he will do with it,  
Heaven knows, not I;  
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

*Iago.* How now! what do you here alone?

*Emil.* Do not you chide, I have a thing for you.

*Iago.* A thing for me?—it is a common thing.

*Emil.* Ha?

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emil.* O! is that all? What will you give me now  
For that same handkerchief?

*Iago.* What handkerchief?

*Emil.* What handkerchief!

<sup>a</sup> "Self-bounty," i. e., inherent generosity. <sup>b</sup> "Issues," i. e., conclusions.—<sup>c</sup> "Success," i. e., result; consequence. <sup>d</sup> "A will," i. e., an inclination; a desire.—<sup>e</sup> "His means," i. e., his means of reinstating himself.

<sup>f</sup> "Strain his entertainment," i. e., press hard his re-admission to his office.—<sup>g</sup> That is, "Distrust not my ability to contain my passion." <sup>h</sup> Learned for experienced.—<sup>i</sup> "Haggard," i. e., libertine; wanton.—<sup>j</sup> Jesses are straps of leather by which a hawk is held on the fist.—<sup>k</sup> Chamberers, i. e., men of intrigue.—<sup>l</sup> "When we do quicken," i. e., when we begin to live.—<sup>m</sup> "The generous islanders" are islanders of rank, distinction.—<sup>n</sup> "Ta'en out," i. e., copied.



Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stolen it from her?

*Emil.* No, 'faith: she let it drop by negligence;  
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up.  
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench; give it me.

*Emil.* What will you do with't, that you have  
been so earnest

To have me filch it?

*Iago.* Why, what's that to you? [*Snatching it.*]

*Emil.* If it be not some purpose of import,  
Give't me again: poor lady! she'll run mad,  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not <sup>b</sup>acknown on't; I have use for it.

Go; leave me. [*Exit EMILIA.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it: trifles, light as air,  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison:  
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;  
But with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

*Enter OTHELLO.*

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor <sup>c</sup>mandra-  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, [*Gora,*]  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,  
Which thou <sup>d</sup>ow'st yesterday.

*Oth.* Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

*Iago.* Why, how now, general! no more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the  
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,  
Than but to know't a little. [*Rack.*—

*Iago.* How now, my lord!

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stolen hours of  
lust?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known.—O! now, for ever,  
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content:  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue: O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And O! you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

*Iago.* Is it possible?—My lord,—

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;  
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,

[*Taking him by the Throat.*]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,  
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

*Iago.* Is it come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,  
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate;  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,  
Greater than that. <sup>1</sup>[*Releasing him.*]

*Iago.*

O grace! O heaven defend me!  
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—  
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,  
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!  
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,  
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay.—Thou shouldst be honest.

*Iago.* I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.

*Oth.*

By the world,  
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.  
I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:  
I do repent me that I put it to you.  
You would be satisfied?

*Oth.*

Would! nay, I will.

*Iago.* And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord!  
Would you the supervision? grossly gape on?  
Behold her topp'd?

*Oth.*

Death and damnation! O!

*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring <sup>2</sup>it to that prospect. Damn them then,  
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,  
More than their own! What then? how then?  
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?  
It is impossible you should see this,  
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk: but yet, I say,  
If imputation, and strong circumstances,  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

*Oth.* Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office;

But, <sup>3</sup>sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,  
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,  
And being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:  
One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say,—“Sweet Desdemona,  
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!”

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand  
Cry,—“O, sweet creature!” and then kiss me hard,  
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
That grew upon my lips: then, laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then,  
Cried,—“Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!”

*Oth.* O monstrous! monstrous!

*Iago.*

Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion:

'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs,

<sup>a</sup> “To th' advantage,” i. e., opportunely.—<sup>b</sup> “Be not ac-  
known on't,” i. e., seem as if you knew nothing of the mat-  
ter.—<sup>c</sup> *Mandragora* or the *mandrake* is strongly soporific.—  
<sup>d</sup> “Ow'dst,” i. e., possessedst.—<sup>e</sup> “Pioneers,” i. e., the vilest  
of the camp.

—<sup>f</sup> “All remorse,” i. e., all tenderness of nature; all pity.  
—<sup>g</sup> “A living reason,” i. e., reason founded on fact and ex-  
perience.—<sup>h</sup> “Sith,” i. e., since.—<sup>i</sup> “A foregone conclusion,  
i. e., a former experience.

That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done; She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:

Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,  
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one: 'twas my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that; but such a handkerchief,  
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that,—

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers,  
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.

Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;  
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven: 'tis  
gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!  
Yield up, O Love! thy crown, and hearted throne,  
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

*Iago.* Pray, be content.

*Oth.* O, blood, Iago, blood!

*Iago.* Patience, I say: your mind, perhaps, may  
change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneeling.*]  
I here engage my words.

*Iago.* Do not rise yet.— [*Kneeling.*]

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!  
You elements that clip us round about!  
Witness, that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service. Let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody work soe'er.

*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to't.  
Within these three days let me hear thee say,  
That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead: 'tis done at your request;  
But let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!  
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—The Same.

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.*

*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where the lieutenant  
Cassio lies?

*Clo.* I dare not say, he lies any where.

*Des.* Why, man?

*Clo.* He is a soldier; and for one to say a soldier  
lies, is stabbing.

*Des.* Go to. Where lodges he?

*Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you  
where I lie.

*Des.* Can any thing be made of this?

*Clo.* I know not where he lodges; and for me to  
devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies  
there, were to lie in mine own throat.

*Des.* Can you inquire him out, and be edified to  
report?

*Clo.* I will catechize the world for him; that is,  
make questions, and by them answer.

*Des.* Seek him; bid him come hither: tell him,  
I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all  
will be well.

*Clo.* To do this is within the compass of man's  
wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

[*Exit.*]  
*Des.* Where should I lose that handkerchief,  
Emilia?

*Emil.* I know not, madam.

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse  
Full of <sup>h</sup>cruzadoes; and but my noble Moor  
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness  
As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.

*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who? he! I think the sun, where he was born,  
Drew all such humors from him.

*Emil.* Look, where he comes.

*Enter OTHELLO.*

*Des.* I will not leave him now, till Cassio  
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

*Oth.* Well, my good lady.— [*Aside.*] O, hardness  
How do you, Desdemona? [*to dissemble!*—

*Des.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand. This hand is moist,  
my lady.

*Des.* It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart.  
Hot, hot and moist: this hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting and praying,  
Much castigation, exercise devout;  
For here's a young and sweating devil here,  
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand;  
A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so;

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

*Oth.* A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands,  
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now, your  
promise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck? [*you.*]

*Des.* I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with

*Oth.* I have a salt and <sup>s</sup>sudden rheum offends me.  
Lend me thy handkerchief.

*Des.* Here, my lord. <sup>4</sup>[*Offering it.*]

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Des.* I have it not about me

*Oth.* Not?

*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That is a fault.  
That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while she  
kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father

Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

\* "Hearted throne," i.e., the heart on which thou wast enthroned.—<sup>b</sup> *Fraught* is freight, or load.—<sup>c</sup> "Capable," i.e., capacious; comprehensive.—<sup>d</sup> "Clip," i.e., embrace.—<sup>e</sup> "Execution," i.e., employment; exercise.—<sup>f</sup> "Remorse," i.e., an act, not of cruelty to others, but of tenderness, compassion for him.

<sup>g</sup> "And by them answer," i.e., and by them, when answered, form my answer to you.—<sup>h</sup> The *cruzado* was a Portuguese coin, bearing the impression of a cross.—<sup>i</sup> "A charmer," i.e., an enchanter.

Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt  
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;  
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,  
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't:  
Make it a darling like your precious eye;  
To lose or give't away were such perdition,  
As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is't possible?

*Oth.* 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it.  
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world  
The sun to course two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;  
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,  
And it was dyed in a mummy, which the skilful  
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

*Des.* Indeed! is't true?

*Oth.* Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

*Des.* Then, would to heaven that I had never seen

*Oth.* Ha! wherefore? [it!]

*Des.* Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

*Oth.* Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o' the

*Des.* Heaven bless us! [way?]

*Oth.* Say you?

*Des.* It is not lost; but what an if it were?

*Oth.* How?

*Des.* I say, it is not lost.

*Oth.* Fetch't, let me see't.

*Des.* Why, so I can, sir; but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again. [gives.

*Oth.* Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind mis-

*Des.* Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

*Oth.* The handkerchief,—

*Des.* I pray, talk me of Cassio.

*Oth.* The handkerchief,—

*Des.* A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you;—

*Oth.* The handkerchief,—

*Des.* In sooth, you are to blame.

*Oth.* Away! [Exit OTHELLO.

*Emil.* Is not this man jealous?

*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

*Emil.* 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,

They belch us.

*Enter IAGO and CASSIO.*

Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

*Iago.* There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:  
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

*Des.* How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?

*Cas.* Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,  
That by your virtuous means I may again  
Exist, and be a member of his love,  
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,  
Entirely honor: I would not be delay'd.  
If my offence be of such mortal kind,  
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,  
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,  
Can ransom me into his love again,  
But to know so must be my benefit;  
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,  
And shift myself upon some other course,  
To fortune's alms.

*Des.* Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,

My advocacy is not now in tune;  
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,  
Were he in <sup>b</sup> favor, as in humor, alter'd.  
So help me every spirit sanctified,  
As I have spoken for you all my best,  
And stood within the <sup>c</sup> blank of his displeasure,  
For my free speech. You must a while be patient:  
What I can do, I will; and more I will,  
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

*Iago.* Is my lord angry?

*Emil.*

He went hence but now;  
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,  
And, like the devil, from his very arm  
Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?  
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him.  
There's matter in't, indeed, if he be angry.

*Des.* I pry'three, do so. [Exit IAGO.] Something,  
sure, of state,—

Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd <sup>d</sup> practice,  
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—  
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;  
For let our finger ache, and it induces  
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense  
Of pain: nay, we must think, men are not gods;  
Nor of them look for such observances  
As fit the <sup>e</sup> bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,  
And he's indicted falsely.

*Emil.* Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think.  
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,  
Concerning you.

*Des.* Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

*Emil.* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;  
They are not ever jealous for <sup>a</sup> cause,  
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,  
Begot upon itself, born on itself. [mind']

*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's

*Emil.* Lady, amen.

*Des.* I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:  
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

[Exit DESDEMONA and EMILIA]

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio!

*Cas.* What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?  
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca;  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;  
But I shall, in a more <sup>e</sup> convenient time,  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her DESDEMONA'S Handkerchief.]  
Take me this work <sup>f</sup> out.

*Bian.* O, Cassio! whence came this?  
This is some token from a newer friend:  
To the felt absence, now, I feel a cause.

<sup>a</sup> "In mummy," i. e., in the balsamic liquor in which mummies are preserved.

<sup>b</sup> "In favor," i. e., in countenance.—<sup>c</sup> "Within the blank," i. e., in the direct range.—<sup>d</sup> "Unhatch'd practice," i. e., undeveloped treason.—<sup>e</sup> "The bridal," i. e., the nuptial feast.—<sup>f</sup> "Take me this work out," i. e., copy this work into another handkerchief.



Is it come to this? Well, well.

*Cas.* Go to, woman!  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,  
That this is from some mistress some remembrance:  
No, in good troth, Bianca.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it?  
*Cas.* I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.  
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,  
(As like enough it will) I'd have it copied:  
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore?  
*Cas.* I do attend here on the general,  
And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.

*Bian.* Why, I pray you?  
*Cas.* Not that I love you not.  
*Bian.* But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;  
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.  
*Cas.* 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,  
For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.

*Bian.* 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.*

*Iago.* Will you think so?  
*Oth.* Think so, Iago?  
*Iago.* What,  
To kiss in private?

*Oth.* An unauthoriz'd kiss.  
*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend abed,  
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?  
*Oth.* Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?  
It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,  
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.  
*Iago.* If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:

But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—  
*Oth.* What then?  
*Iago.* Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,  
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honor too:  
May she give that?

*Iago.* Her honor is an essence that's not seen;  
They have it very oft, that have it not:  
But, for the handkerchief,—

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.  
Thou saidst,—O! it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that?

*Oth.* That's not so good, now.  
*Iago.* What, if I had said, I had seen him do you  
wrong?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,  
Who having, by their own importunate suit,  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose  
But they must blab—

*Oth.* Hath he said anything?  
*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,  
No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said?  
*Iago.* 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

*Oth.* What? what?

*Iago.* Lie—

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her, on her; what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on  
her, when they belie her. Lie with her! that's ful-  
some.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handker-  
chief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labor.—  
First, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I trem-  
ble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such  
shuddering passion, without some instruction. It  
is not words, that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses,  
ears, and lips.—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handker-  
chief!—O devil!—  
[*Falls in a Trance.*]

*Iago.* Work on,  
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;  
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,  
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

*Enter CASSIO.*

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio!

*Cas.* What's the matter?

*Iago.* My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* No, forbear.  
The lethargy must have his quiet course,  
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:  
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
He will recover straight: when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.—  
[*Exit CASSIO.*]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you! no, by heaven.

Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

*Oth.* A horned man's a monster, and a beast

*Iago.* There's many a beast, then, in a populous  
And many a civil monster. [city,

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.* Good sir, be a man;  
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,  
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,  
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,  
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.  
O! 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,  
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know;  
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

*Oth.* O! thou art wise; 'tis certain.

*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart;  
Confine yourself but in a patient list.  
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed with your grief,  
(A passion most unfitting such a man)  
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,  
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;  
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;  
The which he promis'd. But 'encave yourself,  
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,  
That dwell in every region of his face;  
For I will make him tell the tale anew,  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
He hath, and is again to cope your wife:  
I say, but mark his gesture.—Marry, patience;  
Or I shall say, you are all-in-all in spleen,  
And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;  
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

\* The raven was thought to be a constant attendant on a house infected with the plague.

<sup>b</sup> "Unproper," i. e., common.—<sup>c</sup> "In a patient list," i. e., within the bounds of patience.—<sup>d</sup> "Encave," i. e., conceal.—<sup>e</sup> "Cope," i. e., meet; entertain.

*Iago.* That's not amiss ;  
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw ?  
[*OTHELLO retires.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
A housewife, that by selling her desires,  
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,  
That dotes on Cassio, as 'tis the trumpet's plague,  
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one.  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter:—here he comes.—

*Re-enter CASSIO.*

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad ;  
And his "unbookish jealousy must construe  
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behavior,  
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant ?

*Cas.* The worse, that you give me the <sup>b</sup> addition,  
Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.  
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[*Speaking lower.*]

How quickly should you speed ?

*Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff !

*Oth.* Look, how he laughs already ! [Aside.]

*Iago.* I never knew woman love man so. [me.]

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue ! I think, i' faith, she loves

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.  
[Aside.]

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio ?

*Oth.* Now he importunes him  
To tell it o'er. Go to ; well said, well said.

[Aside.]

*Iago.* She gives it out, that you shall marry her:  
Do you intend it ?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Oth.* Do you triumph <sup>1</sup> o'er me ? do you triumph ?  
[Aside.]

*Cas.* I marry her !—what, a "customer" ? I pr'y-  
thee, bear some charity to my wit ; do not think it  
so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha !

*Oth.* So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.

[Aside.]

*Iago.* 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, say true. [her.]

*Iago.* I am a very villain else.

*Oth.* Have you scored me ? Well. [Aside.]

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out : she is  
persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and  
flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* Iago beckons me : now he begins the story.

[Aside.]

*Cas.* She was here even now ; she haunts me in  
every place. I was, the other day, talking on the  
seabank with certain Venetians, and thither comes  
this bauble ; and, by this hand, she falls me thus  
about my neck ;—

*Oth.* Crying, O dear Cassio ! as it were : his  
gesture imports it. [Aside.]

*Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me ; so  
hales, and pulls me : ha, ha, ha !

*Oth.* Now he tells, how she plucked him to my  
chamber. O ! I see that nose of yours, but not that  
dog I shall throw it to. [Aside.]

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me ! look where she comes.

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Cas.* 'Tis such another <sup>d</sup> fitchew ! marry, a per-  
fumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of  
me ?

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you ! What

did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave  
me even now ? I was a fine fool to take it. I must  
take out the work ?—A likely piece of work, that  
you should find it in your chamber, and know not  
who left it there. This is some minx's token, and  
I must take out the work ? There, give it your  
hobby-horse : wheresoever you had it, I'll take out  
no work on't.

*Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca ! how now, how  
now !

*Oth.* By heaven, that should be my handkerchief !

[Aside.]

*Bian.* An you'll come to supper to-night, you  
may : an you will not, come when you are next pre-  
pared for, [Exit.]

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* 'Faith, I must ; she'll rail in the street else.

*Iago.* Will you sup there ?

*Cas.* 'Faith, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you, for I would  
very fain speak with you.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, come ; will you ?

*Iago.* Go to ; say no more. [Exit CASSIO.]

*Oth.* [Advancing.] How shall I murder him, Iago ?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice ?

*Oth.* O, Iago !

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief ?

*Oth.* Was that mine ?

*Iago.* Yours, by this hand : and to see how he  
prizes the foolish woman your wife ! she gave it him,  
and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a killing.—A  
fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

*Iago.* Nay, you must forget that.

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned  
to-night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is  
turned to stone ; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.  
O ! the world hath not a sweeter creature : she  
might lie by an emperor's side, and command him  
tasks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her ! I do but say what she is.—So  
delicate with her needle !—An admirable musician !  
O ! She will sing the savageness out of a bear.—Of  
so high and plenteous wit and invention !—

*Iago.* She's the worse for all this.

*Oth.* O ! a thousand thousand times. And then,  
of so gentle a "condition."

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain :—but yet the pity of it,  
Iago !—O, Iago ! the pity of it, Iago !

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give  
her 'patent to offend ; for if it touch not you, it  
comes near nobody.

*Oth.* I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me !

*Iago.* O ! 'tis foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer !

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me some poison, Iago ; this night :—I'll  
not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty  
unprovide my mind again.—This night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison, strangle her in her  
bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good : the justice of it pleases ; very  
good.

*Iago.* And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker.  
You shall hear more by midnight.

[A Trumpet within.]

*Oth.* Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same ?

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,

<sup>a</sup> "Unbookish," i. e., ignorant.—<sup>b</sup> "The addition," i. e.,  
the title.—<sup>c</sup> "A customer," i. e., a common woman.—<sup>d</sup> A  
fitchew is a polecat.

<sup>e</sup> "Of so gentle a condition," i. e., of so sweet a disposi-  
tion.—<sup>f</sup> "Patent," i. e., privilege.

Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* 'Save you, worthy general!

*Oth.* With all my heart, sir.

*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Giving him a Packet.*

[*Opens the Packet, and reads.*

*Des.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, signior:

Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lod.* I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

*Iago.* Lives, sir.

[*Lord*

*Des.* Cousin, there's fallen between him and my An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that?

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* "This fail you not to do, as you will"—

[*Reading.*

*Lod.* He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

*Des.* A most unhappy one: I would do much

To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Are you wise?

*Des.* What! is he angry?

*Lod.* May be, the letter mov'd him;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

*Des.* By my troth, I am glad on't.

*Oth.* Indeed.

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.

*Des.* How, sweet Othello?

*Oth.* Devil! [*Striking her.*

*Des.* I have not deserv'd this.

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it. 'Tis very much;

Make her amends, she weeps.

*Oth.* O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,

Each drop she 'falls would prove a crocodile.—

Out of my sight!

*Des.* I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*

*Lod.* Truly an obedient lady.—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

*Oth.* Mistress!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord? [*turn:*

*Oth.* Ay; you did wish, that I would make her

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;

And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—

Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—

Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!

I am commanded home.—Get you away;

I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice.—Hence! avaunt!

[*Exit DESDEMONA.*

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,

I do intreat that we may sup together:

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and mon-  
kies: [*Exit.*

*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate

Call all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature

Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,

Could neither graze, nor pierce?

*Iago.*

He is much chang'd.

*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

*Iago.* He's that he is: I may not breathe my cen-  
sure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—  
I would to heaven, he were.

*Lod.*

What! strike his wife?

*Iago.* 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I  
That stroke would prove the worst.

*Lod.*

Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create this fault?

*Iago.*

Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak

[him;

What I have seen and known. You shall observe

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech. Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.*

*Oth.* You have seen nothing then?

*Emil.* Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.

*Emil.* But then I saw no harm; and then I heard  
Each syllable that breath made up between them.

*Oth.* What! did they never whisper?

*Emil.*

Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out of the way?

*Emil.*

Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor

*Emil.* Never, my lord. [nothing?

*Oth.*

That's strange.

*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,

Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,

Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head,

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse,

For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,

There's no man happy; the purest of their wives

Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither:—go.—

[*Exit EMILIA.*

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,

A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:

And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

*Re-enter EMILIA with DESDEMONA.*

*Des.* My lord, what is your will?

*Oth.*

Pray, chuck, come hither.

*Des.* What is your pleasure?

*Oth.*

Let me see your eyes:

Look in my face.

*Des.*

What horrible fancy is this?

*Oth.* Some of your function, mistress;

[*To EMILIA.*

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:

Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[*Exit EMILIA.*

*Des.* Upon my knee, what doth your speech im-  
port?

I understand a fury in your words,

<sup>2</sup>[*Kneel*

But not the words.

*Oth.* Why, what art thou?

*Des.*

Your wife, my lord; your true

And loyal wife.

<sup>3</sup>[*Rise*

*Oth.*

Come, swear it, damn thyself;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves

<sup>a</sup> "To atone," i. e., to reconcile.—<sup>b</sup> "She falls," i. e., she  
lets fall.



Should fear to seize thee: therefore, be double-  
Swear thou art honest. [damn'd;

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.  
*Oth.* Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as  
hell. [I false?

*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom? How am  
*Oth.* O Desdemona!—away, away, away!

*Des.* Alas, the heavy duty!—Why do you weep?  
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?  
If, haply, you my father do suspect  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,  
Why, I have lost him too.

*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven  
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd  
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;  
I should have found in some part of my soul  
A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me  
A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn  
To point his slowly moving finger at;  
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:  
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,  
Where either I must live, or bear no life,  
The fountain from the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,  
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads  
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there,  
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;  
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

*Des.* I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

*Oth.* O! ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,  
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!  
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,  
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er  
been born!

*Des.* Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
Made to write whore upon? What committed?  
Committed?—O thou public commoner!  
I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed?  
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:  
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,  
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear it. What committed!—  
Impudent strumpet!

*Des.* By heaven you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?

*Des.* No, as I am a Christian.  
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,  
From any other, foul, unlawful, touch,  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, not a whore?

*Des.* No, as I shall be saved.

*Oth.* Is it possible?

*Des.* O, heaven forgive us! <sup>3</sup>[*Kneeling.*

*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then?

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,  
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

*Re-enter EMILIA.*

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell; you, you, ay, you:  
We have done our course; there's money for your  
pains.

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

*Emil.* Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?

<sup>a</sup> "Garner'd," i. e., treasured.—<sup>b</sup> "Turn thy complexion there," i. e., change thy color at such an object.

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

*Des.* 'Faith, half asleep. <sup>4</sup>[*Rising.*

*Emil.* Good madam, what's the matter with my

*Des.* With whom? [lord?

*Emil.* Why, with my lord, madam.

*Des.* Who is thy lord?

*Emil.* He that is yours, sweet lady.

*Des.* I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;

I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,  
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night  
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—  
And call thy husband hither.

*Emil.* Here is a change, indeed! [*Exit.*

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.  
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick  
The small'st opinion on my least misdeed?

*Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How is it  
with you? [babes,

*Des.* I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young  
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:  
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,  
I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What's the matter, lady?

*Emil.* Alas! Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,  
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,  
As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Des.* Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

*Emil.* He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink,  
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

*Iago.* Why did he so?

*Des.* I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day!

*Emil.* Has she forsook so many noble matches,  
Her father, and her country, and her friends,  
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

*Des.* Nay, heaven doth know.

*Emil.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,  
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

*Iago.* Fie! there is no such man: it is impossible.

*Des.* If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

*Emil.* A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his  
bones! [company?

Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her  
What place? what time? what form? what likeli-  
hood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,  
Some base, <sup>o</sup>notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.—  
O, heaven! that such companions thou'dst unfold,  
And put in every honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascals naked through the world,  
Even from the east to the west!

*Iago.* Speak within <sup>a</sup>door.

*Emil.* O, fie upon them! some such squire he was,  
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,  
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool; go to.

*Des.* O good Iago!

What shall I do to win my lord again?  
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,  
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:

<sup>a</sup> "His callat," i. e., his drab.—<sup>d</sup> "Cogging," i. e., lying;  
wheedling.—<sup>e</sup> Some notorious knave here signifies, some  
knave worthy to be noted, or branded with infamy.—<sup>f</sup> "Com-  
panions," i. e., fellows.—<sup>g</sup> "Within door," i. e., so as not  
to be heard beyond the house.

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love;  
 Either in discourse of <sup>a</sup> thought, or actual deed;  
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
 Delighted them in any other form;  
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
 And ever will,—though he do shake me off  
 To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,  
 Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;  
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
 But never taint my love. I cannot say where;  
 It does abhor me now I speak the word;  
 To do the act that might the <sup>b</sup> addition earn,  
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

*Iago.* I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humor:  
 The business of the state does him offence,  
 And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If 'twere no other,—

*Iago.* 'Tis but so, I warrant. <sup>1</sup>[*Music.*]  
 Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!  
 The messengers of Venice stay the meat.  
 Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*]

*Enter RODERIGO.*

How now, Roderigo!

*Rod.* I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou 'doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means: the jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: you have told me, she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself <sup>a</sup> fobbed in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest <sup>c</sup> intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valor,—this

night show it: if thou the next night follow'g enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise <sup>f</sup> engines for my life.

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass.

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no! he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

*Rod.* How do you mean removing of him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me do?

*Iago.* Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honorable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to <sup>g</sup> waste: about it.

*Rod.* I will hear farther reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no farther.

*Oth.* O! pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good-night; I humbly thank you.

*Des.* Your honor is most welcome. [*ladyship.*]

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir?—

O!—Desdemona,—

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there: look, it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants.*]

*Emil.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says, he will return <sup>h</sup> incontinent.

He hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.* Dismiss me!

*Des.* It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I would you had never seen him.

*Des.* So would not I: my love doth so approve him. That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—Pr'ythee, unpun me,—have grace and favor in them.

*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed. [*minds!*—]

*Des.* All's one.—Good <sup>2</sup> faith, how foolish are our If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me In one of those same sheets.

*Emil.* Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:

<sup>a</sup> "In discourse of thought," i. e., in the discursive range of thought.—<sup>b</sup> "The addition," i. e., the title.—<sup>c</sup> "Doff'st me," i. e., puttest me off.—<sup>d</sup> "Fobbed," i. e., cheated; tricked.—<sup>e</sup> "Intendment," i. e., intention.

<sup>f</sup> "Devise engines," i. e., contrive instruments of torture.—<sup>g</sup> "Grows to waste," i. e., is wasting apace.—<sup>h</sup> "Incontinent," i. e., immediately.

She was in love; and he she loved prov'd <sup>a</sup> mad,  
And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow,  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it: that song, to-night,  
Will not go from my mind; I have much to <sup>b</sup> do,  
<sup>1</sup> Not to go hang my head all at one side,  
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. *A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*  
[Singing.

*Sing all a green willow;  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow:  
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd  
her moans;  
Sing willow, willow, willow:  
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the  
stones;*

Lay by these.—

*Sing willow, willow, willow.*

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

*Sing all a green willow must be my garland.  
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—*

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?  
Emil. It is the wind.

Des. *I call'd my love false love; but what said he  
Sing willow, willow, willow: [then?  
If I court <sup>c</sup> mo women, you'll couch with mo  
men.*

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;  
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these  
men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—  
That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the  
Emil. Why, would not you? [world?

Des. No, by this heavenly light.

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light:

I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'tis a great price  
For a small vice.

Des. <sup>2</sup>In troth, I think thou would'st not.

Emil. <sup>3</sup>In troth, I think I should, and undo't,  
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a  
thing for a <sup>d</sup>joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor  
for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty <sup>e</sup>ex-  
hibition; but, for the whole world,—why, who would  
not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a  
monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong  
for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the  
world; and, having the world for your labor, 'tis a  
wrong in your own world, and you might quickly  
make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many  
To the <sup>f</sup>vantage, as would store the world they  
play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,  
If wives do fall. Say, that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,  
Or scant our former <sup>g</sup>having in despite,  
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,  
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,  
Their wives have <sup>h</sup>sense like them: they see, and  
smell,

And have their palates, both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do,  
When they change us for others? Is it sport?  
I think, it is; and doth affection breed it?  
I think, it doth. Is't frailty, that thus errs?  
It is so too: and have not we affections,  
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?  
Then, let them use us well; else, let them know,  
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to. [send,

Des. Good night, good night: heaven me such uses  
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend.

[Exeunt

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will  
he come:

Wear thy good rapier <sup>i</sup>bare, and put it home.

Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,

And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy  
stand.<sup>4</sup>

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;

And yet he has given me satisfying reasons.—

'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.

<sup>5</sup>[Stands back.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young <sup>k</sup>quat almost to  
the <sup>l</sup>sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my game: live Roderigo,

He calls me to a restitution large

Of gold, and jewels, that I <sup>m</sup>bobb'd from him,

As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain,

He hath a daily beauty in his life,

That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor

May unfold me to him: there stand I in much peril.

No, he must die:—be't so; I hear him coming.

<sup>6</sup>[Retiring.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait; 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest.

[Rushing <sup>7</sup>forward, and making a pass at CASSIO.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,

But that my coat is better than thou know'st:

I will make proof of thine.

[Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.

<sup>a</sup> "Mad," i. e., wild; inconstant.—<sup>b</sup> "Much to do," i. e., much ado.—<sup>c</sup> *Mo* for *more*.—<sup>d</sup> *A joint-ring* was a common token among lovers.—<sup>e</sup> "Exhibition," i. e., remuneration.

<sup>f</sup> "To the vantage," i. e., to boot; over and above.—<sup>g</sup> "Our former having," i. e., our former allowance of expense.—<sup>h</sup> "Sense," i. e., sensation.—<sup>i</sup> "Bare," i. e., unsheathed.—<sup>k</sup> *A quat* is a pimple, used here figuratively for a low fellow.—<sup>l</sup> "To the sense," i. e., to the quick.—<sup>m</sup> "Bobb'd," i. e., fished.



*Rod.* O! I am slain.

[*Iago* <sup>1</sup>starts forward, cuts *CASSIO* behind in the Leg, and exit.

*Cas.* I am maim'd for ever.—Light, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

*Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.*

*Oth.* The voice of Cassio.—Iago keeps his word.

*Rod.* O, villain that I am!

*Oth.* It is e'en so.

*Cas.* O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

*Oth.* 'Tis he.—O brave Iago! honest, and just, That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong; Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead, And your unblest fate hies:—strumpet, I come.

<sup>2</sup>Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit OTHELLO.*

*Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.*

*Cas.* What, ho! no watch? no <sup>3</sup>passage? murder! murder!

*Gra.* 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

*Cas.* O, help!

*Lod.* Hark!

*Rod.* O, wretched villain!

*Lod.* Two or three groan.—It is a <sup>4</sup>heavy night. These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe To come in to the cry without more help.

*Rod.* Nobody come? then, shall I bleed to death.

*Enter IAGO, <sup>5</sup>unready, with a light.*

*Lod.* Hark! [*weapons.*

*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and *Iago.* Who's there? whose noise is this, that <sup>6</sup>cries out murder thus?

*Lod.* We do not know.

*Lod.* Did not you hear a cry?

*Cas.* Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.

*Iago.* What's the matter?

*Gra.* This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

*Lod.* The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

*Iago.* What are you here, that cry so grievously?

*Cas.* Iago? O! I am spoil'd; undone by villains: Give me some help. [*this?*

*Iago.* O me, lieutenant! what villains have done

*Cas.* I think that one of them is hereabout,

And cannot make away.

*Iago.* O treacherous villains!—What are you there? come in, and give some help. [*To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*

*Rod.* O, help me! here.

*Cas.* That's one of them.

*Iago.* O murderous slave! O villain! [*IAGO STABS RODERIGO.*

*Rod.* O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—<sup>7</sup>

*Iago.* Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

*Lod.* As you shall prove us, praise us.

*Iago.* Signior Lodovico?

*Lod.* He, sir. [*lains.*

*Iago.* I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by vil-

*Gra.* Cassio?

*Iago.* How is it, brother?

*Cas.* My leg is cut in two.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!—Light, gentlemen! I'll bind it with my shirt.

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Bian.* What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

*Iago.* Who is't that cry'd?

*Bian.* O my dear Cassio! My sweet Cassio!

O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio! [*pect*

*Iago.* O notable strumpet! Cassio, may you sus- Who they should be, that have thus mangled you? [*seek you.*

*Cas.* No.

*Gra.* I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to

*Iago.* Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a chair,

To bear him easily hence!

*Bian.* Alas! he faints.—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

*Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash

To be a party in this injury.—

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come.

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

<sup>8</sup>[*Looking at ROD.*

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,

Roderigo? no:—yes, sure. O heaven! Roderigo.

*Gra.* What, of Venice?

*Iago.* Even he, sir; did you know him?

*Gra.* Know him? ay.

*Iago.* Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my manners

That so neglected you.

*Gra.* I am glad to see you.

*Iago.* How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

*Gra.* Roderigo!

*Iago.* He, he, 'tis he.—O! that's well said;—the chair.— [*A chair brought.*

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;

I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress, [*To BIANCA.*

Save you your labor.—He that lies slain here, Cas-

sio, [*you?*

Was my dear friend. What malice was between

*Cas.* None in the world; nor do I know the man.

*Iago.* What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o'the air.— [*CASSIO and ROD. are borne off.*

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?

Do you perceive the <sup>9</sup>gastness of her eye?—

Nay, an you stir:—we shall hear more anon.—

Behold her well! I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* Alas! what's the matter? what's the mat- ter, husband?

*Iago.* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark

By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd:

He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

*Emil.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

*Iago.* This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee,

Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—

What! do you shake at that?

*Bian.* He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

*Iago.* O! did he so? I charge you, go with me.

*Emil.* O, fie upon thee, strumpet!

*Bian.* I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,

As you that thus abuse me.

*Emil.* As I? fie upon thee!

*Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night. [*Aside.*

That either makes me, or <sup>10</sup>fordoes me quite.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> "Forth of," i. e., out of.—<sup>2</sup> "No passage," i. e., no one passing by.—<sup>3</sup> "Heavy," i. e., thick; cloudy.

<sup>4</sup> Gastness for ghastliness.—<sup>5</sup> "Fordoes," i. e., ruins; destroys.

## SCENE II.—A Bedchamber.

DESDEMONA in Bed asleep. A Light burning.

Enter OTHELLO, locking the Door after him.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—  
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then—put out the light?  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat,  
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd  
I cannot give it vital growth again, [<sup>2</sup>the rose,  
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—  
[Kissing her.

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—  
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
And love thee after.—One more, and this the last:  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;  
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,  
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord! what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:  
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;  
No, heaven<sup>b</sup> forbid, I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven  
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,  
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know  
not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—  
Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:  
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,  
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter? [Thee,

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave  
Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul!

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:  
Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin;  
For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,  
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord, have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did  
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,  
But with such general warranty of heaven  
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.  
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,  
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.  
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;  
I never gave it him.—Send for him hither;  
Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.

Des.

How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then.—What! is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to  
my face?

Des. O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>4</sup>Des. O Lord, Lord, Lord! [He smothers her.

Emil. [Within.] My lord, my lord! what ho!  
my lord, my lord! [quite dead?

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet  
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;  
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so!

Emil. [Within.] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. [Within.] O, good my lord! I would speak  
a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia,—By and by.—She's dead.  
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think she stirs again:—no.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:

O insupportable, O heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [Within.] I do beseech you, I may speak  
with you.

O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee. O! come in, Emilia.—

Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?  
[Unlocks the Door.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord! yonder's foul murder done

Oth. What! now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

<sup>a</sup> "Relume," i. e., rekindle.—<sup>b</sup> "Forfend," i. e., forbid.

*Oth.* It is the very <sup>a</sup>error of the moon;  
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,  
And makes men mad.

*Emil.* Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,  
Call'd Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo kill'd?  
And Cassio kill'd?

*Emil.* No; Cassio is not kill'd.  
*Oth.* Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* O, falsely, falsely murder'd!  
*Emil.* Alas! what cry is that?

*Oth.* That! what?  
*Emil.* Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—  
Help! Help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!

<sup>1</sup> [*Going to the bed.*]  
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Emil.* O! who hath done  
This deed?

*Des.* Nobody; I myself; farewell:  
Commend me to my kind lord. O farewell! [*Dies.*]

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?  
*Emil.* Alas, who knows?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself, it was not I.  
*Emil.* She said so; I must needs report a truth.

*Oth.* She's like a liar gone to burning hell:  
'Twas I that kill'd her.

*Emil.* O! the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil.

*Oth.* She turn'd to <sup>b</sup>folly, and she was a whore.  
*Emil.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water.  
*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire to say  
That she was false: O! she was heavenly true.

*Oth.* Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.  
O! I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity.—Thy husband knew it all.

*Emil.* My husband?  
*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emil.* That she was false to wedlock?  
*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,  
If heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Emil.* My husband?  
*Oth.* Ay, 'twas he that told me first:  
An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Emil.* My husband?  
*Oth.* What needs this <sup>c</sup>iteration, woman? I say,  
thy husband. [<sup>d</sup>love.—]

*Emil.* O mistress! villainy hath made mocks with  
My husband say, that she was false?

*Oth.* He, woman;  
I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?  
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

*Emil.* If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha! <sup>2</sup> [*Threatening her.*]  
*Emil.* Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,  
Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace! you were best.  
*Emil.* Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,  
As I have to be <sup>e</sup>hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—  
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho! help!  
The Moor has kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

*Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.*

*Mon.* What is the matter?—How now, general!  
*Emil.* O! are you come, Iago? you have done well,  
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

*Gra.* What is the matter?  
*Emil.* Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:

He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false.  
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain.  
Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought; and told no more  
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emil.* But did you ever tell him, she was false?  
*Iago.* I did.

*Emil.* You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;  
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie.—  
She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress. Go to, 'charm your  
tongue. [<sup>3</sup>to speak.]

*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue; I am bound  
My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

*All.* O, <sup>3</sup>heaven & forfend!  
*Emil.* And your reports have set the murderer on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.  
*Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth.

*Mon.* O monstrous act!  
*Emil.* Villainy! villainy! villainy!

I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't:—O villainy!  
I thought so <sup>b</sup>then:—I'll kill myself for grief.—  
O villainy, villainy! [<sup>4</sup>home.]

*Iago.* What! are you mad? I charge you, get you  
*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—  
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O! O! O! [<sup>5</sup>Falling on the <sup>4</sup>Ground.]  
*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down and roar,  
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,  
That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* O! she was foul.— [*Starting up.*]  
I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,  
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly  
stopp'd.

I know, this act shows terrible and grim. [*dead.*]  
*Gra.* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's  
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,  
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,  
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobation.

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows,  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame  
A thousand times committed: Cassio confess'd it;  
And she did gratify his amorous works  
With that recognizance and pledge of love  
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand;  
It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
My father gave my mother.

*Emil.* O heaven! O heavenly powers!  
*Iago.* Come, hold your peace

*Emil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace  
sir? no;

No, I will speak as <sup>1</sup>liberal as the <sup>5</sup>wind.  
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,  
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home. <sup>6</sup> [*Drawing.*]

<sup>a</sup> Error here means *wandering*; *deviation from her course*.  
—<sup>b</sup> "Folly," i. e., wantonness; unchastity. —<sup>c</sup> "Iteration,"  
i. e., repetition. —<sup>d</sup> "Hath made mocks with love," i. e., hath  
played upon the weakness of a violent passion. —<sup>e</sup> "More can  
I bear than you dare execute," King Henry VI. Part II.

<sup>1</sup> "Charm," i. e., silence, as with a *charm*. —<sup>2</sup> "For-  
fend," i. e., forbid. —<sup>3</sup> "Then," i. e., when she gave Des-  
demona's handkerchief to Iago. —<sup>4</sup> "As liberal," i. e., as  
freely.



*Emil.* I will not. [*IAGO offers to stab EMIL.*  
*Gra.* Fie!  
 Your sword upon a woman? [*Speak'st of,*  
*Emil.* O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou  
 I found by fortune, and did give my husband:  
 For often, with a solemn earnestness,  
 (More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)  
 He begg'd of me to steal it.  
*Iago.* Villainous whore! <sup>1</sup>[*They hold him.*  
*Emil.* She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,  
 And I did give't my husband.  
*Iago.* Filth, thou liest.

<sup>2</sup>[*Stabs her, and exit instantly.*  
*Emil.* By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen.  
 O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool  
 Do with so good a wife?<sup>3</sup>  
*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven,  
 But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!  
*Gra.* The woman falls: sure, he has kill'd his wife.  
*Emil.* Ay, ay.—O, lay me by my mistress' side!  
*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.  
*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this  
 weapon,  
 Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.  
 Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,  
 But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,  
 For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.*  
*Oth.* I am not valiant neither,  
 But every puny whipster gets my sword.  
 But why should honor outlive honesty?  
 Let it go all.

*Emil.* What did thy song bode, lady?  
 Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,  
 And die in music:—*Willow, willow, willow.*—  
 Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:  
 So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;  
 So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*  
*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber,  
 It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's<sup>a</sup> temper.—  
 O! here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra.* [*Within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost  
 thee dear:  
 Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.  
*Oth.* Look in upon me, then, and speak to me,  
 Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*Re-enter GRATIANO.*  
*Gra.* What is the matter!  
*Oth.* Behold! I have a weapon:  
 A better never did itself sustain  
 Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the'da  
 That, with this little arm, and this good sword,  
 I have made my way through more impediments  
 Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast!  
 Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—  
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;  
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.  
 Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;  
<sup>d</sup>Man but a rush against Othello's breast,  
 And he retires.—Where should Othello go?—  
 Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd<sup>e</sup> wench!  
 Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at 'compt,  
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl;  
 Even like thy chastity.—O, cursed slave!  
 Whip me, ye devils,

<sup>a</sup> "The ice-brook's temper:" an allusion to the peculiar  
 virtue in tempering sword-blades which the water of the  
 brook or rivulet called *Salo*, in Celtiberia, was reputed to  
 possess.—<sup>b</sup> "My butt," i. e., my end.—<sup>c</sup> "Lost," i. e., vain.—  
<sup>d</sup> "Man," i. e., point; aim.—<sup>e</sup> "Wench" was formerly used in a  
 good sense for a girl or young woman.—<sup>f</sup> "Compt" for account.

From the possession of this heavenly sight!  
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!  
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!  
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead? O! O!

<sup>5</sup>Enter LODOVICO and CASSIO.

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?  
*Oth.* That's he, that was Othello: here I am.

*Lod.* Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

<sup>6</sup>Enter MONTANO with IAGO, bound, and Officers.

*Oth.* I look down towards his feet;—but that's a  
 fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*OTHELLO wounds IAGO.*

*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.

*Iago.* I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

*Oth.* I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;  
 For, in my<sup>h</sup> sense, 'tis happiness to die.

*Lod.* O thou Othello! that wert once so good,  
 Fall'n in the<sup>i</sup> practice of a damned slave,  
 What shall be said to thee?

*Oth.* Why, any thing:

An honorable murderer, if you will;  
 For nought I did in hate, but all in honor.

*Lod.* This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy.  
 Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.

*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask you pardon.  
 Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,  
 Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing: what you know, you  
 know.

From this time forth I never will speak word.

*Lod.* What! not to pray?

*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,  
 Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,  
 Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;

<sup>7</sup>[*Showing it.*

And here another: the one of them imports  
 The death of Cassio to be undertook  
 By Roderigo.

*Oth.* O villain!

*Cas.* Most heathenish, and most gross!

*Lod.* Now, here's another discontented paper,  
<sup>8</sup>[*Producing it.*

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,  
 Roderigo meant to have send this damned villain;  
 But that, belike, Iago in the interim  
 Ope'd it and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O, the pernicious<sup>k</sup> caitiff!—  
 How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief,  
 That was my wife's?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber;  
 And he himself confess'd, but even now,  
 That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,  
 Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* O fool! fool! fool!

*Cas.* There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,  
 How he upbraids Iago, that he made him  
 Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came  
 That I was cast: and even but now he spake,  
 After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,  
 Iago set him on.

*Lod.* You must forsake this room, and go with us:  
 Your power and your command is taken off,  
 And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,  
 If there be any cunning cruelty,

<sup>h</sup> "Towards his feet," i. e., to see if his feet be cloven.—  
<sup>i</sup> "In my sense," i. e., in my opinion.—<sup>j</sup> "In the practice,"  
 i. e., in the snare.—<sup>k</sup> "Caitiff," i. e., villain; mean fellow.

That can torment him much, and hold him long,  
 It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,  
 Till that the nature of your fault be known  
 To the Venetian state.—Come; bring <sup>1</sup> them away.  
*Oth.* Soft you; a word or two, before you go.  
 I have done the state some service, and they know it;  
 No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,  
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
 Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak  
 Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well:  
 Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,  
 Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away [eyes,  
 Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued  
 Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this;  
 And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,  
<sup>2</sup> When a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
 Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,  
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,

And smote him—thus.

[Stabs himself.

*Lod.* O bloody period!

*Gra.*

All that's spoke is marr'd.

*Oth.* I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee:—no way but  
 Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [this,<sup>3</sup>

[Dies <sup>4</sup> on the Bed.

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,  
 For he was great of heart.

*Lod.*

O Spartan <sup>a</sup> dog!

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,  
 Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [To IAGO.  
 This is thy work: the object poisons sight;  
 Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,  
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
 For they <sup>b</sup> succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,  
 Remains the <sup>c</sup> censure of this hellish villain;  
 The time, the place, the torture:—O, enforce it!  
 Myself will straight aboard, and to the state  
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.

<sup>a</sup> The dogs of Spartan race were of the most fierce and  
 savage kind.—<sup>b</sup> "Succeed," i. e., devolve; pass by inher-  
 itance.—<sup>c</sup> "The censure," i. e., the sentence; the judgment.

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



ACT III.—Scene 9.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. ANTONY,  
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,  
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs.  
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,  
VENTIDIUS, } Friends of Antony.  
EROS,  
SCARUS,  
DERCETAS,  
DEMETRIUS,  
PHILO,

MECÆNAS,  
AGRIPPA,  
DOLABELLA,  
PROCULEIUS, } Friends to Cæsar.  
THYREUS,  
GALLUS,

MENAS,  
MENECRATES, } Friends to Pompey.  
VARRIUS,

TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.  
CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-General to Antony.  
SILIUS, an Officer<sup>1</sup> under Ventidius.  
EUPHRONIUS, Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES,  
Attendants on Cleopatra. A Soothsayer.  
A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.  
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.  
CHARMIAN, } Attendants on Cleopatra.  
IRAS,

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, <sup>2</sup>in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. A Room in CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

*Phi.* Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, <sup>a</sup>reneges all temper,

<sup>a</sup> "Reneges," i. e., renounces.

And is become the bellows, and the fan,  
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The <sup>b</sup>triple pillar of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a <sup>c</sup>bourn how far to be belov'd.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven  
new earth.

<sup>b</sup> Triple is used here for third.—<sup>c</sup> "A bourn," i. e., a bound or limit.



*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.*

*Ant. "Grates me!"—the sum.*

*Cleo. Nay, hear<sup>b</sup> them, Antony:*

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;  
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;  
Perform't, or else we doom thee."

*Ant. How, my love!*

*Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,—*

You must not stay here longer; your dismissal  
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—  
Where's Fulvia's<sup>d</sup> process? Cæsar's, I would say?  
—Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou bluest, Antony, and that blood of thine  
Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame,  
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers!

*Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch  
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.  
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life  
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair,*

*[Embracing.]*

And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to 'weet,  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo. Excellent falsehood!  
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—  
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony  
Will be himself.*

*Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—  
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,  
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:  
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?*

*Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.*

*Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!  
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep; whose every passion fitly strives  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd.  
No messenger; but thine, and all alone,  
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;  
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.*

*[Exeunt ANT. and CLEOP., with their Train.]*

*Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?*

*Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.*

*Dem. I am full sorry,  
That he approves the common liar, who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy.*

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Room.

*Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.*

*Char. Lord Alexas, most sweet Alexas, most any  
thing Alexas, almost absolute Alexas, where's the  
soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O!  
that I knew this husband, which, you say, must  
change his horns with garlands!*

*Alex. Soothsayer!*

*Sooth. Your will?*

*Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know  
things?*

*Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.*

*Alex. Show him your hand.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,  
Cleopatra's health to drink.*

*Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.*

*Sooth. I make not, but foresee.*

*Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.*

*Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.*

*Char. He means, in flesh.*

*Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.*

*Char. Wrinkles forbid!*

*Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.*

*Char. Hush!*

*Sooth. You shall be more loving, than belov'd.*

*Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.*

*Alex. Nay, hear him.*

*Char. Good now, some excellent fortune. Let  
me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and  
widow them all: let me have a child at fifty,  
to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me  
to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion  
me with my mistress.*

*Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.*

*Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.*

*Sooth. You have seen, and proved a fairer former  
fortune,*

*Than that which is to approach.*

*Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no  
names. Prythee, how many boys and wenches  
must I have?*

*Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,  
And fruitful every wish, a million.*

*Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.*

*Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy  
to your wishes.*

*Char. Nay, come; tell Iras hers.*

*Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.*

*Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night,  
shall be, drunk to bed.*

*Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing  
else.*

*Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth  
famine.*

*Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.*

*Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful pro-  
gnostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Prythee,  
tell her but a worky-day fortune.*

*Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.*

*Iras. But how? but how? give me particulars.*

*Sooth. I have said.*

*Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?  
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune  
better than I, where would you choose it?*

*Iras. Not in my husband's nose.*

*Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend!  
Alexas.—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O! let him  
marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I be-  
seech thee: and let her die too, and give him a  
worse; and let worse follow worse, till the worst  
of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a  
cuckold. Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though  
thou deny me a matter of more weight, good Isis, I  
beseech thee!*

*Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of  
the people; for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a  
handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow*

<sup>k</sup> "Shall have no names," i. e., shall prove bastards—  
<sup>l</sup> Isis was an Egyptian goddess.

<sup>a</sup> "Grates," i. e., offends.—<sup>b</sup> "Them," i. e., the news, which  
was considered plural in Shakespeare's time.—<sup>c</sup> "Take in,"  
i. e., conquer.—<sup>d</sup> "Process," i. e., summons.—<sup>e</sup> "Rang'd," i. e.,  
well-arranged; well-ordered.—<sup>f</sup> "To weet," i. e., to know.—  
<sup>g</sup> "For the love of Love," i. e., for the sake of the Queen of  
Love.—<sup>h</sup> "Confound," i. e., confound; lose.—<sup>i</sup> "The com-  
mon liar," i. e., Fame.

to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

*Char.* Amen.

*Alex.* Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

*Eno.* Hush! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he, the queen.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden, A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus!

*Eno.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's

*Alex.* Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

*Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.*

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him: go with us.

[*Exit* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.

*Mess.* Fulvia, thy wife, first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mess.* Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst  
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy  
Upon the first encounter <sup>a</sup>drove them.

*Ant.*

Well, what worst?

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:  
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter'd.

*Mess.*

Labienus

(This is <sup>b</sup>stiff news) hath with his Parthian force

<sup>c</sup>Extended Asia from Euphrates;

His conquering banner shook from Syria

To Lydia, and to Ionia; whilst—

*Ant.* Antony, thou would'st say,—

*Mess.* O, my lord!

[*tongue;*

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general  
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;  
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults  
With such full license, as both truth and malice  
Have power to utter. O! then we bring forth weeds,  
When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,  
Is as our <sup>d</sup>earing. Fare thee well awhile.

*Mess.* At your noble pleasure.

[*Exit.*

*Ant.* From Sicyon now the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon!—Is there such an

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will. [one?]

*Ant.*

Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

*Enter another Messenger.*

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.*

Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Giving a Letter.*

*Ant.*

Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire it:  
What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,  
By <sup>1</sup>repetition souring, does become  
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;  
The hand <sup>2</sup>would pluck her back, that shov'd her on.  
I must from this enchanting queen break off;  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women. We set  
how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer  
our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women die:  
it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though,  
between them and a great cause, they should be  
esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the  
least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her  
die twenty times upon far poorer <sup>a</sup>moment. I do  
think, there is mettle in death, which commits  
some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity  
in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir! no; her passions are made of  
nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot  
call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;  
they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs  
can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be,  
she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* Would I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir! you had then left unseen a wonder-  
ful piece of work, which not to have been blessed  
withal would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia!

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice.  
When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a  
man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the  
earth: comforting therein, that when old robes are  
worn out, there are members to make new. If  
there were no more women but Fulvia, then had  
you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented:  
this grief is crowned with consolation; your old  
smock brings forth a new petticoat; and, indeed,  
the tears live in an onion, that should water this  
sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state  
Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here  
cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopa-  
tra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break

The cause of our <sup>e</sup>expedience to the queen,

And get her <sup>3</sup>leave to part: for not alone

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,

Do strongly speak to us, but the letters, too,

Of many our contriving friends in Rome

Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius

Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands

The empire of the sea: our slippery people

(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,

Till his deserts are past) begin to throw

Pompey the great, and all his dignities,

Upon his son: who, high in name and power,

Higher than both in blood and life, stands up

<sup>a</sup> *Drove* for *drove*.—<sup>b</sup> "Stiff" i. e., hard.—<sup>c</sup> "Extended," i. e., overrun.—<sup>d</sup> "Earing," i. e., tilling; ploughing.

<sup>e</sup> "Upon far poorer moment," i. e., for less reason; upon a weaker motive.—<sup>f</sup> "Expedience," i. e., expedition.

For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,  
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,  
Which, like the <sup>a</sup>courser's hair, hath yet but life,  
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno.

I shall do it. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he  
I did not send <sup>b</sup>you.—If you find him sad, [*does:*  
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEX.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dear—  
You do not hold the method to enforce [*ly,*  
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in  
nothing. [*him.*]

Cleo. Thou teachest, <sup>1</sup>like a fool, the way to lose

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear:  
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall:  
It cannot be thus long; the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good  
news.

What says the married woman?—You may go:  
Would, she had never given you leave to come!  
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,  
I have no power upon you: hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O! never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first  
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,— [*true,*

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and  
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going,  
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words; no going then:  
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;  
Bliss in our brows <sup>c</sup>bent; none our parts so poor,  
But was a <sup>d</sup>race of heaven: they are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st  
There were a heart in Egypt. [*know,*

Ant. Hear me, queen.

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services a while, but my full heart

Remains in <sup>e</sup>use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the <sup>f</sup>port of Rome:  
Equality of two domestic powers [*strength,*  
Breeds scrupulous faction. The hated, grown to  
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace  
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change. My more particular,  
And that which most with you should <sup>g</sup>safe my  
Is Fulvia's death. [*going,*

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me  
freedom,

It does from childishness.—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen.

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read

The garboils she <sup>h</sup>awak'd; at the last, best,  
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O, most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill

With sorrowful <sup>i</sup>water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,  
As you shall give the advice: by the fire  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,  
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,  
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come.—

But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well,

So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;

And give true <sup>j</sup>credence to his love, which stands  
An honorable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I pry'thee, turn aside, and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears  
Belong to <sup>k</sup>Egypt: good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look  
Like perfect honor.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target.—Still he mends;

But this is not the best. Look, pry'thee, Charmian,  
How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his <sup>l</sup>chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:

Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;

That you know well: something it is I would,—

O! my <sup>m</sup>oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labor

To bear such idleness so near the heart,

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;

Since my becomings kill me, when they do not

Eye well to "you: your honor calls you hence;

Therefore, be deaf to my unpitied folly,

<sup>a</sup> "In use," i. e., in pledge.—<sup>f</sup> "The port," i. e., the gate.

<sup>g</sup> "Safe my going," i. e., render my going not dangerous.

<sup>h</sup> "The garboils she awak'd," i. e., the commotion she occasioned.—<sup>i</sup> Alluding to the *lachrymatory vials*, filled with tears, which the Romans placed in the tomb of a departed friend.—<sup>k</sup> "To Egypt," i. e., to me, the queen of Egypt.—

<sup>l</sup> "His chafe," i. e., his rage.—<sup>m</sup> "Oblivion," i. e., oblivious memory.—<sup>n</sup> That is, "when they are not acceptable in your sight."

<sup>a</sup> "The courser's," i. e., the horse's: an allusion to the vulgar error, that a *horse-hair*, dropped into corrupted water, would become animated.—<sup>b</sup> "I did not send you," i. e., "Appear as if I did not send you."—<sup>c</sup> "In our brows bent," i. e., in the arch of our eyebrows.—<sup>d</sup> "A race," i. e., a smack or flavor.



And all the gods go with you! upon your sword  
Sit laurel'd victory, and smooth success  
Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come;  
Our separation so abides, and flies,  
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,  
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.  
Away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. An Apartment in CÆSAR'S House.

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
¹Our great ²competitor. From Alexandria  
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes  
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike  
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy,  
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or  
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find  
A man, who is the abstract of all faults [there  
That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think, there are  
Evils ³enow to darken all his goodness:  
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,  
Rather than ⁴purchas'd; what he cannot change,  
Than what he chooses.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not  
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,  
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes  
(As his composure must be rare indeed, [him,  
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Antony  
No way excuse his ⁵foils, when we do bear  
So great weight in his ⁶lightness. If he fill'd  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits, and the dizziness of his bones,  
³Fall on him for't; but, to ⁷confound such time,  
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud  
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid  
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,  
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.  
*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done; and every  
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report [hour,  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;  
And it appears, he is belov'd of those  
That only have fear'd ¹Cæsar: to the ²fleets  
The ³discontents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less.  
It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;  
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,  
Comes ⁴lov'd by being lack'd. This common body,  
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

*Mess.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,

Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them; which they ⁵ear and wound  
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads  
They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
Lack ¹blood to think on't, and ²flush youth revolt.  
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,  
Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.* Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious ¹wassels. When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink  
The ³stale of horses, and the gilded ⁴puddle,  
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did  
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge; [deign  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the Alps  
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on; and all this  
(It wounds thine honor, that I speak it now)  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
So much as ⁵lank'd not.

*Lep.* 'Tis pity of him.  
*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain  
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,  
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
To front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,  
It is my business too. Farewell. [mean time  
*Lep.* Farewell, my lord. What you shall know  
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my ⁶bond.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Charmian!

*Char.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink ⁷mandragora.

*Char.*

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time,  
My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him too much.

*Cleo.* O, 'tis treason!

*Char.*

*Cleo.* Madam, I trust, not so.

*Char.* Thou, eunuch, Mardian—

*Mar.*

What's your highness' pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing: I take no pleas-  
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee, [ure  
That, being ¹unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed?

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing,  
But what in deed is honest to be done;

¹ "Competitor," i. e., associate; partner. — ² "Enow," i. e., enough. — ³ "Purchas'd," i. e., procured by his own fault. — ⁴ That is, 'when his trifling levity throws such a burden upon us.' — ⁵ "To confound," i. e., to consume. — ⁶ "That only have fear'd Cæsar," i. e., whom fear, not love, made adherents to Cæsar. — ⁷ "The discontents," i. e., the discontented.

⁵ "Ear," i. e., plough. — ⁶ "Lack blood," i. e., turn pale. — ⁷ "Flush," i. e., ruddy. — *Wassels* is used here for *intemperance* in general. — ⁸ "Stale," i. e., urine. — ⁹ "The gilded puddle," i. e., stagnant, slimy water. — ¹ "Lank'd not," i. e., became not lank. — ² "For my bond," i. e., for my bounden duty. — ³ "Mandragora," i. e., a sleepy potion. — ⁴ "Unseminar'd," i. e., emasculated.

Yet have I fierce affections, and think  
What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.* O, Charmian!  
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?  
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?  
O, happy horse to bear the weight of Antony!  
Do bravely, horse, for 't wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?  
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"  
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison:—think on me,  
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time? 'c Broad-fronted Cæsar,  
When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey  
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow:  
There would he anchor his aspect, and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail!  
*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony;  
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee.—  
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?  
*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—  
This orient pearl:—his speech sticks in my heart.  
*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.  
*Alex.* Good friend, quoth he,  
Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,"  
Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an 'arm-girt steed,  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke  
Was 'boastfully dumb'd by him.

*Cleo.* What! was he sad, or merry?  
*Alex.* Like to the time o' the year between the  
extremes

Of hot and cold: he was nor sad, nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition!—Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note  
him:

He was not sad, for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his: he was not merry,  
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:  
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes,  
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.  
Why do you send so 'thick?

*Cleo.* Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—  
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæsar so?

*Char.* O, that brave Cæsar!  
*Cleo.* Be chok'd with such another emphasis!  
Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Cæsar!  
*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæsar paragon again  
My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My sallad days,

When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,  
To say as I said then!—But come, away:  
Get me ink and paper;  
He shall have every day a several greeting,  
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. A Room in POMPEY'S  
House.

*Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.*

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decay  
The thing we sue for.

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good; so find we profit  
By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well:  
The people love me, and the sea is mine;  
My powers are 'crescent, and my auguring hope  
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
No wars without 'doors: Cæsar gets money, where  
He loses hears: Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus  
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this? 'tis false.

*Men.* From Silvius, sir,

*Pom.* He dreams: I know, they are in Rome to-  
gether,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,  
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy 'warm lip!  
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both:  
Lay up the libertine in a 'flood of feasts,  
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor,  
Even 'till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius!

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Var.* This is most certain, that I shall deliver  
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
A space for farther 's travel.

*Pom.* I could have given less matter  
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,  
This amorous surfeiter would have 'don'd his helm  
For such a petty war: his soldiership  
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear  
The higher our opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The ne'er-lust-wearyed Antony.

*Men.* I cannot 'hope,  
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:  
His wife that's dead did trespass to Cæsar;  
His brother warr'd upon him, although, I think,  
Not mov'd by Antony.

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,  
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
Were't not that we stand up against them all,

<sup>a</sup> "Wot'st," i. e., knowest.—<sup>b</sup> A burgonet is a helmet, a head-piece.—<sup>c</sup> "Broad-fronted," in allusion to Cæsar's baldness.—<sup>d</sup> "So thick," i. e., in such quick succession.

<sup>e</sup> "Crescent," i. e., increasing; growing.—<sup>f</sup> Till for to.—<sup>g</sup> That is, "A sufficient space of time has elapsed for a longer journey."—<sup>h</sup> "Don'd," i. e., put on.—<sup>i</sup> "I cannot hope," i. e., I cannot expect.

'Twere pregnant they should <sup>a</sup>square between themselves;  
 For they have entertained cause enough  
 To draw their swords: but how the fear of us  
 May cement their divisions, and bind up  
 The petty difference, we yet not know.  
 Be it as our gods will have't! It only stands  
 Our lives <sup>b</sup>upon to use our strongest hands.  
 Come, Menas. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in the House of  
 LEPIDUS.

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
 And shall become you well, to entreat your captain  
 To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him  
 To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,  
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,  
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
 I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time  
 For private <sup>c</sup>stomaching.

Eno. Every time  
 Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:  
 But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
 The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we <sup>d</sup>compose well here, to Parthia:  
 Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,  
 Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,  
 That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
 A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
 May it be gently heard: when we debate  
 Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
 Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,  
 (The rather, for I earnestly beseech)  
 Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
 Nor <sup>e</sup>curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.  
 Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
 I should do thus. <sup>1</sup>[Shake hands.]

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;  
 Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,  
 If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
 Should say myself offended; and with you  
 Chiefly 't the world: more laugh'd at, that I should  
 Once name you derogately, when to sound your name  
 It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
 What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome  
 Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there  
 Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt  
 Might be my <sup>f</sup>question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,  
 By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother  
 Made wars upon me, and their contestation  
 Was theme for you; you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business: my brother  
 never

Did urge me in his <sup>h</sup>act: I did enquire it;  
 And have my learning from some true <sup>i</sup>reports,  
 That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather  
 Discredit my authority with yours;  
 And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
 Having alike your cause? Of this my letters  
 Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
<sup>2</sup>No matter whole you have to make it with,  
 It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself  
 By laying defects of judgment to me; but  
 You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so; not so;  
 I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,  
 Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
 Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
 Could not with graceful <sup>k</sup>eyes attend those wars  
 Which <sup>l</sup>fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,  
 I would you had her spirit in such another:  
 The third o' the world is yours, which with a <sup>m</sup>snaffle  
 You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men  
 might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her <sup>n</sup>garboils, Cæsar,  
 Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted  
 Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,  
 Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must  
 But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,  
 When rioting in Alexandria; you  
 Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
 Did gibe my <sup>o</sup>missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,  
 He fell upon me, ere admitted: then  
 Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
 Of what I was 't the morning; but, next day,  
 I told him of myself, which was as much  
 As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow  
 Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,  
 Out of our <sup>p</sup>question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken  
 The article of your oath, which you shall never  
 Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:  
 The <sup>q</sup>honor's sacred which he talks on now,  
 Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;  
 The article of my oath. [them,]

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd  
 The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;  
 And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up  
 From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,

<sup>a</sup> "Twere pregnant they should square," i. e., 'It is evident they would quarrel.'—<sup>b</sup> "It stands our lives upon," i. e., 'It is necessary for the preservation of our lives.'—<sup>c</sup> "Stomaching," i. e., resentment.—<sup>d</sup> "Compose," i. e., agree.—<sup>e</sup> "Nor curstness grow to the matter," i. e., let not ill-humor be added to the subject of our difference.

<sup>f</sup> "Did practise," i. e., did use unwarrantable arts or stratagems.—<sup>g</sup> "Question," i. e., subject of conversation.—<sup>h</sup> "Urge me in his act," i. e., use my name as a pretence for the war.—<sup>i</sup> Reports for reporters.—<sup>j</sup> "With graceful eyes," i. e., with looks of approval.—<sup>k</sup> "Fronted," i. e., opposed.—<sup>l</sup> "A snaffle," i. e., a bridle.—<sup>m</sup> "Garboils," i. e., commotions.—<sup>n</sup> "Did gibe my missive," i. e., did scoff my messenger.—<sup>o</sup> "Question," i. e., conversation.—<sup>p</sup> "The honor," i. e., the theme of honor, namely, the obligation of an oath.



I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without <sup>a</sup>it. Truth is, that Fulvia,  
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honor  
To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis nobly spoken.

*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no farther  
The <sup>b</sup>griefs between ye: to forget them quite,  
Were to remember that the present need  
Speaks to <sup>c</sup>atone you.

*Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mécænas.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the  
instant, you may, when you hear no more words of  
Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to  
wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent I had almost  
forgot. [no more.]

*Ant.* You wrong this presence; therefore, speak

*Eno.* Go to then; <sup>1</sup>you considerate stone.

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
The manner of his speech; for it cannot be,  
We shall remain in friendship, our <sup>d</sup>conditions  
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge  
O' the world I would pursue it.

*Agri.* Give me leave, Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agri.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony  
Is now a widower.

*Cæs.* Say not so, Agrippa;

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof

Were well deserv'd <sup>2</sup>for rashness.

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear  
Agrippa farther speak.

*Agri.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men,  
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak  
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,  
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,  
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
<sup>3</sup>My duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"  
To make this good?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and  
His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:  
Further this act of grace, and from this hour.  
The <sup>4</sup>hearts of brothers govern in our loves,  
And sway our great designs.

*Cæs.* There is my hand.  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother

<sup>5</sup>[*Ant.* takes it.]

Did ever love so dearly: let her live  
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never  
Fly off our loves again!

*Lep.* Happily, amen.

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst  
Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,  
Of late upon me: I must thank him, only  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;  
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon us:  
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,  
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he?

*Cæs.* About the Mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What's his strength  
By land?

*Cæs.* Great, and increasing; but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.  
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*Cæs.* With most gladness;  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I'll lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus,  
Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.*]

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mécænas!  
—my honorable friend, Agrippa!—

*Agri.* Good Enobarbus!

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad, that matters are  
so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-  
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-  
fast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had  
much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily  
deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be  
<sup>6</sup>square to her.

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed  
up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

*Agri.* There she appeared indeed, or my reporter  
devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that [silver;  
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold <sup>6</sup>and tissue)  
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,  
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With diverse-color'd boys, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, 'did.

*Agri.* O, rare for Antony!

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,

<sup>a</sup> "Without it," i. e., without honesty. <sup>b</sup> "Griefs," i. e.,  
grievances. <sup>c</sup> "To atone," i. e., to reconcile. <sup>d</sup> "Condi-  
tions," i. e., dispositions.

<sup>e</sup> "Square," i. e., true. <sup>f</sup> "And what they undid, did,"  
i. e., and added to the warmth which they were intended to  
diminish. <sup>g</sup> "Tended her i' the eyes," i. e., waited upon her  
looks.

And made their bends adornings: at the helm  
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle  
<sup>1</sup>Smell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
 That rarely <sup>a</sup>frame the office. From the barge  
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,  
 Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,  
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
 And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian!

*Eno.* Upon her landing Antony sent to her,  
 Invited her to supper: she replied,  
 It should be better he became her guest,  
 Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,  
 Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,  
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;  
 And for his ordinary pays his heart  
 For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;  
 He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street;  
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
 That she did make defect perfection,  
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never; he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
 Her infinite variety: other women cloy  
 The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,  
 Where most she satisfies; for vilest things  
 Become themselves in her, that the holy priests  
 Bless her when she is <sup>b</sup>riggish.

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
 A blessed <sup>c</sup>lottery to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.—

Good Eno'barbus, make yourself my guest,  
 Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in CÆSAR'S  
 House

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them;  
 Attendants.<sup>2</sup>*

*Ant.* The world, and my great office, will some-  
 Divide me from your bosom. [times]

*Octa.* All which time,  
 Before the gods my knee shall bow <sup>3</sup>with prayers  
 To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir.—My Octavia,  
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
 I have not kept my square, but that to come [dy.—  
 Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear la-  
 Good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

<sup>4</sup>*Enter a Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* Now, sirrah: you do wish yourself in Egypt.  
*Sooth.* Would I had never come from thence, nor  
 you thither!

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see it in my motion, have it not in my  
 tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.

*Ant.* Say to me, whose fortune shall rise higher,  
 Cæsar's, or mine?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side:  
 Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
 Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
 Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel  
 Becomes <sup>a</sup>afraid, as being o'erpower'd: therefore,  
 Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more, but when to  
 If thou dost play with him at any game, [thee.  
 Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,  
 He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,  
 When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit  
 Is all afraid to govern thee near him,  
 But, he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,  
 He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;  
 And in our sports my better cunning faints  
 Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:  
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
 When it is all to nought; and his <sup>a</sup>quails ever  
 Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:  
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

I' the east my pleasure lies.—O! come, Ventidius,  
 You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;  
 Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you, has-  
 Your generals after. [ten]

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
 Which will become you both, farewell.

*Mec.* We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at <sup>a</sup>Mount  
 Before you, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your way is shorter;

My purposes do draw me much about:  
 You'll win two days upon me.

*Mec. Agr.*

*Lep.* Farewell. Sir, good success! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Give me some music; music, <sup>b</sup>moody food  
 Of us that trade in love.

*Attend.* The music, ho!

*Enter MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone; let 's to billiards: come, Char-  
 mian.

*Char.* My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,  
 As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.

*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though 't  
 come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.—

Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,

My music playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

<sup>a</sup> "Yarely frame," i. e., readily perform.—<sup>b</sup> "Riggish," i. e., wanton.—<sup>c</sup> Lottery for allotment.

<sup>d</sup> The ancients matched quails as we match cocks.—<sup>e</sup> "At Mount," i. e., at Mount Misenum.—<sup>f</sup> Moody here means melancholy.

*Char.*

You wager'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.*

That time,—O times!—  
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then, put my <sup>a</sup> tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippian.—

*Enter* <sup>1</sup> ELIS, a Messenger.

<sup>2</sup> O! from Italy?—

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Mess.*

Madam, madam,—

*Cleo.* Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:  
But well and free,  
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that things  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

*Mess.* First, madam, he is well.

*Cleo.*

Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use  
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,  
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.*

Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony  
Be free, and healthful, why so tart a <sup>b</sup> favor  
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well,  
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal <sup>c</sup> man.

*Mess.*

Will't please you hear me?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou  
<sup>d</sup> speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, <sup>3</sup> 'tis well;  
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.

*Mess.*

Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.*

Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.*

Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.*

Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.*

But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like "but yet," it does allay  
The good <sup>d</sup> precedence; fie upon "but yet!"  
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together. He's friends with Cæsar;  
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

*Mess.* Free, madam? no; I made no such report:  
He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.*

For what good turn?

*Mess.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cleo.*

I am pale, Charmian.

*Mess.* Madam, he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.*

The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.*

What say you?—Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me: I'll unhair thy head.

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in lingering pickle.

*Mess.*

Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst  
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;  
And I will <sup>e</sup> boot thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

*Mess.*

He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue! thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a Knife.*]

*Mess.*

Nay, then I'll run.—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within <sup>f</sup> your-  
The man is innocent. [self:]

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-  
bolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:

Though I am mad, I will not bite him.—Call.

*Char.*

He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.*

I will not hurt him.—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

*Re-enter* <sup>5</sup> ELIS, the Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves, when they be felt.

*Mess.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.*

Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do,  
If thou again say, Yes.

*Mess.*

He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee! dost thou hold  
there still?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam?

*Cleo.*

O! I would, thou didst,

So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made  
A cistern for scald snakes. Go, get thee hence:

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.*

He is married?

*Mess.* Take no offence, that I would not offend you:  
To punish me for what you make me do,  
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O! that his fault should make a knave of  
thee, [hence:]

That art not! What! thou'rt sure of?—Get thee  
The merchandise which thou hast brought from  
Rome,

Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em!

[*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.*

I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;

I faint.—O Iras! Charmian!—'Tis no matter.—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the <sup>g</sup> feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The color of her hair: bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Let him for ever go?—let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

<sup>a</sup> "Tires," i. e., head-dress.—<sup>b</sup> "So tart a favor," i. e., so  
sour a countenance.—<sup>c</sup> "A formal man," i. e., a man in his  
senses.—<sup>d</sup> "The good precedence," i. e., the good quality  
of what is already reported.

<sup>e</sup> "Boot," i. e., recompense.—<sup>f</sup> "Within yourself," i. e.,  
within bounds.—<sup>g</sup> "The feature," i. e., the form.



The other way he's a Mars.—Bid you *Alexas*  
 [To *MARDIAN*.  
 Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, *Charmian*,  
 But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.  
 [Exeunt.

## SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

<sup>1</sup> *Flourish*. Enter *POMPEY* and *MENAS*, at one side,  
 with *Drum* and *Trumpet*: at another, *CÆSAR*,  
*LEPIDUS*, *ANTONY*, *ENOBARBUS*, *MECÆNAS*, with  
*Soldiers* marching.

*Pom*. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;  
 And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs*. Most meet,  
 That first we come to words; and therefore have we  
 Our written purposes before us sent,  
 Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
 If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,  
 And carry back to Sicily much a tall youth,  
 That else must perish here.

*Pom*. To you all three,  
 The senators alone of this great world,  
 Chief factors for the gods.—I do not know,  
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
 Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,  
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus <sup>b</sup> ghosted,  
 There saw you laboring for him. What was it,  
 That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what  
 Made the all-honor'd, honest, Roman Brutus,  
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,  
 To drench the Capitol, but that they would  
 Have one man but a man? And that is it  
 Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden  
 The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant  
 To scourge th' ingratitude that spiteful Rome  
 Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs*. Take your time. [sails;

*Ant*. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy  
 We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st  
 How much we do o'er-count thee.

*Pom*. At land, indeed,  
 Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's <sup>d</sup> house:  
 But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,  
 Remain in't as thou may'st.

*Lep*. Be pleas'd to tell us,  
 (For this is from the <sup>e</sup> present) how you take  
 The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs*. There's the point.

*Ant*. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
 What it is worth embrac'd.

*Cæs*. And what may follow,  
 To try a larger fortune.

*Pom*. You have made me offer  
 Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must  
 Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send  
 Measures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon,  
 To part with unhuck'd edges, and bear back  
<sup>2</sup> Targess undinted.

*Cæs*. *Ant*. *Lep*. That's our offer.

*Pom*. Know then,  
 I came before you here, a man prepar'd  
 To take this offer; but Mark Antony  
 Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose  
 The praise of it by telling, you must know,  
 When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,  
 Your mother came to Sicily, and did find  
 Her welcome friendly.

*Ant*. I have heard it, Pompey;  
 And am well studied for a liberal thanks,  
 Which I do owe you.

*Pom*. Let me have your hand.  
 I did not think, sir, to have met you here.  
<sup>3</sup> [They take Hands.

*Ant*. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to  
 you,

That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,  
 For I have gain'd by it.

*Cæs*. Since I saw you last,  
 There is a change upon you.

*Pom*. Well, I know not  
 What <sup>4</sup> counts harsh fortune casts upon my face,  
 But in my bosom shall she never come,  
 To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep*. Well met here.

*Pom*. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed.  
 I crave, our <sup>b</sup> composition may be written,  
 And seal'd between us.

*Cæs*. That's the next to do.

*Pom*. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let  
 Draw lots who shall begin. [us

*Ant*. That will I, Pompey.

*Pom*. No, Antony, take the lot; but, first  
 Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
 Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar  
 Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant*. You have heard much.

*Pom*. I have fair meanings, sir.

*Ant*. And fair words to them.

*Pom*. Then, so much have I heard:

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

*Eno*. No more of that:—he did so.

*Pom*. What, I pray you?

*Eno*. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

*Pom*. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?

*Eno*. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,  
 Four feasts are toward.

*Pom*. Let me shake thy hand:  
 I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,  
 When I have envied thy behavior.

*Eno*. Sir,

I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,  
 When you have well deserv'd ten times as much  
 As I have said you did.

*Pom*. Enjoy thy plainness,  
 It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

*Cæs*. *Ant*. *Lep*. Show us the way, sir.

*Pom*. Come.

[Exeunt *POMPEY*, *CÆSAR*, *ANTONY*, *LEPIDUS*,  
*Soldiers* and *Attendants*.

*Men*. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made  
 this treaty.—[Aside.]—You and I have 'known, sir.

*Eno*. At sea, I think.

*Men*. We have, sir.

*Eno*. You have done well by water.

*Men*. And you by land.

*Eno*. I will praise any man that will praise me;  
 though it cannot be denied what I have done by land

*Men*. Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno*. Yes; something you can deny for your own  
 safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

*Men*. And you by land.

*Eno*. There I deny my land service. But give  
 me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority,  
 here they might take two thieves kissing.

<sup>a</sup> "Tall," i. e., brave.—<sup>b</sup> "Ghosted," i. e., haunted.—  
<sup>c</sup> "Fear us," i. e., affright us.—<sup>d</sup> Antony had obtained the  
 house of Pompey's father.—<sup>e</sup> "From the present," i. e.,  
 foreign to the object of our discussion.—<sup>f</sup> "Targess," i. e., tar-  
 gets; shields.

<sup>1</sup> "What counts," i. e., what scores, marks.—<sup>2</sup> "Com-  
 position," i. e., agreement.—<sup>3</sup> "Have known," i. e., have  
 been acquainted.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

*Men.* You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray you, sir?

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men.* I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too: but you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still a conversation.

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then, shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come; let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—On Board POMPEY'S Galley, lying near Misenum.

*Music.* Enter Two or Three Servants, with a Banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colored.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "no more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not have.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

*Ant.* Thus do they, sir. [To CÆSAR.] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid: they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth, Or 'foison, follow. The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You have strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred, now, of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine!—A health to Lepidus.

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept: I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

*Men.* [Aside.] Pompey, a word.

*Pom.* <sup>2</sup>[Aside.] Say in mine ear: what is't?

*Men.* [Aside.] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech And hear me speak a word. [thee, captain,

*Pom.* <sup>3</sup>[Aside.] Forbear me till anon.— This wine for Lepidus.

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What color is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own color too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so; and the tears of it are wet.

*Cæs.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [To MENAS, aside.] Go, hang, sir, hang!

Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

*Men.* [Aside.] If for the sake of merit thou wilt Rise from thy stool. [hear me,

*Pom.* <sup>4</sup>[Aside.] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

<sup>6</sup>[Walks aside.]

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes. *Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith

What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

*Ant.* These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertain it, And though thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky <sup>5</sup>enclips, Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

*Pom.* Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these <sup>6</sup>competitors—Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable; [toss, And, when we are put off, fall to their throats: All <sup>7</sup>then is thine.

*Pom.* Ah! this thou should'st have done,

<sup>a</sup> "Conversation," i. e. behavior.—<sup>b</sup> A banquet here is a *refection*, a *dessert*.—<sup>c</sup> Plants, besides its common meaning, is used here for *feet*.—<sup>d</sup> "By the disposition," i. e., in a sordid place.—<sup>e</sup> The *partizan* was a weapon between a *pike* and a *halberd*.

<sup>f</sup> "Foison," i. e. plenty; abundance.—<sup>g</sup> "Inclips," i. e., encloses; embraces.—<sup>h</sup> "Competitors," i. e., confederates.

And not have spoke on't. In me, 'tis villainy;  
In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know,  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor,  
Mine honor, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue  
Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,  
I should have found it afterwards well done,  
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* [*Aside.*] For this,  
I'll never follow thy <sup>a</sup>pal'd fortunes more.  
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus.  
*Ant.* Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,  
*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas. [*Pompey.*]

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome.  
*Pom.* Fill, till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS.*]  
*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* He bears  
The third part of the world, man: see'st not?  
*Men.* The third part, then, is drunk: would it  
That it might go on wheels! [*were all,*]

*Eno.* Drink thou; increase the <sup>b</sup>reels.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it.—<sup>c</sup>Strike the vessels, ho!  
Here is to Cæsar.

*Cæs.* I could well forbear it.  
It's monstrous labor, when I wash my brain,  
And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o' the time.

*Cæs.* <sup>1</sup>Proffess it, I'll make answer; but I had  
rather fast  
From all four days, than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor! [*To ANTONY.*]  
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let us all take hands,  
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense  
In soft and delicate Lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands.—  
Make battery to our ears with the loud music;  
The while I'll place you: then, the boy shall sing;  
The <sup>d</sup>holding every man shall bear, as loud  
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.*]

*SONG, <sup>2</sup>by the Boy.*

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink <sup>e</sup>eyne:  
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;*

*With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;  
Cup us, till the world go round; } <sup>3</sup>The bur-  
Cup us, till the world go round! } den.*

*Cæs.* What would you more?—Pompey, good  
night.—Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business  
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;  
You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarbe  
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue  
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost  
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good  
Good Antony, your hand. [*night.*—]

*Pom.* I'll try you on the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir. Give's your hand.

*Pom.* O, Antony! [*friends.*]  
You have my father's house.—But what? we are

Come down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.—  
[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and  
Attendants.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—These trumpets, flutes! what!—  
Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell  
To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd! sound  
out! [*A Flourish.* <sup>4</sup>]

*Eno.* Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

*Men.* Ho!—noble captain! come. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—A Plain in Syria.

*Enter VENTIDIUS, as it were in triumph, with SILIUS,  
and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead  
Body of PACORUS borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and  
now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, <sup>f</sup>Orodes,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

*Sil.* Noble Ventidius,  
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,  
The fugitive Parthians follow: spur through Media,  
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
The routed fly: so thy grand captain, Antony,  
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and  
Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.* O Silius, Silius!  
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,  
Better to leave undone, than by our <sup>g</sup>deeds acquire  
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.

Cæsar and Antony have ever won  
More in their officers, than person: Sossius,  
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
For quick accumulation of renown,  
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favor.  
Who does it the wars more than his captain can,  
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,  
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence  
Should my performance perish.

*Sil.* Thou hast, Ventidius, that  
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,  
<sup>h</sup>Gains scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony!

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,  
That magical word of war, we have effected;  
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,  
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
We have jaded out o' the field.

*Sil.* Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what  
haste  
The weight we must convey with us will permit,  
We shall appear before him.—On, there! pass along.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. An Ante-Chamber in CÆ-  
SAR'S House.

*Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.*

*Agr.* What! are the brothers parted? [*gone;*]  
*Eno.* They have despatch'd with Pompey: he is

<sup>i</sup> Pacorus was the son of Orodes, king of Parthia

<sup>a</sup> "Pal'd," i. e., vapid; past the time of excellence.—

<sup>b</sup> "Increase the reels," i. e., increase thy giddy course.—

<sup>c</sup> "Strike the vessels," i. e., tap or brach the vessels.—

<sup>d</sup> "The holding," i. e., the burden; the chorus.—<sup>e</sup> Pink  
eyne are small eyes.



The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

*Agrippa.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar!

*Agrippa.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

*Agrippa.* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

*Agrippa.* O Antony! O thou Arabian \*bird!

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go  
no farther. [praises.]

*Agrippa.* Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves  
Antony. [cannot]

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets  
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!  
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,  
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agrippa.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his †shards, and he their beetle.  
So,— [Trumpets.]

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agrippa.* Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

*Ant.* No farther, sir.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself;  
Use me well in't.—Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest †band  
Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of †virtue, which is set  
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter  
The fortress of it; for better might we  
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended

In your distrust

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,

Though you be therein †curious, the least cause  
For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,  
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends.  
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well:  
The elements be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

*Oct.* My noble brother!—

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

*Oct.* Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

*Cæs.* What, Octavia?

*Oct.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down feather,  
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* Will Cæsar weep? [Aside to AGRIPPA.]

*Agrippa.* He has a cloud in's face.

*Eno.* He were the worse for that, were he a horse;  
So is he, being a man.

*Agrippa.* Why, Enobarbus,

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain. [rheum;

*Eno.* That year, indeed, he was troubled with a

What willingly he did †confound, he wail'd:  
Believe 't, till I weep too.

*Cæs.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come;  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:

Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,

And give you to the gods.

*Cæs.* Adieu; be happy.

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way!

*Cæs.* Farewell, farewell. [Kisses OCTAVIA.]

*Ant.* Farewell. [Trumpets sound. Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow?

*Alex.* Half afraid to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter †ELIS, the Messenger.

*Alex.* Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,

But when you are well pleas'd.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head

I'll have; but how, when Antony is gone, [near.

Through whom I might command it?—Come thou

*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold

Octavia?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome

I look'd her in the face; and saw her led

Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mess.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,

or low? [voic'd.]

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-

*Cleo.* That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and

dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps;

Her motion and her †station are as one:

She shows a body rather than a life;

A statue, than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain?

*Mess.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing,

I do perceive't.—There's nothing in her yet.—

The fellow has good judgment.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I pry'thee.

*Mess.* Madam,

She was a widow.

*Cleo.* Widow?—Charmian, hark.

*Mess.* And I do think, she's thirty. [round?

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long, or

*Mess.* Round, even to faultiness. [are so,—

*Cleo.* For the most part, too, they are foolish that

Her hair, what color?

*Mess.* Brown, madam; and her forehead

As low as †you would wish it.

*Cleo.* There's gold for thee:

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.

I will employ thee back again: I find thee

Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;

\*The Arabian bird was the phoenix.—†His shards," i. e., his wings.—‡Band for bond.—§The piece of virtue," i. e., Octavia.—||Curious," i. e., scrupulous; particular.—¶"Confound," i. e., destroy.

† Station here means the act of standing.

Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much, That so I <sup>a</sup>harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him, This creature's no such thing.

*Char.* Nothing, madam. [*know.*]

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend, And serving you so long! [*Charmian:*]

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet, good But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me Where I will write. All may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Athen. A Room in ANTONY'S House.

*Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,— That were excusable, that, and thousands more Of semblable <sup>b</sup>import,—but he hath wag'd New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it To public ear: Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly He vented them; most narrow measure lent me. When the best hint was given him, he <sup>c</sup>but look'd, Or did it from his <sup>d</sup>teeth.

*Oct.* O, my good lord! Believe not all; or, if you must believe, <sup>e</sup>Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady, If this division chance, ne'er stood between, Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock me presently, When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!" Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud, "O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother, Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway 'Twixt these extremes at all.

*Ant.* Gentle Octavia, Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honor, I lose myself: better I were not yours, Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested, Yourself shall go between us: the mean time, lady, I'll raise the preparation of a war Shall <sup>f</sup>stay your brother. Make your soonest haste: So, your desires are yours.

*Oct.* Thanks to my lord. The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak, Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be, As if the world should cleave, and that slain men Should solder up the <sup>g</sup>rift.

*Ant.* When it appears to you where this begins, Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults Can never be so equal, that your love Can equally move with them. Provide your going; Choose your own company, and command what cost Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

*Enter ENOBARRUS and EROS, meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros?

*Eros.* There is strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

<sup>a</sup> "Harry'd," i. e., harassed; worried.—<sup>b</sup> "Of semblable import," i. e., of similar tendency.—<sup>c</sup> "Did it from his teeth," i. e., did it to appearance only, not seriously.—<sup>d</sup> "Stomach not," i. e., resent not.—<sup>e</sup> "The rift," i. e., the opening.

*Eno.* This is old: what is the <sup>f</sup>success?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of <sup>g</sup>him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him <sup>h</sup>rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own <sup>i</sup>appeal, seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind each other. Where is Antony?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, Lepidus!" And threatens the throat of that his officer, That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigg'd.

*Eros.* For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius; My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught;

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S House.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.*

*Cæs.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,

In Alexandria: here's the manner of it. I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publicly enthron'd: at <sup>3</sup>their feet sat Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son, And all the unlawful issue, that their lust Since then hath made between them. Unto her He gave the 'tablissement of Egypt; made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the public eye? [*Exeunt.*]

*Cæs.* I' the common show-place, where they ex- His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings: Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia, He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She In the habiliments of the goddess Isis That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience, As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus Inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, <sup>k</sup>queasy with his insolence Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cæs.* The people know it; and have now receiv'd His accusations.

*Agr.* Whom does he accuse?

*Cæs.* Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not 'rated him His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets, That Lepidus of the triumvirate Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain All his revenue.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and a messenger gone. I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel; That he his high authority abus'd, [*quer'd,* And did deserve his change: for what I have con- I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,

<sup>f</sup> "What is the success?" i. e., what follows?—<sup>g</sup> "Of him," i. e., of Lepidus.—<sup>h</sup> "Rivalry," i. e., equal rank.—<sup>i</sup> "Appeal" here signifies accusation.—<sup>k</sup> "Queasy," i. e., sick, disgusted.—<sup>l</sup> "Rated," i. e., assigned.

And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA, with her Train.*

*Oct.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee cast-away!

*Oct.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,  
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,  
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come  
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented  
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown  
Is often held unlov'd: we should have met you  
By sea and land, supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

*Oct.* Good my lord,  
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it

Of my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,  
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd  
His pardon for return.

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,  
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

*Oct.* Do not say so, my lord.

*Cæs.* I have eyes upon him,  
And his affairs come to me on the wind.  
Where is he now?

*Oct.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cæs.* No, my most wrong'd sister; Cleopatra  
Hath nodded him to her: he hath given his empire  
Up to a whore: they now are levying  
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled  
Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king  
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:  
King Malchas of Arabia; king of Pont;  
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene; Polemon and Antimas,  
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,  
With a more larger list of sceptres.

*Oct.* Ah me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
That do afflict each other!

*Cæs.* Welcome hither.

Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,  
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong'd,  
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities;  
But let determin'd things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,  
To do you justice, make his ministers  
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;  
And ever welcome to us.

*Agr.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off,

And gives his potent regiment to a trull,  
That noises it against us.

*Oct.* Is it so, sir?

*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,  
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—ANTONY'S Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

*Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.*

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,  
And say'st, it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well, is it, is it? [we

*Cleo.* If not denounc'd against us, why should not  
Be there in person.

*Eno.* [Aside.] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear  
A soldier, and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is't you say?

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from'st time,  
What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,  
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,  
Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,  
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,  
And as the president of my kingdom will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;  
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done.

Here comes the emperor.

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

*Ant.* Is't not strange, Canidius,

That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take us in Tomyne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd,  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well become the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea! what else?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For that he dares us to't.

*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off,  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd;  
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those, that often have gainst Pompey fought.  
Their ships are yare, yours, heavy: no disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted

<sup>a</sup> "Regiment," i. e., government.—<sup>d</sup> "A trull," i. e., a harlot.—<sup>e</sup> "Forspoke," i. e., spoken against.—<sup>f</sup> "Merely," i. e., absolutely.—<sup>g</sup> "Take in," i. e., take; subdue.—<sup>h</sup> "For that," i. e., because.—<sup>i</sup> "Muletters," i. e., ingross'd by swift impress.—<sup>j</sup> "Yare," i. e., quick; nimble; ready.

<sup>a</sup> "The ostentation," i. e., the show.—<sup>b</sup> Obstruction.



Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forego  
The way which promises assurance, and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

*Cleo.* I have sixty <sup>a</sup>sails, Cæsar none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn,  
And with the rest, full-mann'd, from the head of  
Actium

Beat th' approaching Cæsar : but if we fail,

*Enter a Messenger.*

We then can do't at land.—Thy business ?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord ; he is descried ;  
Cæsar has taken Tornyne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person ? 'tis impossible ;  
Strange, that his power should <sup>b</sup>be.—Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse : we'll to our ship.

*Enter a Soldier.*

Away, my <sup>c</sup>Thetis !—How now, worthy soldier !

*Sold.* O, noble emperor ! do not fight by sea ;  
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds ? Let the Egypt-  
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking ; we <sup>d</sup>tians,  
Have used to conquer standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well.—Away !

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art ; but his whole action grows  
Not in the power on't : so our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea ;  
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
<sup>e</sup>Carries beyond belief.

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such <sup>f</sup>distractions, as  
Beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you ?  
*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius. [forth

*Can.* With news the time's with labor ; and throws  
Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

*Enter* CÆSAR, TAURUS, *Officers, and others.*

*Cæs.* Taurus !

*Taur.* My lord.

*Cæs.* Strike not by land ; keep whole :  
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.  
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll :

Our fortune lies upon this <sup>g</sup>jump. [*Giving it.*  
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yond <sup>h</sup>side o' the hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle ; from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* CANIDIUS, *marking with his Land Army one*  
*Way over the Stage ; and* TAURUS, *the Lieutenant*

*of* CÆSAR, *the other Way. After their going in*  
*is heard the Noise of a Sea-Fight.*

*Alarum. Re-enter* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught ! I can behold  
The <sup>i</sup>Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral, [no longer.  
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder :  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter* SCARUS.

*Scar.* Gods, and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them !

*Eno.* What's thy passion ?

*Scar.* The greater <sup>j</sup>cantle of the world is lost  
With very ignorance : we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight ?

*Scar.* On our side like the <sup>k</sup>token'd pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yond <sup>l</sup>ribald <sup>m</sup>bag of Egypt,  
Whom leprosy o'ertake ! i' the midst o' the fight,—  
When vantage, like a pair of twins, appear'd  
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder ;—  
The <sup>n</sup>brize upon her like a cow in June,  
Hoists sails, and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld :

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not  
Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being <sup>o</sup>loof'd,  
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting <sup>p</sup>mallard,  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.  
I never saw an action of such shame :

Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

*Eno.* Alack, alack !

*Enter* CANIDIUS.

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :  
O ! he has given example for our flight,  
Most grossly, by his own. [night

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good  
Indeed.

*Can.* Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to't ; and there I will attend  
What farther comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render

My legions, and my horse : six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow

The wounded <sup>q</sup>chance of Antony, though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IX.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter* ANTONY, *and Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark ! the land bids me tread no more upon't ;  
It is asham'd to bear me.—Friends, come hither,  
I am so <sup>r</sup>lated in the world, that I  
Have lost my way for ever.—I have a ship  
Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

*Att.* Fly ! not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself, and have instructed cow-  
ards  
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone ;  
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you ; be gone :

<sup>a</sup> "Sails," i. e., ships.—<sup>b</sup> "That his power should be," i. e.,  
that his forces should be there.—<sup>c</sup> "Thetis," i. e., Cleopatra.—  
<sup>d</sup> "Carries," i. e., goes.—<sup>e</sup> "Distractions," i. e., detach-  
ments ; separate bodies.—<sup>f</sup> "This jump," i. e., this hazard.

<sup>g</sup> The *Antoniad* was the name of Cleopatra's ship.—  
<sup>h</sup> "Cantle," i. e., portion.—<sup>i</sup> "Token'd," i. e., spotted.—  
<sup>j</sup> "The brize," i. e., the gad-fly that stings cattle.—<sup>k</sup> "Loof'd,"  
i. e., brought close to the wind.—<sup>l</sup> "Mallard," i. e., wild  
drake.—<sup>m</sup> "The wounded chance," i. e., the broken fortunes.  
—<sup>n</sup> "Lated," i. e., belated ; benighted.

My treasure's in the harbor, take it.—O!  
 I follow'd that I blush to look upon:  
 My very hairs do mutiny; for the white  
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
 For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you shall  
 Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
 Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint  
 Which my despair proclaims; let that be left  
 Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway:  
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
 Leave me, I pray, a little; 'pray you now:  
 Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost <sup>a</sup> command,  
 Therefore, I pray you. I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.]

Enter EROS and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN,  
 and IRAS.

Eros. Nay gentle madam, to him; comfort him.  
 Iras. Do, most dear queen.  
 Char. Do! Why, what else?  
 Cleo. Let me sit down.—O Juno!  
 Ant. No, no, no, no.  
 Eros. See you here, sir?  
 Ant. O fie, fie, fie!  
 Char. Madam,—  
 Iras. Madam: O good empress!—  
 Eros. Sir, sir,—  
 Ant. Yes, my lord, yes.—<sup>b</sup> He, at Philippi, kept  
 His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck  
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I  
 That the mad Brutus ended: he alone  
 Dealt on <sup>c</sup> lieutenantry, and no practice had  
 In the brave squares of war; yet now—No matter.  
 Cleo. Ah! stand by.  
 Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.  
 Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:  
 He is <sup>d</sup> unqualified with very shame.  
 Cleo. Well then,—sustain me:—O!  
 Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:  
 Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; <sup>e</sup> but  
 Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation

<sup>f</sup> By most unnobly swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.  
 Ant. O! whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,  
 How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,  
 By looking back <sup>g</sup> what I have left behind  
 'Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!  
 Forgive my fearful sails: I little thought,  
 You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou know'st too well,  
 My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
 And thou should'st tow me after: o'er my spirit  
 Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that  
 Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
 Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must  
 To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
 And palter in the shifts of lowness, who  
 With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,  
 Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,  
 How much you were my conqueror; and that  
 My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
 Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say: one of them <sup>h</sup> rates

All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;  
 Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;  
 Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—  
 Some wine, within there, and our viands!—Fortune

knows,

We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE X.—CÆSAR'S Camp in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—  
 Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his <sup>i</sup> schoolmaster:  
 An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
 He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
 Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
 Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:  
 I was of late as petty to his ends,  
 As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf  
 To <sup>j</sup> his grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so. Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
 Requires to <sup>k</sup> live in Egypt; which not granted,  
 He lessens his requests, and to thee sues  
 To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
 A private man in Athens: this for him.  
 Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,  
 Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves  
 The <sup>l</sup> circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,  
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,  
 I have no ears to his request. The queen  
 Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she  
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced <sup>m</sup> friend,  
 Or take his life there: this if she perform,  
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee.

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit EUPHRONIUS.]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time; despatch.

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

[To THYREUS]  
 And in our name, what she requires; add more,  
 From thine invention, offers. Women are not  
 In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure  
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus,  
 Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
 Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his <sup>n</sup> flaw,  
 And what thou think'st at his very action speaks  
 In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,  
 and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will  
 Lord of his reason. What though you fled  
 From that great face of war, whose several ranges

<sup>a</sup> "Command," i.e., power to command.—<sup>b</sup> "He," i.e., CÆSAR.—<sup>c</sup> "Dealt on lieutenantry," i.e., made war by his officers.—<sup>d</sup> "Unqualified," i.e., divested of his faculties.—<sup>e</sup> "But," i.e., unless.—<sup>f</sup> "Rates," i.e., equals in value.

<sup>g</sup> "His schoolmaster," i.e., Euphrontus, schoolmaster to Antony's children.—<sup>h</sup> "His for its"—<sup>i</sup> "The circle," i.e., the diadem; the crown.—<sup>j</sup> "Friend here means paramour.—<sup>k</sup> "Becomes his flaw," i.e., conforms himself to this breach in his fortune.

Frighted each other, why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have a nick'd his captainship; at such a point,  
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The mooted question. 'Twas a shame, no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.*

*Ant.* Is that his answer?

*Eup.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* The queen shall then have courtesy, so she  
Will yield us up.

*Eup.* He says so.

*Ant.* Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cleo.* That head, my lord?

*Ant.* To him again. Tell him, he wears the rose  
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note  
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child, as soon  
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him, therefore,  
To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
And answer me declin'd; sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.*]

*Eno.* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd t' the show  
Against a sword.—I see, men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward  
Do draw the inward qualities after them,  
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
Knowing all miseries, the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd  
His judgment too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
That kneel'd unto the bud.—Admit him, sir.

*Eno.* Mine honesty and I begin to square. [*Aside.*]  
The loyalty well held to fools does make  
Our faith mere folly: yet he, that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter THYREUS.*

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends: say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are thy friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,  
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master  
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,  
Whose he is, we are, and that's Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So.—  
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
Farther than he is Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Go on: right royal.

*Thyr.* He knows, that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.* O!

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honor, therefore, he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserv'd.

*Cleo.* He is a god, and knows  
What is most right. Mine honor was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

*Eno.* [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,  
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENOBARBUS.*]

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his shroud, who is  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.* What's your name?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.* Most kind messenger,  
Say to great Cæsar, that in deputation  
I kiss his conquering hand: tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.* 'Tis your noblest course.  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.* Your Cæsar's father oft,  
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses. [*Thyr. kisses her Hand.*]

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Favors, by Jove that thunders!—  
What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One, that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach, there.—Ah, you kite!—Now gods  
and devils!  
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cry'd, "ho!"  
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,  
And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears? I am

*Enter Attendants.*

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

*Eno.* 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!  
Whip him.—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of—she here, what's her name,  
Since she was Cleopatra?—Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again.—The Jack of Cæsar shall  
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attend., with THYREUS.*]

You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!

Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,  
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd

<sup>a</sup> "Have nick'd," i. e., have set the mark of folly upon.—  
<sup>b</sup> "And answer me declin'd," i. e., and answer me in the  
decline of my age and power.—<sup>c</sup> "Stag'd t' the show," i. e.,  
exhibited to the public gaze.—<sup>d</sup> "A parcel of," i. e., of a  
piece with.—<sup>e</sup> "To square," i. e., to quarrel.

<sup>f</sup> "In deputation," i. e., by deputy.—<sup>g</sup> "All-obeying for all  
obeyed."—<sup>h</sup> "Give me grace," i. e., grant me the favor.—  
<sup>i</sup> "Of taking kingdoms in," i. e., of conquering kingdoms.—  
<sup>k</sup> "The fullest," i. e., the most complete and perfect.—  
<sup>l</sup> "A muss," i. e., a scramble.—<sup>m</sup> "This Jack," a term of  
contempt.—<sup>n</sup> "Since she was," i. e., since she ceased to be.



By one that looks on <sup>a</sup> feeders?

*Cleo.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever:—

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
(O misery on't) the wise gods <sup>b</sup> seal our eyes,  
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us  
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cleo.* O! is it come to this?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel, cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
<sup>c</sup> Luxuriously pick'd out; for, I am sure,  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand; <sup>1</sup> that kingly seal,  
And plighter of high hearts!—O! that I were  
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
The horned herd, for I have savage cause;  
And to proclaim it civilly were like  
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank  
For being <sup>d</sup> yare about him.—

<sup>2</sup> Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

*1 Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

*1 Att.* He did ask favor.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent

Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry  
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since [forth,  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-  
The white hand of a lady fever thee;  
Shake <sup>3</sup> but to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar,  
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,  
He makes me angry with him; for he seems  
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,  
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,  
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,  
When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike  
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
As he shall like, to <sup>e</sup> quit me. Urge it thou:  
Hence, with thy stripes! begone! [*Exit* THYREUS.

*Cleo.* Have you done yet?

*Ant.* Alack! our <sup>f</sup>terrene moon

Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone

The fall of Antony.

*Cleo.* I must stay his time.

*Ant.* To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes

With one that ties his <sup>g</sup>points?

*Cleo.* Not know me yet?

*Ant.* Cold-hearted toward me?

*Cleo.* Ah, dear! if I be so,

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
And poison it in the source, and the first stone  
Drop in my neck: as it <sup>h</sup> determines, so  
Dissolve my life! The next <sup>i</sup> Cæsarion smite,  
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,  
Together with my brave Egyptians all,

By the <sup>k</sup> discandying of this pelleted storm,  
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant.* I am satisfied

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria, where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy, too,  
Have knit again, <sup>4</sup> a fleet threat'ning most sealike.  
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,  
If from the field I shall return once more [lady!  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:  
There's hope in't yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!

*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
Were <sup>5</sup> nice and lucky, men did ransom lives  
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,  
Let's have one other <sup>6</sup> gaudy night.—Call to me  
All my sad captains: fill our bowls; once more  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.* It is my birthday:

I had thought to have held it poor; but since my lord  
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We will yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night  
I'll force [queen;

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my  
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,  
I'll make death love me, for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.

*Eno.* Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be  
furious,

Is to be frightened out of fear; and in that mood,  
The dove will peck the <sup>7</sup> estridge: and I see still,  
A diminution in our captain's brain  
Restores his heart. When valor preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR'S Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter* CÆSAR, reading a Letter; AGRIPPA,  
MECENAS, and others.

*Cæs.* He calls me boy, and chides, as he had power  
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger [combat,  
He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal  
Cæsar to Antony: let the old ruffian know,  
I have many other ways to die; mean time,  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.* Cæsar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make <sup>8</sup> boot of his distraction: never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads

Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;  
And feast the army: we have store to do't,  
And they have earn'd the waste.—Poor Antony

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> "On feeders," i. e., on menials.—<sup>b</sup> "Seal," i. e., close up.—<sup>c</sup> "Luxuriously," i. e., wantonly.—<sup>d</sup> "Yare," i. e., ready; handy.—<sup>e</sup> "To quit me," i. e., to requite me; to repay me this insult.—<sup>f</sup> "Terrene," i. e., earthly.—<sup>g</sup> "One that ties his points," i. e., a menial attendant.—<sup>h</sup> "Determines," i. e., dissolves.—<sup>i</sup> "The next Cæsarion," i. e., Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.

<sup>k</sup> "The discandying," i. e., the melting.—<sup>1</sup> "Nice," i. e., soft; tender; wanton.—<sup>2</sup> "Gaudy," i. e., feasting; festive.—<sup>3</sup> "The estridge," i. e., the estridge falcon.—<sup>4</sup> "Make boot," i. e., take advantage.

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius?

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not? [tune,

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better for—he is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, "Take 'all."

Ant. Well said; come on.—  
Call forth my household servants: let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,  
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—  
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me  
And kings have been your fellows. [well,

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow  
Out of the mind. [shoots<sup>1</sup>

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men,  
And all of you clapp'd up together in  
An Antony, that I might do you service,  
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;  
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,  
As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:  
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,  
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow  
You'll serve another master. I look on you,  
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
I turn you not away; but, like a master  
Married to your good service, stay till death.  
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,  
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,  
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;  
And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd: for shame,  
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!  
Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus.  
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty  
You take me in too dolorous a sense, [friends,  
For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you  
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,  
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,  
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,  
Than death and honor. Let's to supper; come,  
And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

1 Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.  
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 Sold. Nothing. What news? [you.

2 Sold. Belike, 'tis but a rumor. Good night to

1 Sold. Well, sir, good night.

<sup>1</sup> "Take all," i. e., let the survivor take all; no composition; victory or death.—<sup>2</sup> "A mangled shadow," i. e., scarce the shadow of what I was.—<sup>3</sup> "Yield you," i. e., reward you.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 Sold. And you. Good night, good night.

[The first Two place themselves at their Posts.

4 Sold. Here we: [They take their Posts.] and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 Sold. 'Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.

[Music of Hautboys under the Stage.

4 Sold. Peace! what noise?

1 Sold. List, list!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Music i' the air.

3 Sold. Under the earth.

4 Sold. It signs well, does it not?

3 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace! I say. What should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, who Antony lov'd,  
Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

[They advance to another Post.

2 Sold. How now, masters!

3 Omnes. How now!

How now! do you hear this? 4 [Speaking together.

1 Sold. Ay; Is't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;  
Let's see how it will give off.

5 Omnes. Content: 'Tis strange. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armor, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armor,  
Eros!

Enter EROS, with Armor.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armorer of my heart:—false, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la! I'll help.

Ant. Thus it must be. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff't for our repose, shall bear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More 't'ight at this, than thou. Despatch.—O, love!

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st  
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an armed Soldier.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.

To business that we love we rise betime,

And go to't with delight.

10 Sold. A thousand, sir,

Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,

And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets flourish.

<sup>4</sup> "It signs," i. e., it bodes.—<sup>5</sup> "Briefly, sir," i. e., 'Quickly, sir.'—<sup>6</sup> "More 't'ight," i. e., more handy, adroit.

*Enter* <sup>1</sup> *Captains, and Soldiers*

<sup>2</sup> *Capt.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.  
*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads.  
This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—  
So so; come, give me that: this way; well said.  
Fare thee well, dame: whate'er becomes of me,  
This is a soldier's kiss. Rebukable, [*Kisses her.*  
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
On more mechanic compliment: I'll leave thee  
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,  
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—*Adieu.*

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber.  
*Cleo.* Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might  
Determine this great war in single fight!  
Then, Antony,—but now,—well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—ANTONY'S Camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound.* *Enter* ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

*Ant.* Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd  
To make me fight at land!

*Sold.* Hadst thou done so,  
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee, would have still  
Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?

*Sold.* Who?  
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,  
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp  
Say, "I am none of thine."

*Ant.* What say'st thou?

*Sold.* Sir,  
He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.* Sir, his chests and treasure  
He has not with him.

*Ant.* Is he gone?

*Sold.* Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after: do it:  
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him  
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:  
Say, that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master.—O! my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men:—despatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria.

*Flourish.* *Enter* CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and others.

*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.  
Our will is, Antony be took alive;  
Make it so known.

*Agr.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* AGRIPPA.

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near:  
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Antony

Is come into the field.

*Cæs.* Go; charge Agrippa  
Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury  
Upon himself. <sup>3</sup> [*Exeunt all but* ENOBARBUS.

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on  
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade

Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony: for this pains  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honorable trust. I have done ill,  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.*

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus: the messenger  
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: best you <sup>a</sup> safed the bringer  
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most.—O Antony!  
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This <sup>b</sup> blows my  
heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.  
I fight against thee?—No: I will go seek  
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—Field of Battle between the Camps.

*Alarum.* Drums and Trumpets. *Enter* AGRIPPA, and others.

*Agr.* Retire; we have engag'd ourselves too far.  
Cæsar himself has work, and our <sup>c</sup> oppression  
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

*Alarum.* *Enter* ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!  
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home  
With clouts about their heads. <sup>4</sup> [*Shouts afar off.*

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I have yet  
Room for six <sup>d</sup> scotches more.

*Enter* EROS.

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir; and our advantage  
For a fair victory. [*serves*

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valor. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I'll halt after. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria.

*Alarum.* *Enter* ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and Forces.

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp. Run one  
before,  
And let the queen know of our <sup>e</sup> gestic.<sup>o</sup>—To-morrow,  
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood  
That hath to-day escap'd. I thank you all,

<sup>a</sup> "Safed," i. e., made safe.—<sup>b</sup> "Blows," i. e., swells.—  
<sup>c</sup> "Our oppression," i. e., the force by which we are op-  
pressed, or overpowered.—<sup>d</sup> "Scotches," i. e., cuts.—<sup>e</sup> "Our  
gestic," i. e., our deeds, achievements.



For <sup>a</sup> doughty-handed are you; and have fought  
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been  
Each man's, like mine: you have shown all Hectors.  
Enter the city, <sup>b</sup> clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
The honor'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand!<sup>1</sup>

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great <sup>c</sup> fairy I'll commend thy acts, [world!  
Make her thanks bless thee.—O, thou day o' the  
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of <sup>d</sup> harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing.

*Cleo.* Lord of lords!  
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great <sup>e</sup> snare uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though  
grey [have we  
Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet  
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for <sup>f</sup> goal of youth. Behold this man;  
<sup>2</sup> [Pointing to SCARUS.

Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand:—  
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,  
An armor all of gold; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled  
Like <sup>g</sup> glowing Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand:  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that <sup>h</sup> owe them.  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together,  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling <sup>i</sup> tabornes,  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-  
gether,  
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IX.—CESAR's Camp.

*Sentinels on their Post. Enter ENOBARBUS.*

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
We must return to the court of <sup>j</sup> guard. The night  
Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle  
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was  
A shrewd one to us.

*Eno.* O! bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

*Eno.* Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon!  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent.—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace!

Hark farther.

*Eno.* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy!  
The poisonous damp of night <sup>k</sup> disponge upon me,

That life, a very rebel to my will, <sup>4</sup> [Lying down.  
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular;  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver, and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony! [Dies.

2 *Sold.* Let's speak to him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him; for the things he speaks  
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his  
Was never yet <sup>5</sup> fore sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, sir; awake! speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath <sup>6</sup> rought him.  
Hark! the drums [Drums afar off.

<sup>6</sup> Do early wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note. Our hour  
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on, then;  
He may recover yet. [Exeunt, with the body.

#### SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea:

We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or i' the air;  
We'd fight there too. But this it is: our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city  
Shall stay with us (order for sea is given,  
They have put forth the haven),  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavor. [Exeunt.

*Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.*

*Cæs.* But being <sup>m</sup> charg'd, we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force  
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage! [Exeunt.

*Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.*

*Ant.* Yet they are not join'd. Where yond' pine  
does stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word

Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

*Scar.* Swallows have bu't  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers  
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grin'y  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected; and by starts  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

[Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-Fight.

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Ant.* All is lost!

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder  
They cast their caps up, and carouse together [thou  
Like friends long lost.—<sup>a</sup> Triple-turn'd whore. 'tis  
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;  
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,

<sup>a</sup> "Doughty-handed." i. e., brave. — <sup>b</sup> "Clip," i. e., embrace. — <sup>c</sup> Beauty united with power was the popular characteristic of *fairies*. — <sup>d</sup> "Proof of harness," i. e., armor of proof. — <sup>e</sup> "The world's great snare," i. e., the war. — <sup>f</sup> "Can get goal for goal," i. e., can win the prize of activity. — <sup>g</sup> "Like the men that owe them," i. e., with spirit becoming the men that own them. — <sup>h</sup> *Tabornes* were small drums. — <sup>i</sup> "The court of guard," i. e., the guard-room. — <sup>k</sup> "Disponge," i. e., discharge; pour out.

<sup>1</sup> "Rought," i. e., reached. — <sup>m</sup> "But being charg'd," i. e., unless we are charged. — <sup>n</sup> "Triple-turn'd." Cleopatra first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as Antony supposes, to Augustus.

I have done all.—Bid them all fly ; be gone.

[Exit SCARUS.]

O sun ! thy uprise shall I see no more :  
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even here  
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The heart's  
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
 On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,  
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.  
 O this false spell of Egypt ! this great charm,—  
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them  
 home ;  
 Whose bosom was my crown, my chief end,  
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—  
 What, Eros ! Eros !

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt !

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love ?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians :  
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
 Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shown  
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits ; and let  
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
 With her prepared nails.

[Exit CLEO.]

'Tis well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live ; but better 'twere  
 Thou fell'st under my fury, for one death  
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !—  
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me : teach me,  
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :  
 Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon ;  
 And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,  
 Subdue my worthy self. The witch shall die :  
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
 Under this plot ; she dies for't.—Eros, ho ! [Exit.]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women ! O ! he is more mad  
 Than Telamon for his shield ; the boar of Thessaly  
 Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument !

There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument !

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;  
 Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,  
 And word it, prythee, piteously. Hence,  
 Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death.—  
 To the monument ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE XII.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me.

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish,  
 A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
 A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world, [signs ;  
 And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen these

They are black vespers' pageants.

Eros.

Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with  
 thought,

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,  
 As water is in water.

Eros.

It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is  
 Even such a body : here I am Antony,  
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.  
 I made these wars for Egypt, and the queen,  
 Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine,  
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't  
 A million more, now lost : she, Eros, has  
 Pack'd cards with Cæsar's, and false play'd my glory  
 Unto an enemy's triumph.—

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us  
 Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady !

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar.

No, Antony ;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled  
 With thine entirely.

Ant.

Hence, saucy eunuch ! peace !

She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,  
 And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do,  
 Is done unto thy hand : the last she spake  
 Was, Antony ! most noble Antony !  
 Then, in the midst a tearing groan did break  
 The name of Antony ; it was divided  
 Between her heart and lips. She render'd life,  
 Thy name so buried in her.

Ant.

Dead, then ?

Mar.

Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, Eros : the long day's task is  
 done,

And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,  
 Does pay thy labor richly ; go.—[Exit MARDIAN.]

Off, pluck off :—

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep  
 The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !  
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,  
 Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—  
 No more a soldier : bruised pieces, go ;  
 You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[Exit EROS.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
 Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
 All length is torture : since the torch is out,  
 Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labor  
 Murs what it does ; yea, very force entangles  
 Itself with strength : seal then, and all is done.—  
 Eros !—I come, my queen.—Eros !—Stay for me :  
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
 And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :  
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros ! Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant.

Since Cleopatra died

I have liv'd in such dishonor, that the gods  
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack  
 The courage of a woman ; less noble minded  
 Than she, which by her death our Cæsar tells,

\* "My crown," i. e., the crown of my endeavors.—  
 "Fast and loose," a juggling game, practised by the gipsies,  
 now called *pricking at the belt*.—"For poor'st diminutives,"  
 i. e., for the smallest piece of money.—<sup>a</sup> *Lichas*, the boy  
 that brought the poisoned shirt to Hercules.—<sup>b</sup> "Emboss'd,"  
 i. e., foaming at the mouth.

<sup>1</sup> "The rack dislimns," i. e., the fleeting clouds destroy  
 the picture.—<sup>2</sup> *Knave* was familiarly used for *servant*.—  
<sup>3</sup> "From," i. e., *proceeding from*.—"Thy continent," i. e.,  
 the thing that contains thee.—<sup>4</sup> "All length," i. e., all length  
 or extension of life

"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,  
That when the exigent should come, (which now  
Is come indeed) when I should see behind me  
The inevitable prosecution of  
Disgrace and horror, that on my command  
Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come.  
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeatest.  
Put color in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!  
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,  
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,  
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
Thy master thus with <sup>a</sup>pleach'd arms, bending down  
His <sup>b</sup>corrigible neck, his face subdued  
To <sup>c</sup>penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat  
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that <sup>d</sup>ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be  
cur'd.  
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir! pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not  
then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,  
Or thy precedent services are all  
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,  
Wherein the <sup>e</sup>worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning <sup>1</sup>his face from him.*]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then, let it do at once  
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,  
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then.—[*Falls on his sword.*]

Thus do I escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!  
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros! what  
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros  
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me  
A nobleness in record: but I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't  
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,  
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*]  
I learn'd of thee.—How! not dead? not dead?—  
The guard!—how?—O, despatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise?  
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O! make  
Of what I have begun. [*An end*]

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.  
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed; there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DERCETAS.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,  
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress, Cleopatra, sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw  
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect  
She had <sup>2</sup>compos'd<sup>d</sup> with Cæsar, and that your rage  
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead,  
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,  
I dread, too late. [*pr'ythee.*]

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,  
Come; your lord calls. [*what, ho!*]

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra  
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live  
All your true followers out. [*to wear*]

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp  
fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:  
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*]

SCENE XIII.—The Same. A Monument.

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS

Cleo. O Charmian! I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.  
All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise: our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter, <sup>3</sup>below, DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,  
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, <sup>4</sup>below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling  
stand, [*Antony, Antony*]

<sup>5</sup>Thou varying shore o' th' world. O Antony, An  
Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help: help, friends  
Below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!

Not Cæsar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only  
I here importune death a while, until

<sup>a</sup> "Pleach'd," i. e., folded.—<sup>b</sup> "Corrigible," i. e., corrected.  
—<sup>c</sup> "Penetrative for penetrating."—<sup>d</sup> "His baseness that ensued," i. e., the baseness of him that followed.—<sup>e</sup> "The worship," i. e., the dignity; the honor.

<sup>f</sup> "Compos'd," i. e., arranged; agreed.



Of many thousand kisses the poor last

I lay upon thy lips.—

*Cleo.* I dare not, dear,  
(Dear my lord, pardon) I dare not,  
Lest I be <sup>a</sup>taken: not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall  
Be <sup>b</sup>brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,  
And still <sup>c</sup>condition, shall acquire no honor  
<sup>d</sup>Demurring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—  
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up.—  
Assist, good friends.

*Ant.* O! quick, or I am gone.  
*Cleo.* Here's <sup>2</sup>port, indeed!—How heavy weighs  
Our strength is all gone into heaviness, [my lord!  
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little;—  
Wishers were ever fools.—O! come, come, come;

[*They draw ANTONY up.*  
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd:  
<sup>e</sup>Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight.

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying.  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen.  
Of Cæsar seek your honor with your safety.—O!

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me.  
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;  
None about Cæsar.

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end  
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts,  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes,  
Wherein I liv'd the greatest prince o' the world,  
The noblest; and do now not basely die,  
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;  
I can no more. [*Dies.*

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty?—O! see, my women,  
The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord!—  
O! wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fallen: young boys, and girls,  
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon.<sup>3</sup>

*Char.* O, quietness, lady!

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady!—

*Iras.* Madam!—

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam!

*Iras.* Royal Egypt!

Empress!

*Char.* Peace, peace, Iras!

*Cleo.* No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded  
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
And does the meanest 'chares.—It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;

<sup>a</sup> Cleopatra means that she dare not come down out of the monument to Antony.—<sup>b</sup> "Be brooch'd," i. e., be ornamented, adorned.—<sup>c</sup> "Still condition," i. e., sedate disposition.—<sup>d</sup> "Demurring," i. e., looking gravely.—<sup>e</sup> "Quicken," i. e., revive.—<sup>f</sup> "Chares," i. e., chores.

To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,  
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;  
Patience is sottish, and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?  
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!  
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,  
Our lamp is spent, it's out.—Good sirs, take heart:

[*To the Guard below*  
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble  
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend  
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY's Body.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—CÆSAR's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
Being so <sup>2</sup>frustrate, tell him, <sup>4</sup>that he mocks  
The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit DOLABELLA.*

*Enter DERCETAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.*

*Cæs.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that  
Appear thus to us? [*dar'st*

*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas.

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,  
He was my master, and I wore my life,  
To spend upon his haters. If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

*Cæs.* What is't thou say'st?

*Der.* I say, O Cæsar! Antony is dead.

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing should make  
A greater crack: the round world should have shook  
Lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom: in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;

Not by a public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honor in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
<sup>5</sup>Split that self noble heart. This is his sword;  
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it, stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends?  
The gods rebuke me, <sup>6</sup>but it is tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

*Ag.* And strange it is,  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honors  
<sup>6</sup>Weighed equal with him.

*Ag.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity; but you gods will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony!

<sup>7</sup>Have I follow'd thee to this?—but we do lance

<sup>2</sup> Frustrate for frustrated.—<sup>4</sup> "But it is," i. e., if it be not

Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine: we could not stall together  
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine <sup>a</sup>his thoughts did kindle, that our stars,  
Unreconcilable should divide  
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—  
But I will tell you at some meeter season:

*Enter a Messenger.*

The business of this man looks out of him;  
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

*Mess.* A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,  
Confin'd in all she has, her monument, [tress,  
Of thy intents desires instruction,  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forced to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart:  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honorable and how kindly we  
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Mess.* So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*  
*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,  
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require,  
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,  
And with your speediest bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*  
*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,  
To second Proculeius? [*Exit GALLUS.*

*All.* Dolabella!  
*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employed: he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war,  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings. Go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar:  
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's <sup>b</sup>knave,  
A minister of her will; and it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the <sup>c</sup>dug,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,  
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo.*<sup>3</sup> What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cleo.*<sup>4</sup> Antony  
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master

Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, <sup>c</sup>as I  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

*Pro.*

Be of good cheer;  
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing.  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
On all that need. Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependancy, and you shall find  
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,  
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.*<sup>5</sup>

Pray you, tell him  
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
The greatness he has <sup>d</sup>got. I hourly learn  
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly  
Look him i' the face.

*Pro.*

This I'll report, dear lady.  
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied  
Of him that caus'd it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpris'd.

[*PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend  
the Monument by a ladder, and come behind  
CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar  
and open the Gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.*

*Iras.* Royal queen!

*Char.* O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a Dagger*

*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold! <sup>e</sup>[*Disarms her*  
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.*

What, of death, too,  
That rids our dogs of languish?

*Pro.*

Cleopatra,  
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by  
Th' undoing of yourself: let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.*

Where art thou, death?  
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro.*

O! temperance, lady.  
*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;

If idle talk will once be <sup>f</sup>accessary,  
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,  
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,  
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye  
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
And show me to the shouting <sup>g</sup>varlety  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud  
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water flies  
Blow me into abhorring! rather make  
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.*

You do extend  
These thoughts of horror farther, than you shall  
Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Proculeius,  
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,  
I'll take her to my guard.

<sup>a</sup> As for that.—<sup>d</sup> I send him the greatness he has got," i. e., I give him the honor which he has himself achieved.—  
<sup>e</sup> "Varlety," i. e., rabble.

<sup>b</sup> His for its.—<sup>b</sup> "Knave," i. e., servant.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—  
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,  
[To CLEOPATRA.]

If you'll employ me to him.  
*Cleo.* Say, I would die.  
[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*]

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.* Assuredly, you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.  
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;  
Is't not your trick?

*Dol.* I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony:  
O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man!

*Dol.* If it might please you,—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens; and therein  
stuck

A sun, and moon, which kept their course, and lighted  
The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,—

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm  
Crested the world; his voice was property'd  
As all the tun'd spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping; his delights  
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above  
The element they liv'd in: in his livery [were  
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands  
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

*Dol.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Think you, there was, or might be, such a  
As this I dream'd of? [man]

*Dol.* Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods:  
But, if there be, or ever were one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming: nature wants stuff  
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine  
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam.  
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight: would I might never  
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites  
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.  
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honorable,—

*Cleo.* He'll lead me, then, in triumph?

*Dol.* Madam, he will; I know't.

*Within.* Make way there!—Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECENAS,  
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* Which is the queen of Egypt?

*Dol.* It is the emperor, madam.  
[CLEOPATRA kneels.]

*Cæs.* Arise, you shall not kneel.

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods  
Will have it thus: my master and my lord  
I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o' the world  
I cannot project mine own cause so well  
To make it clear; but do confess I have  
Been laden with like frailties, which before  
Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know  
We will extenuate rather than enforce:  
If you apply yourself to our intents,  
(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find  
A benefit in this change; but if you seek  
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
Of my good purposes, and put your children  
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave. [and we  
*Cleo.* And may through all the world: 'tis yours;  
Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall  
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.  
*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.  
*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,  
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;

<sup>2</sup>[*Showing a Paper*  
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?  
*Sel.* Here, madam.  
*Cleo.* This is my treasurer: let him speak, my lord,  
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
To myself nothing.—Speak the truth, Seleucus.  
*Sel.* Madam,  
I had rather seal my lips, than to my peril  
Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back?  
*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made  
known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve  
Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar! O, behold,  
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,  
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
Even make me wild.—O slave, of no more trust  
Than love that's hir'd!—What! goest thou back?  
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain, dog.  
O rarely base.

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.  
*Cleo.* O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is this;  
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honor of thy lordliness  
To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,  
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,  
Some nobler token I have kept apart  
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce  
Their mediation, must I be unfolded [me  
With one that I have bred? <sup>3</sup>Ye gods! it smites  
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;  
[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through th' ashes of <sup>4</sup>mischance.—Wert thou a man,  
Thou wouldest have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit SELEUCUS.*]

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.  
*Cleo.* O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is this;  
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honor of thy lordliness  
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*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit SELEUCUS.*]

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.  
*Cleo.* O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is this;  
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
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Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;  
[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through th' ashes of <sup>4</sup>mischance.—Wert thou a man,  
Thou wouldest have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit SELEUCUS.*]

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.  
*Cleo.* O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is this;  
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honor of thy lordliness  
To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by  
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That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
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As we greet modern friends withal; and say,  
Some nobler token I have kept apart  
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce  
Their mediation, must I be unfolded [me  
With one that I have bred? <sup>3</sup>Ye gods! it smites  
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;  
[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through th' ashes of <sup>4</sup>mischance.—Wert thou a man,  
Thou wouldest have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus. [*Exit SELEUCUS.*]

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.  
*Cleo.* O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is this;  
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honor of thy lordliness  
To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
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For Livia, and Octavia, to induce  
Their mediation, must I be unfolded [me  
With one that I have bred? <sup>3</sup>Ye gods! it smites  
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;  
[To SELEUCUS.]

<sup>1</sup>“Project,” i. e., delineate; shape; form.—<sup>2</sup>“Rarely base,” i. e., base beyond example.—<sup>3</sup>“Parcel,” i. e., add up.—<sup>4</sup>“His envy,” i. e., his malice.—“Immoment,” i. e., trifling.—<sup>5</sup>“Modern,” i. e., common; ordinary.—“Livia and Octavia,” Cæsar's wife and sister.—<sup>6</sup>“With for by.”

<sup>a</sup>“Crested,” i. e., surmounted.—<sup>b</sup>“To quail,” i. e., to crush.—<sup>c</sup>“Crownets,” i. e., coronets.—<sup>d</sup>Plates mean silver coins.



*Cleo.* Be it known, that we, the greatest, are <sup>a</sup> mis-  
thought

For things that others do; and when we fall,  
We answer others' <sup>b</sup> merits in our name,  
<sup>1</sup> And therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,  
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,  
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,  
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;  
Make not your thoughts your <sup>c</sup> prisons: no, dear  
For we intend so to dispose you, as [queen;  
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:  
Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord!

*Cæs.* Not so. Adieu.

<sup>2</sup> [Flourish. *Exeunt CÆSAR, and his Train.*

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I  
should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers CHARMIAN.*

*Iras.* Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.* Hie thee again:  
I have <sup>3</sup> spoken already, and it is provided;  
Go, put it to the haste.

*Char.* Madam, I will.

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Behold, sir. [*Exit CHARMIAN.*

*Cleo.* Dolabella?

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,  
Which my love makes religion to obey,  
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria  
Intends his journey, and within three days  
You with your children will be send before.  
Make your best use of this; I have perform'd  
Your pleasure, and my promise.

*Cleo.* Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.* I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dol.*] Now,  
Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown  
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapor.

*Iras.* The gods forbid!

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors  
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers  
Bullad us out o' tune: the <sup>d</sup> quick comedians  
Extemporally will stage us, and present  
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
Some squeaking Cleopatra <sup>e</sup> boy my greatness  
I' the posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O, the good gods!

*Cleo.* Nay, that is certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails  
Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most <sup>f</sup> assur'd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

<sup>5</sup> *Re-enter CHARMIAN.*

Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch  
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony.—Sirrah, Iras, go.—  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;  
And, when thou hast done this <sup>g</sup> chare, I'll give thee  
leave

To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.  
Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*

*Enter one of the Guard.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow,  
That will not be denied your highness' presence:  
He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in.—How poor an instrument  
[*Exit Guard.*

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.  
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me: now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant; now the <sup>h</sup> fleeting moon  
No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a Basket.*

*Guard.* This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*  
Hast thou the pretty <sup>i</sup> worm of Nilus there,  
That kills and pains not?

*Clown.* Truly I have him; but I would not be the  
party that should desire you to touch him, for his  
biting is immortal: those that do die of it do seldom  
or never recover.

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I heard  
of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very  
honest woman, but something given to lie, as a wo-  
man should not do but in the way of honesty, how  
she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt.—  
Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm;  
but he that will believe all that they say, shall never  
be saved by half that they do. But this is most  
fallible, the worm's an <sup>j</sup> adder-worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence: farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*Cleo.* Farewell. [*Clown sets down the Basket.*

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the  
worm will do his <sup>k</sup> kind.

*Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted  
but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there  
is no goodness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care: it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you,  
for it is not worth the feeding.

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple, but I  
know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I  
know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the  
devil dress her not; but, truly, these same whoreson  
devils do the gods great harm in their women, for  
in every ten that they make, the devils mar <sup>l</sup> nine.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone: farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm.  
[*Exit.*

*Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have  
Immortal longings in me. Now, no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.—  
<sup>k</sup> Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear  
Antony call; I see him rouse himself

<sup>a</sup> "Misthought," i. e., thought wrong of.—<sup>b</sup> *Merits* for *de-merits*.—<sup>c</sup> That is, "Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free."—<sup>d</sup> "Quick," i. e., lively; quick-witted.—<sup>e</sup> Female characters were formerly played by boys.

<sup>f</sup> "This chare," i. e., this *chore*.—"Fleeting," i. e., in-constant; changeable.—<sup>g</sup> *Worm* was used formerly to signify a *serpent*.—"Will do his kind," i. e., will act according to his nature.—<sup>h</sup> "Yare, yare," i. e., be nimble; be ready.

To praise my noble act; I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men  
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:  
Now to that name my courage prove my title.  
I am fire, and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?  
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian:—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls, and dies.*]

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking. [say,

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may  
The gods themselves do weep.

*Cleo.* This proves me base:  
If she first meet the curled Antony,  
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,  
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal  
wretch, [*She applies the Asp to her Breast.*

With thy sharp teeth this knot <sup>a</sup>intrinsicate  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and despatch. O! could'st thou speak,  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass  
<sup>b</sup>Unpolici'd!

*Char.* O eastern star!  
*Cleo.* Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break!  
*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.—  
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.—

[*Applying another Asp to her Arm.*]

<sup>2</sup>Why should I stay— [*Falls, and dies.*]  
*Char.* In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—  
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play—

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

*1 Guard.* Where is the queen?  
*Char.* Speak softly; wake her not.

*1 Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—  
*Char.* Too slow a messenger. [*Applies the Asp.*  
O! come; apace; despatch: I partly feel thee.

*1 Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's  
beguil'd. [him.

*2 Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar: call  
*1 Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this  
well done?

*Char.* It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings  
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* How goes it here?

*2 Guard.* All dead.

*Dol.* Cæsar, thy thoughts  
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.

*Within.* A way there! a way for Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, and <sup>4</sup>all his Train.*

*Dol.* O, sir! you are too sure an augurer:  
That you did fear, is done.

*Cæs.* Bravest at the last:  
She 'levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol.* Who was last with them?  
*1 Guard.* A simple countryman that brought her  
This was his basket. [figs:

*Cæs.* Poison'd, then.

*1 Guard.* O Cæsar!  
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake.  
I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress: tremblingly she stood,  
And on the sudden dropp'd.

*Cæs.* O noble weakness!—  
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of <sup>d</sup>grace.

*Dol.* Here, on her breast,  
There is a <sup>e</sup>vent of blood, and something <sup>f</sup>blown:  
The like is on her arm. [leaves

*1 Guard.* This is an aspick's trail; and these figs  
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cæs.* Most probable,  
That so she died; for her physician tells me,  
She hath pursu'd <sup>g</sup>conclusions infinite  
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed,  
And bear her women from the monument.  
She shall be buried by her Antony:

No grave upon the earth shall <sup>h</sup>clip in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them; and their story is  
No less in pity, than his glory, which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
In solemn show, attend this funeral,  
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> "Intrinsicate," i. e., entangled; perplexed.—<sup>b</sup> "Unpolici'd," i. e., impolitic, to leave the means of death within my reach.

<sup>c</sup> "She levell'd at," i. e., she conjectured.—<sup>d</sup> "Of grace," i. e., of graceful appearance.—<sup>e</sup> "A vent," i. e., an emission; a flow.—<sup>f</sup> "Blown," i. e., swelled; puffed.—<sup>g</sup> "Pursu'd conclusions," i. e., tried experiments.—<sup>h</sup> "Clip," i. e., enfold

# CYMBELINE.



ACT V.—Scene 5.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**CYMBELINE**, King of Britain.

**CLOTEN**, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.

**LEONATUS POSTHUMUS**, Husband to Imogen.

**BELARIUS**, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

**GUIDERIUS**, { Sons to Cymbeline, disguised  
under the names of Polydore  
**ARVIRAGUS**, { and Cadwal, supposed sons  
to Belarius.

**PHILARIO**, Friend to Posthumus, } Italians.

**IACHIMO**, Friend to Philario,

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

**CAIUS LUCIUS**, General of the Roman Forces.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

**PISANIO**, Servant to Posthumus.

**CORNELIUS**, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

Two Jailors.

**QUEEN**, Wife to Cymbeline.

**IMOGEN**, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

**HELEN**, Woman to Imogen.

**Lords**, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

**SCENE**, sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

## ACT I.

**SCENE I.**—Britain. The Garden 'of **CYMBELINE**'s Palace.

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our  
"bloods

No more obey the "heavens, than our courtiers  
Still seem as does the king.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom,  
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow

That late he married) hath referr'd herself  
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded;  
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all  
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the king  
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,  
That most desir'd the match; but not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing  
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,  
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—  
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing

<sup>a</sup> "Our bloods," i. e., our dispositions, temperaments.—  
<sup>b</sup> "No more obey the heavens," i. e., are not more obedient to  
the influences of the skies.



In him that should compare. I do not think,  
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,  
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him <sup>a</sup> far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;  
Crush him together, rather than unfold  
His measure <sup>b</sup> duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father  
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honor  
Against the Romans with Cassibelan,  
But had his titles by <sup>c</sup> Tenantius, whom  
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;  
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus;  
And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,  
Died with their swords in hand; for which their  
father,

Then old and fond <sup>1</sup> of's issue, took such sorrow,  
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,  
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd  
As he was born. The king he takes the babe  
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;  
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,  
Puts him to all the learnings that his time  
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,  
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and  
In his spring became a harvest; liv'd in court,  
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd;  
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature,  
A glass that <sup>d</sup> feated them; and to the graver,  
A child that guided dotards: <sup>2</sup> for his mistress,  
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price  
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;  
By her election may be truly read  
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honor him,  
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,  
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.  
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,  
Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,  
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery  
Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge  
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years. [*convey'd,*  
2 *Gent.* <sup>3</sup> Strange a king's children should be so  
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,  
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,  
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,  
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the gen-  
tleman, the queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Queen.* No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,  
daughter,  
After the slander of most step-mothers,  
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but  
Your jailor shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,  
So soon as I can win th' offended king,  
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet  
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,

You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience  
Your wisdom may inform you.

*Post.* Please your highness,

I will from hence to-day.

*Queen.* You know the peril.

I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king  
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit QUEEN.*

*Imo.* O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,  
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing  
(Always reserv'd my holy <sup>e</sup> duty) what  
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;  
And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,  
But that there is this jewel in the world,  
That I may see again.

*Post.* My queen! my mistress!

O, lady! weep no more, lest I give cause  
To be suspected of more tenderness  
Than doth become a man. I will remain  
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:  
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;  
Who to my father was a friend, to me  
Known but by letter. Thither write, my queen,  
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,  
Though ink be made of gall.

*Re-enter QUEEN.*

*Queen.* Be brief, I pray you:  
If the king come, I shall incur I know not  
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside.*] Yet I'll  
move him

To walk this way. I never do him wrong,  
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,  
Pays dear for my <sup>f</sup> offences. [*Exit.*

*Post.* Should we be taking leave

As long a term as yet we have to live,  
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little:

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,  
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love:  
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart:  
But keep it till you woo another wife,  
When Imogen is dead.

*Post.* How! how! another?—

You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
And <sup>g</sup> seal up my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the Ring.*

While <sup>h</sup> sense can keep it on. And sweetest, fairest,  
As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles  
I still win of you: for my sake, wear this:  
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it  
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*

*Imo.* O, the gods!

When shall we <sup>i</sup> see again?

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.*

*Post.* Alack, the king!

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my  
sight!

If after this command thou <sup>k</sup> fraught the court  
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!  
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

<sup>a</sup> "You speak him far," i. e., you praise him extensively.  
<sup>b</sup> That is, "My praise, however extensive, is short of his  
merit."—*Tenantius*, the father of Cymbeline.—<sup>c</sup> "That  
feated them," i. e., that formed their manners.

<sup>e</sup> That is, "I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may  
say so without breach of duty."—<sup>f</sup> That is, "He by new kind-  
ness, in order to renew our amity, pays, as it were, for the  
injuries I have done him."—<sup>g</sup> "Seal up," i. e., enclose in  
*cere-cloth*, in which the dead are wrapped.—<sup>h</sup> "While sense  
can keep it on," i. e., while I have *sensation* to retain it.—  
<sup>i</sup> "See," i. e., see each other.—<sup>k</sup> "Fraught," i. e., fill.

*Post.* The gods protect you,  
And bless the good remainders of the court!  
I am gone. [Exit.]

*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is.

*Cym.* O disloyal thing!  
That should'st <sup>a</sup>repair my youth, thou heapest  
A year's age on me.

*Imo.* I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation;  
I am senseless of your wrath: 'a touch more <sup>b</sup>rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

*Cym.* Past grace? obedience?

*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair; that way, past  
grace. [Queen.]

*Cym.* That might'st have had the sole son of my  
*Imo.* O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,  
And did avoid a <sup>c</sup>puttock. [my throne]

*Cym.* Thou took'st <sup>1</sup>a beggar would have made  
A seat for baseness.

*Imo.* No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vile one!

*Imo.* Sir,  
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus.  
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is  
A man worth any woman; overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.

*Cym.* What! art thou mad?

*Imo.* Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I  
A neatherd's daughter, and my Leonatus [were  
Our neighbor shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing!—  
They were again together: you have done

[To the QUEEN.]

Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

*Queen.* Beseech your patience.—Peace!  
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some com-  
Out of your best <sup>d</sup>advice. [fort]

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,  
Die of this folly. [Exit.]

Enter PISANIO.

*Queen.* Fie!—You must give way:  
Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What news?

*Pis.* My lord your son drew on my master.

*Queen.* Ha!  
No harm, I trust, is done?

*Pis.* There might have been,  
But that my master rather play'd than fought,  
And had no help of anger: they were parted  
By gentlemen at hand.

*Queen.* I am very glad on't.

*Imo.* Your son's my father's friend; he takes his  
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—  
I would they were in Afric both together,  
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

*Pis.* On his command. He would not suffer me  
To bring him to the haven: left these notes  
Of what commands I should be subject to,  
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

*Queen.* This hath been  
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honor,  
He will remain so.

*Pis.* I humbly thank your highness.  
*Queen.* Pray, walk a while.

*Imo.* About some half hour hence,  
Pray you, speak with me. You shall, at least,  
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—A Public Place.

Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

*1 Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt:  
the violence of action hath made you reek as a  
sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in;  
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

*Clo.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—  
Have I hurt him?

*2 Lord.* [Aside.] No, faith; not so much as his  
patience.

*1 Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass,  
if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it  
be not hurt.

*2 Lord.* [Aside.] His steel was in debt; it went  
o' the backside the town.

*Clo.* The villain would not stand me.

*2 Lord.* [Aside.] No; but he fled forward still,  
toward your face.

*1 Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of  
your own; but he added to your having, gave you  
some ground.

*2 Lord.* [Aside.] As many inches as you have  
oceans.—Puppies!

*Clo.* I would they had not come between us.

*2 Lord.* [Aside.] So would I, till you had meas-  
ured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

*Clo.* And that she should love this fellow, and  
refuse me!

*2 Lord.* [Aside.] If it be a sin to make a true  
election, she is damned.

*1 Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and  
her brain go not together: she's a good <sup>e</sup>sign, but I  
have seen small reflection of her wit.

*2 Lord.* [Aside.] She shines not upon fools, lest  
the reflection should hurt her.

*Clo.* Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had  
been some hurt done!

*2 Lord.* [Aside.] I wish not so; unless it had been  
the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

*Clo.* You'll go with us?

*1 Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

*Clo.* Nay, come, let's go together.

*2 Lord.* Well, my lord. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE IV.—A Room in CYMBELINE's Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the  
haven,  
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,  
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost  
As offer'd mercy 'is. What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

*Pis.* It was, his queen, his queen!

*Imo.* Then wav'd his handkerchief?

*Pis.* And kiss'd it, madam.

*Imo.* Senseless linen, happier therein than I!—  
And that was all?

*Pis.* No, madam; for so long  
As he could make me with this eye or ear  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep

<sup>a</sup> "Repair," i. e., renovate. — <sup>b</sup> "A touch more rare,"  
i. e., a more exquisite feeling. — <sup>c</sup> "A puttock," i. e., a kite.  
— <sup>d</sup> Advice here means consideration, reflection.

<sup>e</sup> Anciently almost every sign had a motto, or some at-  
tempt at a witticism, underneath it. — <sup>f</sup> "As offer'd mercy  
is," i. e., as the loss of intended mercy to a condemned  
criminal.

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind  
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,  
How swift his ship.

*Imo.* Thou should'st have made him  
As little as a crow, or less, ere left  
To after-eye him.

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd  
them, but

To look upon him, till the diminution  
Of <sup>a</sup>space had pointed him sharp as my needle;  
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from  
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then  
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,  
When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.* Be assur'd, madam,  
With his next <sup>b</sup>vantage.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,  
How I would think on him, at certain hours,  
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear  
The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest, and his honor; or have charg'd him,  
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
T' encounter me with orisons, for then  
I am in <sup>c</sup>heaven for him; or ere I could  
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,  
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our <sup>d</sup>buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

The queen, madam,  
Desires your highness' company. [*spatch'd.*]

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them de-  
I will attend the queen.

*Pis.* Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO'S  
House.

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutch-  
man, and a Spaniard.*

*Iach.* Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain:  
he was then of a crescent <sup>e</sup>note; expected to prove  
so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name  
of; but I could then have looked on him without the  
help of admiration, though the catalogue of his en-  
dowments had been tabled by his side, and I to  
peruse him by items.

*Phil.* You speak of him when he was less furnished,  
than now he is, with that which <sup>f</sup>makes him both  
without and within.

*French.* I have seen him in France: we had very  
many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes  
as he.

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's daughter,  
(wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value,  
than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal  
from the <sup>g</sup>matter.

*French.* And, then, his banishment.—

*Iach.* Ay, and the <sup>h</sup>approbations of those, that  
weep this lamentable divorce <sup>i</sup>and her <sup>j</sup>dolors, are  
wont wonderfully to <sup>k</sup>extend him; be it but to fortify  
her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay  
flat, for taking a beggar without <sup>l</sup>more quality. But

how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How  
creeps acquaintance?

*Phil.* His father and I were soldiers together; to  
whom I have been often bound for no less than my  
life.—

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained  
amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your <sup>k</sup>know-  
ing to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all,  
be better known to this gentleman, whom I com-  
mend to you, as a noble friend of mine: how worthy  
he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than  
<sup>l</sup>story him in his own hearing.

*French.* Sir, we have <sup>m</sup>known together in Orleans.

*Post.* Since when I have been debtor to you for  
courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay  
still.

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I  
was glad I did <sup>n</sup>atone my countryman and you: it  
had been pity, you should have been put together  
with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon  
<sup>o</sup>importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young  
traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I  
<sup>p</sup>heard, than in my every action to be guided by  
others' experiences: but, upon my mended judg-  
ment, (if I not offend to say it is mended) my quar-  
rel was not altogether slight.

*French.* Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement  
of swords; and by such two, that would, by all like-  
lihood, have <sup>q</sup>confounded one the other, or have fallen  
both.

*Iach.* Can we, with manners, ask what was the  
difference?

*French.* Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in  
public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the  
report. It was much like an argument that fell out  
last night, where each of us fell in praise of our  
country mistresses; this gentleman at that time  
vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation)  
his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant,  
qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest  
of our ladies in France.

*Iach.* That lady is not now living; or this gentle-  
man's opinion, by this, worn out.

*Post.* She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

*Iach.* You must not so far prefer her <sup>r</sup>fore ours of  
Italy.

*Post.* Being so far provoked as I was in France,  
I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself  
her adorer, not her <sup>s</sup>friend.

*Iach.* As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-  
hand comparison) had been something too fair, and  
too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went  
before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours  
out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but be-  
lieve she excelled many; but I have not seen the  
most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

*Post.* I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagoned mistress is dead,  
or she's outprized by a trifle.

*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or  
given; <sup>t</sup>or if there were wealth enough for the pur-

<sup>a</sup> "The diminution of space," i. e., the diminution caused by space, or distance.—<sup>b</sup> "Vantage," i. e., opportunity.—<sup>c</sup> "I am in heaven for him," i. e., my prayers ascend to heaven on his behalf.—<sup>d</sup> "Our buds," i. e., our buds of love.—<sup>e</sup> "Of a crescent note," i. e., increasing in fame.—<sup>f</sup> "Which makes him," i. e., which accomplishes him.—<sup>g</sup> "Words him a great deal from the matter," i. e., makes the description of him very distant from the truth.—<sup>h</sup> "Dolors," i. e., griefs.—<sup>i</sup> "To extend him," i. e., to magnify his good qualities.

<sup>k</sup> "Knowing," i. e., knowledge.—<sup>l</sup> "Story him," i. e., relate his history.—<sup>m</sup> "Known together," i. e., known each other.—<sup>n</sup> "Atone," i. e., reconcile.—<sup>o</sup> "Importance," i. e., instigation.—<sup>p</sup> "Shunn'd to go even with what I heard," i. e., studied to avoid conducting myself by the opinions of others.—<sup>q</sup> "Confounded," i. e., destroyed.—<sup>r</sup> "Her adorer, not her friend," i. e., her worshipper, not her lover.—<sup>s</sup> Or is used here for either.



chase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you?

*Post.* Which, by their graces, I will keep.

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honor of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

*Phil.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

*Iach.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

*Post.* No, no.

*Iach.* I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something, but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

*Post.* You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not 'you'll sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

*Iach.* What's that?

*Post.* A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

*Phil.* Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly: let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

*Iach.* Would I had put my estate, and my neighbor's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

*Post.* What lady would you choose to assail?

*Iach.* Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

*Post.* I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

*Iach.* You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

*Post.* This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

*Iach.* I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

*Post.* Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match. Here's my ring.

*Phil.* I will have it no lay.

*Iach.* By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony, that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off,

and leave her in such honor as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

*Post.* I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make good your vantage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no farther your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

*Iach.* Your hand: a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

*Post.* Agreed. [*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.

*French.* Will this hold, think you?

*Phil.* Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Britain. A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

*Enter* QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

*Queen.* Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers:

Make haste. Who has the note of them?

*1 Lady.* I, madam.

*Queen.* Despatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small Box.*

But I beseech your grace, without offence, (My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds. Which are the movers of a languishing death; But though slow, deadly?

*Queen.* I wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft

For my confections? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish) is't not meet

That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but none human)

To try the vigor of them, and apply

Allayments to their act; and by them gather Their several virtues, and effects.

*Cor.* Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart: Besides, the seeing these effects will be

Both noisome and infectious.

*Queen.* O! content thee.—

*Enter* PISANIO.

[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him Will I first work: he's for his master,

And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio!— Doctor, your service for this time is ended:

Take your own way.

*Cor.* [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam;

But you shall do no harm.

*Queen.* Hark thee, a word.—

<sup>4</sup>[*She talks apart to* PISANIO

*Cor.* I do not like her. She doth think, she has

<sup>a</sup> "To convince," i. e., to overcome.—<sup>b</sup> "Abused," i. e., deceived.—<sup>c</sup> "The approbation," i. e., the proof.—<sup>d</sup> "I am the master of my speeches," i. e., I said no more than I meant.

<sup>e</sup> "Conclusions," i. e., experiments. — <sup>f</sup> "Allayments," i. e., palliatives.—<sup>g</sup> *Act for action.*

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,  
And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has  
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs,  
Then afterward up higher; but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her.

*Queen.* No farther service, doctor,  
Until I send for thee.

*Cor.* I humbly take my leave.

*Queen.* Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou  
think, in time

She will not <sup>quench</sup>, and let <sup>instruction</sup> enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:  
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,  
I'll tell thee on the instant thou art, then,  
As great as is thy master: greater; for  
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name  
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is: to shift his <sup>being</sup>,  
Is to exchange one misery with another,  
And every day that comes comes to decay  
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,  
To be depend on a thing that <sup>leans</sup>?  
Who cannot be new-built; nor has no friends,  
[*The Queen drops the Box: PISANIO takes it  
up and presents it.*]

So much as but to prop him.—Thou tak'st up  
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labor.  
It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know  
What is more cordial:—nay, I pr'ythee, take it;  
It is an earnest of a farther good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her: do't as from thyself.  
Think what a chance thou <sup>chancest</sup> on; but think  
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,  
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king  
To any shape of thy preferment, such  
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,  
That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:  
Think on my words. [*Exit Pis.*]—A sly and con-  
stant knave,

Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,  
And the <sup>remembrancer</sup> of her, to hold  
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,  
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
Of <sup>liegers</sup> for her suite; and which she after,  
Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd

*Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.*

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done.  
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,  
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;  
Think on my words. [*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*]

*Pis.* And shall do;  
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* A father cruel, and a step-dame false;  
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,

That hath her husband banish'd:—O, that husband!  
My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated  
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,  
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable  
Is the desire that's <sup>glorious</sup>: blessed be those,  
How mean so'er that have their honest wills,  
Which <sup>seasons</sup> comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.*

*Pis.* Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome  
Comes from my lord with letters.

*Iach.* Change you, madam?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,  
And greets your highness dearly. [*Gives the Letter.*]

*Imo.* Thanks, good sir:  
You are kindly welcome.

*Iach.* All of her, that is out of door, most rich!  
[*Aside.*]

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness, be my friend:  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot,  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;  
Rather, directly fly.

*Imo.* [*Reads.*] "He is one of the noblest note,  
to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Re-  
flect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust—  
"LEONATUS."

So far I read aloud;  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so  
In all that I can do.

*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady.—  
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich <sup>cope</sup>  
<sup>O'er</sup> sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones  
Upon 'th' unnumber'd beach; and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?

*Iach.* It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and mon-  
keys,  
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and  
Contemn with <sup>mows</sup> the other: nor i' the judgment;  
For idiots, in this case of favor, would  
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;  
Sluttry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,  
Should make desire vomit <sup>to</sup> emptiness,  
Not so allur'd to feed.

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?

*Iach.* The cloyed will,  
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,  
That tub both fill'd and running) ravening first  
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

*Imo.* What, dear sir,  
Thus raps you? Are you well?

*Iach.* Thanks, madam, well.—Beseech you, sir,  
desire [*To PISANIO.*]  
My man's abode where I did leave him; he  
Is strange and <sup>peevish</sup>.

*Pis.* I was going, sir,  
To give him welcome. [*Exit PISANIO.*]

*Imo.* Continues well my lord? His health, 'be-  
*Iach.* Well, madam. [*Seech you?*]

*Imo.* Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.  
*Iach.* Exceeding pleasant; none, a stranger there,

<sup>a</sup> "Quench," i. e., grow cool.—<sup>b</sup> "To shift his being," i. e., to change his abode.—<sup>c</sup> "That leans," i. e., that inclines to-  
wards its fall.—<sup>d</sup> "The remembrancer of her," i. e., the  
person to remind her.—<sup>e</sup> "Liegers," i. e., ambassadors.

<sup>f</sup> "The desire that's glorious," i. e., the station so much de-  
sired that is *called* glorious.—<sup>g</sup> "Which seasons," i. e.,  
which tempers, makes pleasant.—<sup>h</sup> "With mows," i. e., with  
making mouths.—<sup>i</sup> "Is strange and peevish," i. e., is a for-  
eigner, and foolish, or silly.

So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd  
The Briton reveller.

*Imo.* When he was here,  
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times  
Not knowing why.

*Iach.* I never saw him sad.  
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces  
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton  
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs,  
cries, "O!

Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows  
By history, report, or his own proof,  
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose  
But must be,—will his free hours languish  
For assur'd bondage?"

*Imo.* Will my lord say so?

*Iach.* Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with  
It is a recreation to be by, [laughter:  
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but, heavens  
Some men are much to blame. [know,

*Imo.* Not he, I hope.

*Iach.* Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards  
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis <sup>a</sup> much;  
In you,—which I <sup>a</sup> account beyond all talents,—  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir?

*Iach.* Two creatures, heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, sir?  
You look on me: what wreck discern you in me,  
Deserves your pity?

*Iach.* Lamentable! What!  
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace  
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

*Imo.* I pray you, sir,  
Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

*Iach.* That others do,  
I was about to say, enjoy you—But  
It is an office of the gods to venge it  
Not mine to speak on't.

*Imo.* You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,  
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do; for certainties  
Either are past remedies, or, timely <sup>b</sup> knowing,  
The remedy then born) discover to me  
What both you spur and <sup>c</sup> stop.

*Iach.* Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it only here; should I (damu'd then)  
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs  
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands  
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as  
With labor), then <sup>2</sup>bo-peeping in an eye,  
Base and illustrious as the smoky light  
That's fed with stinking tallow, it were fit,  
That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My lord, I fear,  
Has forgot Britain.

*Iach.* And himself. Not I,

Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce  
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces  
That, from my mute conscience, to my tongue  
Charms this report out.

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my  
heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady  
So fair, and fasten'd to an <sup>d</sup>emperry  
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd  
With tomboys, hir'd with that <sup>e</sup>self exhibition  
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,  
That <sup>3</sup>pay with all infirmities for gold  
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,  
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd,  
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you  
Recoil from your great stock.

*Imo.* Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,  
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears  
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,  
How should I be reveng'd?

*Iach.* Should he make me  
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,  
While he is vaulting variable ramps,  
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.  
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,  
More noble than that runagate to your bed,  
And will continue fast to your affection,  
Still close, as sure.

*Imo.* What ho, Pisanio!

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away!—I do <sup>4</sup>contemn mine ears, that have  
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honorable,  
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange.  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
From thy report, as thou from honor; and  
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—  
The king my father shall be made acquainted  
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,  
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart  
As in a Romish stew, and to expound  
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court  
He little cares for, and a daughter whom  
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

*Iach.* O happy Leonatus! I may say;  
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,  
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness  
Her assur'd credit.—Blessed live you long!  
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever  
Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only  
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.  
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance  
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,  
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one  
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,  
That he enchants societies unto him:  
Half all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:  
He hath a kind of honor sets him off,  
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd  
To try your taking of a false report; which hath  
Honor'd with confirmation your great judgment  
In the election of a sir so rare,  
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him  
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,

<sup>a</sup> "In himself, 'tis much," i. e., if he regarded merely his own character, his conduct would be highly censurable.—

<sup>b</sup> "Timely knowing," i. e., being timely known.—<sup>c</sup> "What both you spur and stop," i. e., what you seem anxious to utter, and yet withhold.

<sup>d</sup> "An emperry," i. e., sovereign command.—<sup>e</sup> "Self exhibition," i. e., allowance; pension.—<sup>f</sup> "To fan," i. e., to winnow.



Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

*Imo.* All's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.

*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost forgot T' entreat your grace but in a small request, And yet of moment too, for it concerns Your lord; myself, and other noble friends, Are partners in the business.

*Imo.* Pray, what is't?

*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord, (The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums, To buy a present for the emperor; Which I, the factor for the rest, have done In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels Of rich and exquisite form. Their value's great, And I am something curious, being a strange, To have them in safe stowage: may it please you To take them in protection?

*Imo.* Willingly, And pawn mine honor for their safety: since My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them In my bed-chamber.

*Iach.* They are in a trunk, Attended by my men; I will make bold To send them to you, only for this night, I must aboard to-morrow.

*Imo.* O! no, no.

*Iach.* Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word, By lengthening my return. From Gallia I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise To see your grace.

*Imo.* I thank you for your pains; But not away to-morrow.

*Iach.* O! I must, madam: Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night: I have 'outstay'd my time, which is material To the tender of our present.

*Imo.* I will write. Send your trunk to me: it shall safe be kept, And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Court before CYMBELINE's Palace.

*Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords, 2as from the Bowling-alley.*

*Clo.* Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the <sup>b</sup>jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

*1 Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

*Clo.* When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?

*2 Lord.* No, my lord; [*Aside.*] nor crop the ears of them.

*Clo.* Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] To have smelt like a fool.

*Clo.* I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth.

\* "Being strange," i. e., being a foreigner.—<sup>b</sup> In the game of bowls, the *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed: to "kiss the jack" is a state of great advantage.

—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. Every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

*Clo.* Sayest thou?

*2 Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every <sup>d</sup>companion that you give offence to.

*Clo.* No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

*2 Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

*Clo.* Why, so I say.

*1 Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

*Clo.* A stranger! and I not know on't?

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

*1 Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

*Clo.* Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

*1 Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

*Clo.* Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

*1 Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

*Clo.* Not easily, I think.

*2 Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are a fool granted; therefore, your issues being foolish do not derogate.

*Clo.* Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

*2 Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that Bears all down with her brain; and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess! Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest, Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd; A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer, More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm The walls of thy dear honor; keep unshak'd That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand T' enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE II.—A Bed-Chamber; in one part of it, a <sup>3</sup>great Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her Bed; <sup>4</sup>HELEN attending.

*Imo.* Who's there? my woman, Helen?

*Lady.* Please you, madam.

*Imo.* What hour is it?

*Lady.* Almost midnight, madam.

*Imo.* I have read three hours, then. Mine eyes are weak;

Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I pry'thee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit* <sup>5</sup>HELEN.

To your protection I commend me, gods!

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps.*]

\* That is, 'You are a coxcomb.'—<sup>d</sup> Companion, a word of contempt, as we now use *fellow*.

*Enter IACHIMO from the Trunk.*

*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labor'd  
Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus [sense  
Did softly press the <sup>a</sup>rushes, ere he waken'd  
The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,  
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed? fresh lily,  
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!  
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,  
<sup>1</sup>[*Kissing her.*

How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that  
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper  
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,  
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied  
Under <sup>2</sup>the windows; white and azure, lac'd  
With blue of heaven's own <sup>b</sup>tinct.—But my design,  
To note the chamber: I will write all down:—  
<sup>3</sup>[*Takes out his tables.*

Such, and such, pictures:—there the window;—  
such

Th' adornment of her bed:—the arras, figures,  
Why, such, and such;—and the contents o' the  
story.—

Ah! but some natural notes about her body,  
Above ten thousand meaner moveables  
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory:  
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,  
And be her sense but as a monument,  
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—  
[*Taking off her Bracelet.*

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard.—  
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,  
As strongly as the conscience does within,  
To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast  
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here's a voucher,  
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret  
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en  
The treasure of her honor. No more.—To what end?  
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late  
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,  
Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough:  
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning  
May <sup>4</sup>dare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three,—time, time!

[*Exit into the Trunk.*]

SCENE III.—An Ante-Chamber adjoining  
IMOGEN'S Apartment.

*Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

**1 Lord.** Your lordship is the most patient man in  
loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

*Clo.* It would make any man cold to lose.

**1 Lord.** But not every man patient, after the noble  
temper of your lordship. You are most hot, and  
furious, when you win.

*Clo.* Winning will put any man into courage. If  
I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold  
enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

**1 Lord.** Day, my lord.

*Clo.* I would this music would come. I am advised  
to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will pene-  
trate.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your

<sup>a</sup> Chambers were anciently strewn with rushes.—<sup>b</sup> That is, 'The eyelid tinged with blue, and laced with veins of a darker blue.'

fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will  
do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First,  
a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a won-  
derful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—  
and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus' gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that lies;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With every thing that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise;  
Arise, arise!*

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider  
your music the <sup>c</sup>better: if it do not, it is a <sup>d</sup>fault in  
her ears, which horse-hairs, and calves'-guts, nor the  
voice of <sup>e</sup>an unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never  
amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*

*Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.*

**2 Lord.** Here comes the king.

*Clo.* I am glad I was up so late, for that's the rea-  
son I was up so early: he cannot choose but take  
this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to  
your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

*Cym.* Attend you here the door of our stern  
Will she not forth? [*daughter?*

*Clo.* I have assailed her with music, but she  
vouchsafes no notice.

*Cym.* The exile of her minion is too new;  
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time  
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,  
And then she's yours.

*Queen.* You are most bound to the king;  
Who lets go by no vantages, that may  
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself  
To orderly solicits, and be friended:  
With aptness of the <sup>4</sup>season: make denials  
Increase your services: so seem, as if  
You were inspir'd to do those duties which  
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,  
Save when command to your dismission tends,  
And therein you are senseless.

*Clo.* Senseless? not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome:  
The one is Caius Lucius.

*Cym.* A worthy fellow,  
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;  
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him  
According to the honor of his sender;  
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,  
We must extend our <sup>5</sup>notice.—Our dear son,  
When you have given good morning to your mistress  
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need  
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our  
queen.

[*Exeunt Cym., Queen, Lords, and Mess.*

*Clo.* If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,  
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—  
[<sup>6</sup>*Calls.*

I know her women are about her: what  
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; <sup>7</sup>and makes  
Diana's rangers, false themselves, yield up  
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold

<sup>c</sup> "Consider your music the better," i. e., pay you more  
for it.—<sup>d</sup> "With aptness of the season," i. e., with solicita-  
tions well timed.—<sup>e</sup> That is, 'We must extend towards him  
self our notice of his goodness, heretofore shown to us.'

Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;  
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: what  
Can it not do, and undo? I will make  
One of her women lawyer to me; for  
I yet not understand the case myself.  
By your leave.

[Knocks.]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you: sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you  
What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much  
pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,  
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,  
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:  
If you swear still, your recompense is still  
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,  
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness? 'twere my sin:  
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;  
And am so near the lack of charity,  
(To accuse myself) I hate you; which I had rather  
You felt than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,  
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,  
With scraps o' the court) it is no contract, none:  
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,  
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls  
(On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot,  
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
The consequence o' the crown, and must not foil  
The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,  
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more  
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base

To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,  
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made  
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd  
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated  
For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!  
Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than  
come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,  
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer  
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently.—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprited with a fool;  
Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, bid my woman  
Search for a jewel, that too casually  
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; 'shrew me,  
If I would lose it for a revenue  
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,  
I saw't this morning: confident I am,  
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it.  
I hope, it be not gone to tell my lord  
That I kiss ought but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [Exit Pis]

Clo. You have abus'd me.—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. [Exit.]

Clo. I'll be reveng'd.—

His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House.

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure  
To win the king, as I am bold, her honor  
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;  
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish  
That warmer days would come. In these fear'd hopes,  
I barely gratify your love; they failing,  
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,  
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king  
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius  
Will do's commission thoroughly; and, I think,  
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrears, and  
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,

(<sup>h</sup> Statist though I am none, nor like to be)  
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear  
The legion, now in Gallia, sooner landed  
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings  
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen  
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar  
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage.

<sup>a</sup> "So verbal," i. e., so verbose, full of talk.—<sup>b</sup> "Self-figur'd knot," i. e., knots of their own tying.—<sup>c</sup> "A hilding for a livery," i. e., a low fellow, fit only to wear a livery.

<sup>d</sup> That is, "If you were to be dignified only in comparison to your virtues, the under-hangman's place is too good for you."—<sup>e</sup> "Clipped," i. e., enclosed.—<sup>f</sup> "Sprited," i. e., haunted.—<sup>g</sup> Or stands here for *ere*.—<sup>h</sup> "Statist," i. e., statesman.



Worthy his frowning at: their discipline  
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known  
To their <sup>a</sup> approvers, they are people, such  
That mend upon the world.

*Enter IACHIMO.*

*Phil.* See! Iachimo?

*Post.* The swiftest harts have posted you by land,  
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.

*Phil.* Welcome, sir.

*Post.* I hope, the briefness of your answer made  
The speediness of your return.

*Iach.* Your lady  
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

*Post.* And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty  
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,  
And be false with them.

*Iach.* Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenor good, I trust.

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

*Phil.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,  
When you were there?

*Iach.* He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.

*Post.* All is well yet.—  
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?

*Iach.* If I <sup>1</sup> had lost,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness, which  
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

*Post.* The stone's too hard to come by.

*Iach.* Not a whit,  
Your lady being so easy.

*Post.* Make not, sir,  
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we  
Must not continue friends.

*Iach.* Good sir, we must,  
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought  
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant  
We were to question farther; but I now  
Profess myself the winner of her honor,  
Together with your ring; and not the wronger  
Of her, or you, having proceeded but  
By both your wills.

*Post.* If you can make't apparent  
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand  
And ring <sup>2</sup> are yours: if not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honor, gains, or loses,  
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both  
To who shall find them.

*Iach.* Sir, my circumstances,  
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength  
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,  
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find  
You need it not.

*Post.* Proceed.

*Iach.* First, her bedchamber,  
(Where, I confess, I slept not, but, profess,  
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd  
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,  
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,  
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for  
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work  
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,  
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
Since the true life on't 'twas.

*Post.* This is <sup>3</sup> most true;

<sup>a</sup> "To their approvers," i. e., to those who *prove* or try them.

And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
Or by some other.

*Iach.* More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

*Post.* So they must,  
Or do your honor injury.

*Iach.* The chimney  
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,  
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves: the cutter  
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.

*Post.* This is a thing,  
Which you might from relation likewise reap,  
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

*Iach.* The roof o' the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons  
(I had forgot them) were two <sup>4</sup> winged Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their <sup>5</sup> brands.

*Post.* This is her honor.—  
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise  
Be given to your remembrance) the description  
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

*Iach.* Then, if you can,  
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—  
[*Producing the Bracelet.*]

And now 'tis up again: it must be married  
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

*Post.* Jove!—  
Once more let me behold it. Is it that  
Which I left with her?

*Iach.* Sir, (I thank her) that:  
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;  
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me,  
And said, she priz'd it once.

*Post.* May be, she pluck'd it off,  
To send it me.

*Iach.* She writes so to you, doth she?

*Post.* O! no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this  
too; [Giving the Ring.]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honor,  
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,  
Where there's another man: the vows of women  
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.—  
O, above measure false!

*Phil.* Have patience, sir,  
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:  
It may be probable she lost it; or,  
Who knows, if one, her women, being corrupted,  
Hath stolen it from her?

*Post.* Very true;  
And so, I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring.—  
Render to me some corporal sign about her,  
More evident than this, for this was stolen.

*Iach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

*Post.* Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.  
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true. I am sure,  
She would not lose it: her attendants are  
All <sup>c</sup> sworn, and honorable:—they induc'd to steal it!  
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:  
The <sup>d</sup> cognizance of her incontinency  
Is this:—she hath bought the name of whore thus  
dearly.—

<sup>b</sup> The *brands* of the andirons are the horizontal pieces upon which the wood is supported, properly called *brand-irons*.—<sup>c</sup> Servants in great houses were formerly *sworn* to fidelity.—<sup>d</sup> "The cognizance," i. e., the token; the visible proof.

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you!

*Phil.* Sir, be patient.  
This is not strong enough to be believ'd  
Of one persuaded well of.

*Post.* Never talk on't;  
She hath been colted by him.

*Iach.* If you seek  
For farther satisfying, under her breast  
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud  
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,  
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger  
To feed again, though full. You do remember  
This stain upon her?

*Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm  
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,  
Were there no more but it.

*Iach.* Will you hear more?  
*Post.* Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;  
Once, and a million!

*Iach.* I'll be sworn,——  
*Post.* No swearing.  
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;  
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny  
Thou'st made me cuckold.

*Iach.* I will deny nothing.  
*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her "limb-meal!"

I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before  
Her father.—I'll do something. [*Exit.*]

*Phil.* Quite besides  
The government of patience!—You have won:  
Let's follow him, and b<sup>e</sup>pervert the present wrath  
He hath against himself.

*Iach.* With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be, but women  
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;  
And that most venerable man, which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools  
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd  
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife  
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,  
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with  
A "pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't" [*her*]  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought  
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—  
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—  
Or less,—at first; perchance he spoke not, but,  
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a "foaming one,  
Cry'd "oh!" and mounted; found no opposition  
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she  
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion  
That tends to in man, but I affirm  
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,  
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;  
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be nam'd; nay, that hell knows,  
Why, hers, in part, or all: but, rather, all;  
For even to vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still

One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
Detest them, curse them.—Yet 'tis greater skill,  
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:  
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—Britain. A Room of State in CYMBELINE's Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one Door; at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

*Luc.* When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet  
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears, and tongues,  
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,  
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,  
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less  
Than in his feats deserving it) for him,  
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,  
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately  
Is left untender'd.

*Queen.* And, to kill the marvel,  
Shall be so ever.

*Clo.* There be many Cæsars,  
Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,  
For wearing our own noses.

*Queen.* That opportunity,  
Which then they had to take from us, to resume  
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,  
The kings your ancestors, together with  
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands  
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;  
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,  
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest  
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag

Of "came," and "saw," and "overcame:" with  
shame

(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried  
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,  
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,  
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd  
As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof  
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point  
(O, "giglot fortune!") to master Cæsar's sword,  
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,  
And Britons strut with courage.

*Clo.* Come, there's no more tribute to be paid.  
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;  
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other  
of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such  
straight arms, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end.

*Clo.* We have yet many among us can gripe as  
hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I  
have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay  
tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a  
blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay  
him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray  
you now.

*Cym.* You must know,  
Till the injurious Romans did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition  
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch

a "Limb-meal," i. e., piecemeal.—b *Pervert* is used for  
avert.—c "Pudency," i. e., modesty.

d "Giglot fortune," i. e., false, inconstant fortune.

The sides o' the world) against all color, here  
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be.

<sup>1</sup> *Clo.* We do.

<sup>2</sup> *Cym.* Say, then, to Cæsar,  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which  
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Cæsar  
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,  
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,  
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made  
our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put  
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd  
Himself a king.

*Luc.* I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar  
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than  
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.  
Receive it from me, then.—War and confusion,  
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look  
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,  
I thank thee for myself.

*Cym.* Thou art welcome, Caius.  
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much under him; of him I gather'd honor;  
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,  
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am <sup>b</sup>perfect,  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for  
Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent  
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:  
So Cæsar shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.

*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-  
time with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek  
us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our  
salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours.  
If you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the  
better for you; and there's an end.

*Luc.* So, sir.

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:  
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Pis.* How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not  
What monsters her accuse?—Leonatus!  
O, master! what a strange infection  
Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian  
(As poisonous tongued, as handed) hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:  
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,  
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
As would take <sup>c</sup>in some virtue.—O, my master!  
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were  
Thy <sup>d</sup>fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?  
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I  
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?  
If it be so to do good service, never  
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity,  
So much as this fact comes to? “Do't. The letter

[*Reading.*]

That I have sent her, by her own command  
Shall give thee opportunity:”—O damn'd paper!  
Black as the ink that's on thee. Senseless bauble,  
Art thou a <sup>e</sup>feodary for this act, and look'st

So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes.

*Enter IMOGEN.*

I am ignorant in what I am <sup>f</sup>commanded.

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio!

*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord: Leonatus.

O! learn'd indeed were that astronomer,  
That knew the stars, as I his characters;  
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,  
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,  
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,  
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him:  
Some griefs are medicinable: that is one of them,  
For it doth physic love;—of his content,  
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave.—Bless'd be,  
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,  
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[*Reads.*]

“Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take  
me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as  
you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew  
me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cam-  
bria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will  
out of this advise you follow. So, he wishes you all  
happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your,  
increasing in love,

“LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.”

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?  
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me  
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
May plod it in a week, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,  
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—  
O, let me 'bate!—but not like me;—yet long'st,—  
But in a fainter kind:—O! not like me,  
For mine's beyond beyond) say, and speak <sup>g</sup>thick,  
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,  
To the smothering of the sense) how far it is  
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,  
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as  
T' inherit such a haven: but, first of all,  
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap  
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,  
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence.  
Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?  
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,  
How many score of miles may we well ride  
'Twixt hour and hour?

*Pis.* One score 'twixt sun and sun,

Madam, 's enough for you, and too much, too.

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,  
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding  
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
That run i' the <sup>h</sup>clocks <sup>i</sup>by half.—But this is fool-  
ery.—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say  
She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,  
A riding suit, no costlier than would fit  
A <sup>j</sup>franklin's housewife.

*Pis.* Madam, <sup>k</sup>you're best consider.

*Imo.* I see before me, man: nor here, nor <sup>l</sup>here,  
Nor what <sup>m</sup>ensues, but have a fog in them,  
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee:

<sup>a</sup> “At utterance,” i. e., at the extremity of defiance.—  
<sup>b</sup> “Perfect,” i. e., well informed.—“Take in,” i. e., conquer.  
—“That is,” “Thy mind is now as low, compared to hers, as thy  
fortunes formerly were.”—<sup>c</sup> “A feodary,” i. e., a con-  
federate.

<sup>f</sup> “Ignorant in what I am commanded,” i. e., unpractised  
in the arts of murder.—<sup>g</sup> “Speak thick,” i. e., crowd one  
word on another, as fast as possible.—<sup>h</sup> By “the clocks” are  
meant *hour-glasses*.—<sup>i</sup> A *franklin* is a *yeoman*.—<sup>j</sup> “You're  
best,” for you had best.—<sup>k</sup> “Nor here, nor here,” i. e., neither  
this way nor that way.—<sup>l</sup> “Nor what ensues,” i. e., nor the  
consequences that will follow.



Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say ;  
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Wales. A mountainous Country,  
with a Cave

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house, with such  
Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, boys: this gate  
Instructs you how t'adore the heavens, and bows you  
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high, that giants may <sup>a</sup>jet through  
And keep their impious turbands on, without  
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!  
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
As prouder livers do.

*Gui.* Hail, heaven!

*Arv.* Hail, heaven!

*Bel.* Now, for our mountain sport. Up to yond'  
hill:

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,  
When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place which lessens and sets off: [you,  
And you may then revolve what tales I have told  
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:  
That service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,  
Draws us a profit from all things we see;  
And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The <sup>b</sup>sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O! this life  
Is nobler, than attending for a check;  
Richer, than doing nothing for a <sup>c</sup>bob;  
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,  
Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to <sup>c</sup>ours.

*Gui.* Out of your <sup>d</sup>proof you speak: we, poor un-  
fledg'd, [not

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know  
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,  
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,  
That have a sharper known, well corresponding  
With your stiff age; but unto us it is  
A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,  
A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
To stride a <sup>e</sup>limit.

*Arv.* What should we speak of,  
When we are old as you? when we shall hear  
The rain and wind beat dark December, how  
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse  
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:  
We are beastly: subtle as the fox for prey;  
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:  
Our valor is to chase what flies; our cage  
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,  
And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries,  
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,  
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb  
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that  
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,  
A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
I' the name of fame, and honor; which dies i' the  
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph, [search,  
As record of fair act; nay, many times,  
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,  
Must court'sy at the censure.—O, boys! this story  
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd

With Roman swords, and my <sup>f</sup>report was once  
First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me;  
And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
Was not far off: then, was I as a tree,  
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,  
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,  
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.

*Gui.* Uncertain favor!

*Bel.* My fault being nothing (as I have told you  
oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd  
Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline,  
I was confederate with the Romans: so,  
Follow'd my banishment: and this twenty years  
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world;  
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid  
More pious debts to heaven, than in all  
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains!  
This is not hunter's language.—He that strikes  
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;  
To him the other two shall minister,  
And we will fear no poison, which attends  
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the val-  
leys. [*Exeunt* *Gui.* and *Arv.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!  
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;  
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up  
thus meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit  
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,  
In simple and low things, to prince it, much  
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—  
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom  
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!  
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell  
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
Into my story: say,—“Thou mine enemy fell;  
And ~~thus~~ I set my foot on's neck;” even then  
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture  
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,  
(Once Arviragus) in as like a <sup>2</sup>vigor,  
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more  
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd.—  
<sup>3</sup>[*Horns wind.*]

O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,  
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon  
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes,  
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile, [mother,  
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their  
And every day do honor to her grave:  
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
They take for natural father. <sup>4</sup>[*Horn.*].—The game  
is up. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

*Enter* PISANIO and IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,  
the place  
Was near at hand.—Ne'er long'd my mother so  
To see me first, as I have now. Pisanio! Man!  
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,  
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore break'st  
that sigh  
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus,  
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
Beyond self-explication: put thyself  
Into a havior of less fear, ere wildness

<sup>a</sup> “Jet,” i. e., strut; walk proudly.—<sup>b</sup> “Sharded,” i. e.,  
scaly-winged.—<sup>c</sup> “To ours,” i. e., compared to ours.—  
<sup>d</sup> “Your proof,” i. e., your experience.—<sup>e</sup> “To stride a  
limit,” i. e., to overpass his bound.

<sup>f</sup> “Report,” i. e., reputation.

Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?  
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with

<sup>1</sup>[*Pis. offers a Letter.*]

A look untender? If it be summer news,  
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st [hand!  
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's  
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him.  
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man: thy  
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read  
Would be even mortal to me.

*Pis.* Please you, read; <sup>2</sup>[*Giving it.*]  
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
The most disdain'd of fortune.

*Imo.* [*Reads.*] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played  
the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof  
lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak sur-  
mises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as  
certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou,  
Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted  
with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take  
away her life; I shall give thee opportunity at Mil-  
ford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose:  
where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain  
it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonor, and  
equally to me disloyal." [paper

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword? the  
Hath cut her throat already.—No: 'tis slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and <sup>a</sup>states,  
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave  
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

*Imo.* False to his bed! What is it to be false?  
To lie in watch there, and to think on him? [ture,  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge na-  
To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed,  
Is it?

*Pis.* Alas, good lady!

*Imo.* I false? Thy conscience witness.—Iachimo,  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,  
Thy favor's good enough. Some jay of Italy,  
<sup>3</sup>Who smothers her with painting, hath betray'd him:  
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O!  
Men's vows are women's traitors. All good seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband! shall be thought  
Put on for villainy; not born where't grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false  
*Æneus,*

Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping  
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity  
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,  
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper <sup>b</sup>men:  
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjurd,  
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:  
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,  
A little witness my obedience: look!  
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.  
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:  
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,  
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.  
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pis.*

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.*

Hence, vile instrument!  
Why, I must die;  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine, [heart:  
That 'cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my  
Something's afore't:—Soft, soft! we'll no defence;  
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?  
The <sup>d</sup>scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,  
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up  
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,  
And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely <sup>e</sup>followers, shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,  
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her  
That now thou 'tir'st on, how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch:  
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

*Pis.*

O gracious lady!  
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,  
I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.*

Do't, and to bed, then.  
*Pis.* I'll <sup>f</sup>crack mine eye-balls first.

*Imo.*

<sup>6</sup>And wherefore, then,  
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd  
So many miles with a pretence? this place?  
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labor?  
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,  
For my being absent; whereunto I never  
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,  
To be 'unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
Th' elected deer before thee?

*Pis.*

But to win time,  
To lose so bad employment; in the which  
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,  
Hear me with patience.

*Imo.*

Talk thy tongue weary; speak:  
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear,  
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

*Pis.*

Then, madam,  
I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.*

Most like,  
Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.*

No so, neither:  
But if I were as wise as honest, then

My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,  
But that my master is abus'd:  
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtesan.

*Pis.*

No, on my life.  
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him  
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded  
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,  
And that will well confirm it.

*Imo.*

Why, good fellow,  
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?  
Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my husband?

<sup>a</sup> "States," i. e., persons of the highest state, or rank.—  
<sup>b</sup> That is, 'Wilt make all honest men suspected.'

<sup>c</sup> "Cravens," i. e., makes cowardly.—<sup>d</sup> "The scriptures,"  
i. e., the writings.—<sup>e</sup> "Tir'st," i. e., feedest; preyest.—<sup>f</sup> "Un-  
bent," i. e., unprepared.

*Pis.* If you'll back to the court,—

*Imo.* No court, no father; nor no more ado  
With that harsh, noble, simple, <sup>1</sup>empty nothing,  
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me  
As fearful as a siege.

*Pis.* If not at court,  
Then not in Britain must you bide.

*Imo.* Where then?  
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,  
Are they not but in Britain? I<sup>1</sup> the world's volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;  
In a great pool, a swan's nest: pr'ythee, think  
There's livers out of Britain.

*Pis.* I am most glad  
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind  
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise  
That, which, t' appear itself, must not yet be,  
But by self-danger, you should tread a course  
<sup>2</sup>Privy, yet <sup>3</sup>full of view: yea, haply, near  
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,  
That though his actions were not visible, yet  
Report should render him hourly to your ear,  
As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* O, for such means!  
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,  
I would adventure.

*Pis.* Well then, here's the point.  
You must forget to be a woman; change  
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,  
(The handmaids of all women, or more truly,  
Woman it pretty self) into a waggish <sup>3</sup>carriage:  
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
As quarrelous as the weasel: nay, you must  
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,  
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!  
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch  
Of common-kissing <sup>b</sup>Titan; and forget  
Your laborsome and dainty trims, wherein  
You made great Juno angry.

*Imo.* Nay, be brief:  
I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

*Pis.* First, make yourself but like one.  
Forethinking this, I have already fit  
(<sup>1</sup>'Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all  
That answer to them: would you, in their serving,  
And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season, <sup>2</sup>fore noble Lucius  
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him  
Wherein you are <sup>c</sup>happy, (which you will make him  
know,

If that his head have ear in music) doubtless,  
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honorable,  
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,  
You have <sup>d</sup>me, rich; and I will never fail  
Beginning nor supplyment.

*Imo.* Thou art all the comfort  
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:  
There's more to be consider'd, but we'll even  
All that good time will give <sup>e</sup>us. This attempt  
I'm <sup>f</sup>soldier to, and will abide it with  
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,  
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,  
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:

What's in't is precious: if you are sick at sea,  
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this  
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,  
And fit you to your manhood.—May the gods  
Direct you to the best!

*Imo.* Amen. I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and  
Lords.*

*Cym.* Thus far; and so farewell.

*Luc.* Thanks, royal sir.  
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;  
And am right sorry that I must report ye  
My master's enemy.

*Cym.* Our subjects, sir,  
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself,  
To show less sovereignty than they must needs  
Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.* So, sir. I desire of you  
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.—  
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for that office;  
The due of honor in no point omit.  
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.* Your hand, my lord.

*Clo.* Receive it friendly; but from this time forth  
I wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.* Sir, the event  
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,  
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning; but it honors us,  
That we have given him cause.

*Clo.* 'Tis all the better:  
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

*Cym.* Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor  
How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely,  
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:  
The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves  
His war for Britain.

*Queen.* 'Tis not sleepy business,  
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus  
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day. She looks us like  
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:  
We have noted it.—Call her before us, for  
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Queen.* Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd  
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,  
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,  
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady  
So tender of <sup>1</sup>rebuks, that words are strokes,  
And strokes death to her.

*Re-enter an Attendant.*

*Cym.* Where is she, sir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?

*Attend.* Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer  
That will be given to the loud'st noise we make.

*Queen.* My lord, when last I went to visit her,  
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;  
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,  
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this

<sup>a</sup> "Full of view," i. e. in full view of circumstances.—  
<sup>b</sup> "Titan," i. e. the sun.—<sup>c</sup> "Wherein you are happy," i. e.,  
wherein you are accomplished.—<sup>d</sup> "... you have me," i. e.,  
'for your subsistence abroad you may rely on me.'—<sup>e</sup> That  
is, 'We'll even do all that time will allow us.'—<sup>f</sup> "I'm sol-  
dier to," i. e., I'm equal to, or have ability for.



She wish'd me to make known, but our great court  
Made me to blame in memory.

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd? *[Exit.]*  
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I  
Fear prove false!

*Queen.* Son, I say, follow the king.  
*Clo.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,  
I have not seen these two days.

*Queen.* Go, look after.—*[Exit CLOTEN.]*  
*Pisanio*, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus,  
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes  
It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;  
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown  
To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is  
To death, or to dishonor; and my end  
Can make good use of either: she being down,  
I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter CLOTEN.*

How now, my son!  
*Clo.* 'Tis certain, she is fled.  
Go in, and cheer the king: he rages; none  
Dare come about him.

*Queen.* All the better: may  
This night \*forestal him of the coming day!

*[Exit QUEEN.]*  
*Clo.* I love, and hate her, for she's fair and royal;  
And that hath all courtly parts, more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, <sup>b</sup>woman: from every one  
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all. I love her therefore; but,  
Disdaining me, and throwing favors on  
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,  
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that point  
I will conclude to hate her; nay, indeed,  
To be reveng'd upon her: for, when fools shall—

*Enter PISANIO.*

Who is here?—What! are you packing, sirrah?  
Come hither. Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,  
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else  
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

*Pis.* O, good my lord!  
*Clo.* Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—  
I will not ask again. Close villain,  
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?  
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot  
A dram of worth be drawn.

*Pis.* Alas, my lord!  
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?  
He is in Rome.

*Clo.* Where is she, sir? Come nearer;  
No farther halting: satisfy me home  
What is become of her?

*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord!  
*Clo.* All-worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is, at once,  
At the next word.—No more of worthy lord,—  
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is  
Thy condemnation and thy death.

*Pis.* Then sir,  
This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight. *[Presenting a Letter.]*

*Clo.* Let's see't.—I will pursue her  
Even to Augustus' throne.

*Pis.* *[Aside.]* Or this, or perish.  
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,  
May prove his travel, not her danger.

\* "Forestal him of," i. e., prevent him from ever seeing.—

<sup>b</sup> "Than lady, ladies, woman," i. e., than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.

*Clo.* Humph!  
*Pis.* *[Aside.]* I'll write to my lord she's dead  
O Imogen,

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true?

*Pis.* Sir, as I think.

*Clo.* It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah,  
if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service,  
undergo those employments, wherein I should  
have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—  
that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform  
it directly and truly. I would think thee an honest  
man: thou shouldest neither want my means for thy  
relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

*Pis.* Well, my good lord.

*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently  
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune  
of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the  
course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of  
mine. Wilt thou serve me?

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast  
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

*Pis.* I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same  
suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and  
mistress.

*Clo.* The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit  
hither: let it be thy first service; go.

*Pis.* I shall, my lord.

*[Exit.]*  
*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven.—I forgot to  
ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon.—Even  
there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I  
would, these garments were come. She said upon  
a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my  
heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus  
in more respect than my noble and natural person,  
together with the adornment of my qualities. With  
that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill  
him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valor,  
which will then be a torment to her contempt. He  
on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on  
his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined,  
(which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the  
clothes that she so praised) to the court I'll knock  
her back, foot her home again. She hath despised  
me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

*Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble lord.

*Clo.* How long is't since she went to Milford-  
Haven?

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

*Clo.* Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is  
the second thing that I have commanded thee: the  
third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my  
design. Be but duteous, and true performer shall  
tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Mil-  
ford: would I had wings to follow it.—Come, and  
be true. *[Exit.]*

*Pis.* Thou bidd'st me to <sup>1</sup>thy loss: for true to thee  
Were to prove false, which I will never be  
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,  
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,  
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed  
Be cross'd with slowness: labor be his meed!

*[Exit.]*

SCENE VI.—Before the Cave of BELARIUS.

*Enter IMOGEN, attired like a Boy.*

*Imo.* I see, a man's life is a tedious one:  
I have 'tir'd myself, and for two nights together  
Have made the ground my bed: I should be sick,

But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,  
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,  
Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think,  
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, [me,  
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told  
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,  
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis  
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,  
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness  
Is <sup>a</sup>sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood  
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!  
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,  
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was  
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?

<sup>1</sup>[*Seeing the Cave.*

Here is a path to it: 'tis some savage hold:  
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,  
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
Plenty, and peace, breed cowards; hardness ever  
Of hardness is mother.—Ho! Who's here?  
If any thing that's <sup>b</sup>civil, speak; if savage,  
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then, I'll enter.  
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.  
Such a foe, good heavens! <sup>2</sup>[*Exit into the Cave.*

*Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have prov'd best <sup>c</sup>woodman,  
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I, [and  
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our <sup>d</sup>match:  
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,  
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs  
Will make what's homely, savory: weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when <sup>e</sup>resty sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,  
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

*Gui.* I am thoroughly weary.

*Arv.* I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

*Gui.* There is cold meat i' the cave: we'll browse  
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd. [on that,

*Bel.* Stay: come not in. [*Looking in.*

But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
Here were a fairy.

*Gui.* What's the matter, sir?

*Bel.* By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness  
No elder than a boy!

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not:  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought  
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took. Good  
troth, [found  
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had  
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my  
I would have left it on the board, so soon [meat:  
As I had made my meal, and parted  
With prayers for the provider.

*Gui.* Money, youth?

*Arv.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt;  
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

*Imo.* I see, you are angry.  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died, had I not made it.

*Bel.* Whither bound?

*Imo.* To Milford-Haven.

*Bel.* What's your name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman, who  
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford;

To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I am fallen i' this offence.

*Bel.* Pr'ythee, fair youth,

Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd.  
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—  
Boys, bid him welcome.

*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,  
I bid for you, as I do buy.

*Arv.* I'll make't my comfort,  
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother;  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him  
After long absence, such is yours.—Most welcome.  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst friends!  
If brothers?—[*Aside.*] Would it had been so, that  
they

Had been my father's sons: then, had my <sup>e</sup>prize  
Been less; and so more equal ballasting  
To thee, Posthumus.

*Bel.* He <sup>h</sup>wrings at some distress.

*Gui.* Would I could free't!

*Arv.* Or I; whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

*Bel.* Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*

*Imo.* Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by  
That nothing gift of <sup>1</sup>differing multitudes)  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!  
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus false.

*Bel.* It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:  
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gui.* Pray, draw near.

*Arv.* The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,  
less welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

*Arv.* I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt, <sup>2</sup>into the Cave*

## SCENE VII.—Rome.

*Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.*

*1 Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ:  
That since the common men are now in action  
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;  
And that the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite  
The gentry to this business. He creates  
Lucius pro-consul; and to you, the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy he <sup>4</sup>commends  
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

*Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces?

*2 Sen.* Ay.

*Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

*1 Sen.* With those legions  
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be <sup>5</sup>suppliant: the words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time  
Of their despatch.

*Tri.* We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> "Is sorer," i. e., is worse; is a greater crime.—<sup>b</sup> "Civil," i. e., civilized.—<sup>c</sup> Woodman here signifies hunter.—<sup>d</sup> "Our match," i. e., our agreement. <sup>e</sup> "Resty," i. e., dull; heavy.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—The Forest, near the Cave.

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) <sup>a</sup> for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits: Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vainglory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber) I mean, the lines of my body are as well-drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single <sup>b</sup> oppositions; yet this <sup>1</sup> perverse errant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage, but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose. Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—Before the Cave.

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Bel.* You are not well: [*To IMOGEN.*] remain here in the cave:

We'll come to you after hunting.

*Arv.* Brother, stay here: [*To IMOGEN.*]  
Are we not brothers?

*Imo.* So man and man should be;  
But clay and clay differs in dignity,  
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

*Gui.* Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

*Imo.* So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;  
But not so citizen a wanton, as  
To seem to die, ere sick. So please you, leave me;  
Stick to your <sup>c</sup>journal course: the breach of custom  
Is breach of <sup>d</sup>all. I am ill; but your being by me  
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort  
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,  
Since I can reason of it: pray you, trust me here;  
I'll rob none but myself, and let me die,  
Stealing so poorly.

*Gui.* I love thee; I have spoke it:  
How much the quantity, the weight as much,  
As I do love my father.

*Bel.* What! how? how?

*Arv.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me  
In my good brother's fault: I know not why  
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,  
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,  
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,  
My father, not this youth.

*Bel.* [*Aside.*] O noble <sup>e</sup>strain!  
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!  
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:  
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.

<sup>a</sup> For, <sup>1</sup> i. e., because. — <sup>b</sup> In single oppositions, <sup>1</sup> i. e., in single combat. — <sup>c</sup> "Journal," <sup>1</sup> i. e., daily. — <sup>d</sup> That is, 'An infraction of the order of daily life leads to disorder in all things.' — <sup>e</sup> "Strain," <sup>1</sup> i. e., race; generation.

I am not their father; yet who this should be  
Doth miracle 'tiself, lov'd before me.—  
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

*Arv.*

Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arv.* You health.—So please you, sir.

*Imo.* [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,  
what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court:

Experience, O! thou disprov'st report.

Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still; heart-sick.—Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug.

*Gui.*

I could not stir him:

He said, he was <sup>g</sup>gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

*Arv.* Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter  
I might know more.

*Bel.*

To the field, to the field!—

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

*Arv.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.*

Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our house-wife.

*Imo.*

Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

*Bel.*

And shalt be ever. [*Exit IMOGEN.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had  
Good ancestors.

*Arv.*

How angel-like he sings.

*Gui.* But his neat cookery: he cut our roots in  
characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,  
And he her dieter.

*Arv.*

Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh

Was that it was, for not being such a smile;

The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly

From so divine a temple, to commix

With winds that sailors rail at.

*Gui.*

I do note,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,

Mingle their <sup>h</sup>spurs together.

*Arv.*

Grow, patience!

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine

His perishing root <sup>i</sup> with the increasing vine!

*Bel.* It is great <sup>k</sup> morning. Come; away!—Who's  
there? <sup>2</sup> [*They stand back.*]

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I cannot find those runagates: that villain  
Hath mock'd me.—I am faint.

*Bel.*

Those runagates!

Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis

Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush,

I saw him not these many years, and yet

I know 'tis he.—We are held as outlaws: hence!

*Gui.* He is but one. You and my brother search

What companies are near: pray you, away;

Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS*]

*Clo.*

Soft! what are you

That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?

I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

*Gui.*

A thing

More slavish did I ne'er, than answering

A slave without a knock.

*Clo.*

Thou art a robber,

A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

<sup>1</sup> "Doth miracle itself," <sup>1</sup> i. e., doth appear wonderful. — <sup>g</sup> "Gentle," <sup>1</sup> i. e., wellborn. — <sup>h</sup> "Spurs," <sup>1</sup> i. e., roots. — <sup>i</sup> With is used here, probably, for *from*. — <sup>k</sup> "Great morning" (*Fr. grand matin*), a Gallicism.



*Gui.* To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have  
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big? [not I]  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,  
Why I should yield to thee.

*Clot.* Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes?

*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

*Clot.* Thou precious varlet,  
My tailor made them not.

*Gui.* Hence then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;  
I am loath to beat thee.

*Clot.* Thou injurious thief,  
Hear but my name, and tremble.

*Gui.* What's thy name?

*Clot.* Cloten, thou villain.

*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it: were it toad, or adder, spider,  
'Twould move me sooner.

*Clot.* To thy farther fear,  
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
I'm son to the queen.

*Gui.* I am sorry for't, not seeming  
So worthy as thy birth.

*Clot.* Art not afraid?

*Gui.* Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Clot.* Die the death.

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.  
Yield, rustic, mountaineer. [Exeunt, fighting.]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* No company's abroad. [sure.]

*Arv.* None in the world. You did mistake him,

*Bel.* I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,  
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of <sup>b</sup> favor  
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute  
'Twas very Cloten.

*Arv.* In this place we left them:  
I wish my brother make good time with him,  
You say he is so fell.

*Bel.* Being scarce made up,  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment  
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S Head.

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,  
There was no money in't. Not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none;  
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head, as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Gui.* I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,  
Son to the queen after his own report;  
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,  
With his own single hand he'd take us <sup>d</sup> in, [grow,  
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they  
And set them on Lud's town.

*Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gui.* Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,  
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law  
Protects not us; then, why should we be tender,  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;  
Play judge, and executioner, all himself,

\* For we do fear the law? What company  
Discover you abroad?

*Bel.* No single soul  
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason  
He must have some attendants. Though his humors  
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not  
Absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,  
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,  
It may be heard at court, that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time  
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,  
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear  
He'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then, on good ground we fear,  
If we do fear this body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.

*Arv.* Let ordinance  
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoever,  
My brother hath done well.

*Bel.* I had no mind  
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth.

*Gui.* With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en  
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek  
Behind our rock; And let it to the sea,  
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:  
That's all I <sup>e</sup>reck. [Exit.]

*Bel.* I fear, 'twill be reveng'd.  
Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't, though  
Becomes thee well enough. [valor]

*Arv.* 'Would I had done't,  
So the revenge alone pursued me.—Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges,  
That possible strength might <sup>a</sup>meet, would seek us  
And put us to our answer. [through,]

*Bel.* Well, 'tis done.  
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I pry'thee, to our rock:  
You and Fidele play the cooks; I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*Arv.* Poor sick Fidele!  
I'll willingly to him: to <sup>i</sup>gain his color,  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,  
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.]

*Bel.* O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder,  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd, honor untaught,  
Civility not seen from other, valor  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,  
What Cloten's being here to us portends,  
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

*Gui.* Where's my brother?  
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream  
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage

\* "More," i. e., utter.—<sup>b</sup> "Lines of favor," i. e., lines of his countenance.—<sup>c</sup> "Perfect," i. e., well aware; well informed.—<sup>d</sup> "Take us in," i. e., conquer, subdue us.

\* "For," i. e., because.—<sup>f</sup> "Did make my way long forth," i. e., made my way forth from the cave long, or tedious.—<sup>g</sup> "All I reckon," i. e., all I care.—<sup>h</sup> "That possible strength might meet," i. e., that fell within the possibility of opposition.—<sup>i</sup> "To gain," i. e., to regain; to restore.

For his return.

[Solemn Music.]

*Bel.* My ingenious instrument!  
Hark, Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

*Gui.* Is he at home?

*Bel.* He went hence even now.

*Gui.* What does he mean? since death of my  
dear'st mother  
It did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting \*toys,  
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.  
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing in his Arms IMOGEN,  
as dead.*

*Bel.* Look! here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms  
Of what we blame him for.

*Arv.* The bird is dead,  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

*Gui.* O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,  
As when thou grew'st thyself.

*Bel.* O, melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish <sup>b</sup>erare  
Might easiliest harbor in?—Thou blessed thing!  
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;  
but I,  
Thou diest a most rare boy, of melancholy.—  
How found you him?

*Arv.* <sup>c</sup>Stark, as you see:  
Thus smiling, <sup>d</sup>as some fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek  
Reposing on a cushion.

*Gui.* Where?  
*Arv.* O' the floor;  
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept, and put  
My clouted <sup>e</sup>brogues from off my feet, whose rude-  
Answer'd my steps too loud. [ness]

*Gui.* Why, he but sleeps;  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed:  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.

*Arv.* With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack  
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor  
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor  
The leafy eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the 'ruddock would,  
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To <sup>2</sup>winter-guard <sup>f</sup>thy corse.

*Gui.* Pr'ythee, have done;  
And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt.—To the grave!

*Arv.* Say, where shall's lay him?  
*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Arv.* Be't so:  
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices

Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground  
As once our mother: use like note, and words,  
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

*Gui.* Cadwal,  
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;  
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Arv.* We'll speak it, then.  
*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for  
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;  
And, though he came our enemy, remember,  
He was <sup>h</sup>paid for that: though mean and mighty,  
Together, have one dust, yet reverence, [rotting  
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction  
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,  
And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

*Gui.* Pray you, fetch him hither.  
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,  
When neither <sup>i</sup>is alive.

*Arv.* If you'll go fetch him,  
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.  
[Exit BELARIUS.]

*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the  
My father hath a reason for't. [east;

*Arv.* 'Tis true.

*Gui.* Come on then, and remove him.  
*Arv.* So.—Begin.

# SONG.

*Gui.* Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads <sup>4</sup>and lasses must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Arv.* Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe, and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, earning, physis, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

*Gui.* Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
*Arv.* Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
*Gui.* Fear not slander, <sup>1</sup>censure rash;  
*Arv.* Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:  
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must  
<sup>k</sup>Consign to thee, and come to dust.

*Gui.* No exorciser harm thee!  
*Arv.* Nor no witchcraft charm thee!  
*Gui.* Ghost unlaid forbear thee!  
*Arv.* Nothing ill come near thee!  
Both. Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy grave!

*Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.*

*Gui.* We have done our obsequies. Come, lay  
him down. <sup>5</sup>[They place him beside IMOGEN.]  
*Bel.* Here's a few flowers, but about midnight  
more:

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,  
Are strewings fit't for graves.—Upon their faces.—  
You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so  
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strew.—  
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.  
The ground that gave them first has them again:  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]

\* Toys for trifles.—<sup>b</sup> A crare was a small vessel of burden.  
—<sup>c</sup> "Stark," i. e., cold and stiff.—<sup>d</sup> As for as if.—<sup>e</sup> "Clouted  
brogues," are wooden shoes with clout or hob nails.—<sup>f</sup> The  
ruddock is the redbreast.—<sup>g</sup> "To winter-guard," i. e., to guard  
during winter.

<sup>h</sup> "Paid," i. e., punished.—<sup>i</sup> "Censure," i. e., judgment.—  
<sup>k</sup> "Consign to thee," i. e., seal the same contract with thee.  
—An exorciser, anciently, was one who could raise spirits.

*Imo.* [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?— [thither?

I thank you.—By yond' bush?—Pray, how far 'Ods a pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'faith, I'll lie down and sleep. But, soft! no bedfellow.—O, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the Body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world; This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I dream, 'For lo! I thought I was a cave-keeper, And cook to honest creatures; but 'tis not so: 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith, I tremble still with fear; but if there be Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it! The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt. A headless man!—The garment of Posthumus! I know the shape of's leg: this is his hand; His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh; The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face— Murder in heaven!—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio, All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks, And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou, Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten, Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read, Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio— From this most bravest vessel of the world Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas! Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart, [that? And left<sup>2</sup> thy head on.—How should this be? Pisanio! 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them Have laid this woe here. O! 'tis d' pregnant, pregnant.

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious And cordial to me, have I not found it Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home: This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!— Give color to my pale cheek with thy blood, That we the horrid may seem to those Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!

*Enter Lucius, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.*

*Cap.* To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia, After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending You, here at Milford-Haven, with your ships: They<sup>3</sup> are in readiness.

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

*Cap.* The senate hath stir'd up the confiners, And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits, That promise noble service, and they come Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, Sienna's brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o' the wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir, What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) thus:— I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd

From the spungy south to this part of the west, There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends, (Unless my sins abuse my divination) Success to the Roman host.

*Luc.* Dream often so, And never false.—Soft, ho? what trunk is here, Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime It was a worthy building.—How? a page!— Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather; For nature doth abhor to make his bed With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.— Let's see the boy's face.

*Cap.* He is alive, my lord.

*Luc.* He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems, [one, They crave to be demanded. Who is this, Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he, That, otherwise than noble nature did, Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest In this sad wreck! How came it? Who is it? What art thou?

*Imo.* I am nothing: or if not, Nothing to be were better. This was my master, A very valiant Briton, and a good, That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas! There are no more such masters: I may wander From east to occident, cry out for service, Try many, all good, serve truly, never Find such another master.

*Luc.* Lack, good youth! Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

*Imo.* Richard du Champ. [*Aside.*] If I do lie, and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope They'll pardon.—Say you, sir?

*Luc.* Thy name? *Fidele, sir.*

*Imo.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same: Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name. Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say, Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure, No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters, Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner, Than thine own worth, prefer thee: go with me.

*Imo.* I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods, I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd And on it said a century of prayers, [his grave, Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh; And, leaving so his service, follow you, So please you entertain me.

*Luc.* Ay, good youth; And rather father thee, than master thee.—My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can, And make him with our pikes and partisans A grave: come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd, As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes: Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.*

*Cym.* Again; and bring me word how 'tis with A fever with the absence of her son; [her.

<sup>a</sup> "Ods, pittikins!" derived from *God's pity*. — <sup>b</sup> "His Jovial licence," i. e., a face like Jove's. — <sup>c</sup> "Irregular," i. e., lawless; licentious. — <sup>d</sup> "Tis pregnant," i. e., 'tis a ready, opposite conclusion. — <sup>e</sup> "The confiners," i. e., the borderers. — <sup>f</sup> Fast for fasted.

<sup>g</sup> "Did," i. e., did it; made it. — <sup>h</sup> "These . . . pickaxes," i. e., her fingers. — <sup>i</sup> "A century," i. e., a hundred. — <sup>k</sup> "Arm him," i. e., take him up in your arms.



A madness, of which her life's in danger.—Heavens, How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen, The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen Upon a desperate bed, and in a time When fearful wars point at me; her son gone, So needful for this present: it strikes me past The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow, Who needs must know of her departure, and Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee By a sharp torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours, I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress, I nothing know where she remains, why gone, Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your high-  
Hold me your loyal servant. [ness,

*1 Lord.* Good my liege, The day that she was missing he was here: I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten, There wants no diligence in seeking him, And 'will, no doubt, be found.

*Cym.* The time is troublesome: We'll slip you for a season; but ' with jealousy  
[To PISANIO.

\*You yet depend.

*1 Lord.* So please your majesty, The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn, Are landed on your coast, with a supply Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son and queen!— I am amaz'd with 'matter.

*1 Lord.* Good my liege, Your preparation can 'affront no less [ready. Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're The want is, but to put those powers in motion, That long to move.

*Cym.* I thank you. Let's withdraw, And meet the time, as it seeks us: we fear not What can from Italy annoy us, but We grieve at chances here.—Away! [Exeunt.

*Pis.* I 'had no letter from my master, since I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange: Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise To yield me often tidings; neither know I What is betid to Cloten, but remain Perplex'd in all: the heavens still must work. Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true: These present wars shall find I love my country, Even to the 'note o' the king, or I'll fall in them. All other doubts by time let them be clear'd; Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.

[Exit.

#### SCENE IV.—Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it From action and adventure?

*Gui.* Nay, what hope Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us For barbarous and unnatural 'revolts During their use, and slay us after.

*Bel.* Sons, We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us. To the king's party there's no going: newness Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a 'render Where we have liv'd; and so extort from 's that Which we have done, whose answer would be death Drawn on with torture.

*Gui.* This is, sir, a doubt, In such a time nothing becoming you, Nor satisfying us.

*Arv.* It is not likely, That when they hear the Roman horses neigh, Behold their 'quarter'd fires, have both their eyes And ears so cloy'd importantly as now, That they will waste their time upon our 'note, To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* O! I am known

Of many in the army: many years, Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him From my remembrance: and, besides, the king Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves, Who find in my exile the want of breeding, The 'certainty of this hard life; aye, hopeless To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd, But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and The shrinking slaves of winter.

*Gui.* Than be so, Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army: I and my brother are not known; yourself, So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown, Cannot be question'd.

*Arv.* By this sun that shines, I'll thither. What thing is't, that I never Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood, But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison? Never bestrid a horse, save one that had A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel, Nor iron, on his heel? I am asham'd To look upon the holy sun, to have The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining So long a poor unknown.

*Gui.* By heavens, I'll go. If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave, I'll take the better care; but if you will not, The hazard therefore due fall on me by The hands of Romans.

*Arv.* So say I. Amen. Since of your lives you set No slight a valuation, should reserve My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys. If in your country wars you chance to die, That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie: Lead, lead!<sup>4</sup> The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn, Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

[Exeunt.

#### ACT V.

##### SCENE I.—A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief.

*Post.* Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd Thou should'st be color'd thus. You married ones, If each of you should take this course, how many Must murder wives much better than themselves, For 'wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio! Every good servant does not all commands;

\* "And will," i. e., and he will.—"Amaz'd with matter," i. e., confounded by a variety of business.—"Affront," i. e., encounter.—"Even to the note of the king," i. e., even so that the king shall notice my valor.—"Revolts for revolters."

"To a render," i. e., to an acknowledgment.—"Their quarter'd fires," i. e., the fires in the respective quarters of the Roman army.—"Upon our note," i. e., in noticing us.—"The certainty," i. e., the certain consequence.—"For wrying," i. e., for deviating from the right way.

No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you  
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
Had liv'd to put <sup>a</sup> on this: so had you saved  
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck  
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,  
alack!

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,  
To have them fall no more: you some permit  
To second ills with ills, each <sup>1</sup>later worse,  
And make <sup>2</sup>men dread it, to the doer's thrift.  
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,  
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither  
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight  
Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough  
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!  
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav-  
ens,

Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me  
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself  
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight  
Against the part I come with; so I'll die  
For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life  
Is, every breath, a death: and thus unknown,  
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril  
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
More valor in me, than my habits show.  
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!  
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin  
The fashion, less without, and more within. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.—The Same.

<sup>3</sup> *Trumpets and Drums. Enter at one Side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army: at the other Side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following like a poor Soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him. 4 Alarums on both sides.*

*Iach.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,  
The princess of this country, and the air on't  
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this <sup>b</sup>carl,  
<sup>a</sup> very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me  
In my profession? Knighthoods and honors, borne  
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.  
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before  
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds  
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.  
[*Exit.*]

<sup>5</sup> *Alarums. The Battle continues: the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground.

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but  
The villainy of our fears.

*Gwi. Arv.* Stand, stand, and fight!

<sup>6</sup> *Alarums. Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons; they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt: then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

*Luc.* Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;  
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
As war were hood-wink'd.

*Iach.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes  
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

*Enter POSTHUMUS and a Briton Lord.*

*Lord.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

*Post.* I did

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

*Lord.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,  
But that the heavens fought. The king himself  
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,  
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying  
Through a strait lane: the enemy full-hearted,  
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work  
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down  
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
Merely through fear; <sup>c</sup>that the strait pass was  
<sup>d</sup>damm'd

With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living  
To die with lengthen'd shame.

*Lord.* Where was this lane?

*Post.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with  
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier, [turf;  
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd  
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for's country: athwart the lane,  
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run  
The country <sup>e</sup>base, than to commit such slaughter;  
With faces fit for masks, or, rather, fairer  
Than those for preservation cas'd, or 'shame)  
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,  
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:  
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards! Stand;

Or we are Romans, and will give you that  
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,  
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!"—These  
Three thousand confident, in act as many, [three,  
(For three performers are the file, when all  
The rest do nothing) with this word, "stand, stand!"  
Accommodated by the place, more charming  
With their own nobleness (which could have turn'd  
A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks, [coward  
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd  
But by example (O, a sin in war,  
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look  
The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began  
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,  
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly,  
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,  
The strides they victors made. And now our cowards  
(Like fragments in hard voyages) became  
The life o' the need: having found the back-door open  
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!  
Some slain before; some dying; some, their friends,  
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten chas'd by one,  
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:  
Those that would dio or ere resist are grown  
The mortal <sup>f</sup>bugs o' the field.

*Lord.* This was strange chance:  
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys?

*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made  
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,  
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,  
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry, sir.

*Post.* 'Lack! to what end?  
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;

<sup>a</sup> That for so that.—<sup>d</sup> "Damm'd," i. e., blocked up.—<sup>e</sup> "The country base," i. e., a country game; vulgarly called *prison base*.—<sup>f</sup> "Shame," i. e., modesty; shamefacedness.—<sup>g</sup> "Bugs," i. e., bugbears; terrors.

<sup>a</sup> "To put on," i. e., to incite; to instigate.—<sup>b</sup> "This carl," i. e., this clown.

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,  
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.  
You have put me into rhyme.

*Lord.* Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*]

*Post.* Still going!—This is a lord. O noble misery!  
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me.  
To-day, how many would have given their honors  
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,  
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,  
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,  
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,  
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we  
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find  
For being now a favorer to the Briton, [him;  
To more a Briton, I have resum'd again  
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,  
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall  
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be  
Britons must take; for me, my ransom's death:  
On either side I come to spend my breath,  
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,  
But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter Two Briton Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken.  
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,  
That gave th' affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;  
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is

*Post.* A Roman, [there?  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell [service,  
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his  
As if he were of note. Bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Jailor; after which, all go out.*

#### SCENE IV.—A Prison.

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and Two Jailors.*

1 *Jail.* You shall not now be stolen; you have  
locks upon you:  
So, graze as you find pasture.

2 *Jail.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Jailors.*]

*Post.* Most welcome, bondage, for thou art a way,  
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better  
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather  
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd  
By the sure physician, death, who is the key  
T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fet-  
ter'd [give me

More than my shanks, and wrists: you good gods,  
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,  
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?  
So children temporal fathers do appease;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?  
I cannot do it better than in gyves,  
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,  
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
No stricter render of me than my all.  
I know, you are more clement than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
On their abatement: that's not my desire.  
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though  
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:  
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp,  
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:  
You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,  
If you will take this audit, take this life,  
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!  
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*]

*Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Music before them: then, after other Music, follow the Two young Leonati, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round as he lies sleeping.*

*Sici.* No more, thou thunder-master, show

Thy spite on mortal flies:  
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
That thy adulteries

Rates and revenges.  
Hath my poor boy done aught but well?

Whose face I never saw;  
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd  
Attending nature's law.

Whose father, then, (as men report,  
Thou orphans' father art)  
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him  
From this earth-vexing smart.

*Moth.* Lucina lent not me her aid,  
But took me in my throes;  
That from me was Posthumus ript,  
Came crying 'mongst his foes,  
A thing of pity.

*Sici.* Great nature, like his ancestry,  
Moulded the stuff so fair,  
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,  
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man  
In Britain where was he;  
That could stand up his parallel,  
Or fruitful object be  
In eye of Imogen, that best  
Could deem his dignity?

*Moth.* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd  
To be exil'd, and thrown  
From Leonati's seat, and cast  
From her his dearest one,  
Sweet Imogen?

*Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
Slight thing of Italy,  
To taint his nobler heart and brain  
With needless jealousy;  
And to become the geck and scorn  
O' the other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this from stiller seats we came,  
Our parents, and we twain,  
That striking in our country's cause  
Fell bravely, and were slain;  
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,  
With honor to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
To Cymbeline perform'd:  
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,

a "Answer," i. e., retaliation.—b "Silly," i. e., simple; rustic.—c "Affront," i. e., encounter.—d An allusion to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned out to pasture.—e "In gyves," i. e., in letters.

f "The geck," i. e., the fool.



Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
 The graces for his merits due,  
 Being all to dolours turn'd?  
*Sici.* Thy crystal window ope; look out:  
 No longer exercise,  
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh  
 And potent injuries.  
*Moth.* Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
 Take off his miseries.  
*Sici.* Peep through thy marble mansion; help!  
 Or we poor ghosts will cry,  
 To the shining synod of the rest,  
 Against thy deity.  
 2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,  
 And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunderbolt; the Ghosts fall on their Knees.*

*Jup.* No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
 Offend our hearing: hush!—How dare you ghosts  
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,  
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?  
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest  
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:  
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress;  
 No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.  
 Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,  
 The more delay'd, \*delighted. Be content;  
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:  
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.  
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—  
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,  
 And happier much by his affliction made.  
 This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein  
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;  
 And so, away: no farther with your din  
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—  
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]

*Sici.* He came in thunder; his celestial breath  
 Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle  
 Stoop'd, as to <sup>b</sup>foot us: his ascension is  
 More sweet than our bless'd fields. His royal bird  
 Prunes the immortal wing, and \*cloys his beak,  
 As when his god is pleas'd.

*All.* Thanks, Jupiter.  
*Sici.* The marble pavement closes; he is enter'd  
 His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,  
 Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

*Post.* [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grand-  
 sire, and begot  
 A father to me; and thou hast created  
 A mother, and two brothers. But (O scorn!)  
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born,  
 And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend  
 On greatness' favor, dream as I have done;  
 Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:  
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,  
 And yet are steep'd in favors; so am I,  
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.

[*Finding the Tablet.*]

What fairies has this ground? A book? O, rare  
 Be not, as is our <sup>d</sup>fangled world, a garment [One!  
 Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects  
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
 As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to him-  
 self unknown, without seeking find, and be em-

braced by a piece of tender air; and when from a  
 stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches, which, being  
 dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to  
 the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthu-  
 mus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and  
 flourish in peace and plenty."

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
 \*Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing:  
 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such  
 As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
 The action of my life is like it, which  
 I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter Jailors.*

*Jail.* Come, sir, are you ready for death?

*Post.* Over-roasted, rather; ready long ago.

*Jail.* Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready  
 for that, you are well cooked.

*Post.* So, if I prove a good repast to the specta-  
 tors, the dish pays the shot.

*Jail.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir; but the com-  
 fort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear  
 no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of  
 parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in  
 faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much  
 drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and  
 sorry that you are paid too much; purse and  
 brain both empty: the brain the heavier for be-  
 ing too light, the purse too light, being drawn  
 off of heaviness. O! of this contradiction you shall  
 now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it  
 sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true  
 debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and  
 to come, the discharge.—Your neck, sir, is pen,  
 book, and counters; so the acquaintance follows.

*Post.* I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

*Jail.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the  
 toothache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep,  
 and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he  
 would change places with his officer; for, look you,  
 sir, you know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

*Jail.* Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have  
 not seen him so pictured: you must either be direct-  
 ed by some that take upon them to know, or take  
 upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not  
 know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril:  
 and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I  
 think, you'll never return to tell one.

*Post.* I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes  
 to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink,  
 and will not use them.

*Jail.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man  
 should have the best use of eyes to see the way of  
 blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of wink-  
 ing.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Knock off his manacles: bring your pris-  
 oner to the king.

*Post.* Thou bring'st good news. I am called to  
 be made free.

*Jail.* I'll be hang'd, then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a jailor; no  
 bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.*]

*Jail.* Unless a man would marry a gallow, and  
 beget young gibbets, I never saw one so <sup>b</sup>prone.  
 Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves de-  
 sire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be  
 some of them too, that die against their wills: so

\* "Tongue, and brain not," i. e., talk, and understand not.

\* Delighted for delightful.—<sup>b</sup> "To foot us," i. e., to grasp  
 us in his clutches.—<sup>c</sup> Cloys for claws.—<sup>d</sup> "Fangled," i. e.,  
 tridling

—<sup>e</sup> Paid here means subdued, overcome by the liquor.—  
 \* "Jump," i. e., hazard.—<sup>f</sup> "So prone," i. e., so prompt,  
 ready.

should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O, there were desolation of jailors, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—CYMBELINE'S Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

*Cym.* Stand by my side you, whom the gods have Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, [made That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before a targe of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

*Bel.* I never saw  
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;  
Such precious deeds in one, that promis'd nought  
But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.* No tidings of him?  
*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead and  
But no trace of him. [living,

*Cym.* To my grief, I am  
The heir of his reward: which I will add  
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,  
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time  
To ask of whence you are: report it.

*Bel.* Sir,  
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen.  
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,  
Unless I add, we are honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees.—  
Arise, my knights o' the battle: I create you  
Companions to our person, and will fit you  
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.  
There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly  
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,  
And not o' the court of Britain.

*Cor.* Hail, great king!  
To sour your happiness, I must report  
The queen is dead.

*Cym.* Whom worse than a physician  
Would this report become? But I consider,  
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

*Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her life;  
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded  
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,  
I will report, so please you: these her women  
Can trip me, if I err, who, with wet cheeks,  
Were present when she finish'd.

*Cym.* Pr'ythee, say.  
*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only  
Affected greatness got by you, not you:  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,  
Abhor'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this;  
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed. [love

*Cor.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to  
With such integrity, she did confess  
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,  
But that her flight prevented it, she had  
Ta'en off by poison.

*Cym.* O most delicate fiend!  
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more? [had  
*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,  
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering  
By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd,  
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
O'ercome you with her show; and in time  
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to work  
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:  
But failing of her end by his strange absence,  
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite  
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented  
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,  
Despairing died.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women?  
*Lady.* We did so, please your highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes  
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming; it had been  
vicious,

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!  
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other  
Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind,  
and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute: that  
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss  
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,  
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter  
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted.  
So, think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day  
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,  
We should not, when the blood was cool, have  
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods  
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeeth,  
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.  
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much  
For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,  
Let him be ransom'd: never master had  
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
So tender over his occasions, true,  
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join  
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness  
Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,  
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir,  
And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him  
His favor is familiar to me.—Boy,  
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore  
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live,  
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;  
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness.  
*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,  
And yet I know thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no; alack!  
There's other work in hand.—I see a thing  
Bitter to me as death.—Your life, good master,  
Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.* The boy disdains me,  
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,  
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—  
Why stands he so perplex'd?

<sup>a</sup> "Targe," i. e., target; shield.—<sup>b</sup> "O" "bear in hand" is to delude by false appearances.

<sup>c</sup> "So feat," i. e., so ready, dexterous.—<sup>d</sup> "His favor," i. e., his countenance.

*Cym.* What would'st thou, boy?  
I love thee more and more; think more and more  
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?  
speak;

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

*Imo.* He is a Roman; no more kin to me,  
Than I to your highness, who, being born your vassal,  
Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore ey'st him so?  
*Imo.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Cym.* Thou art my good youth, my page;  
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

*Bel.* Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

*Arv.* One sand another  
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad,  
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?

*Gui.* The same dead thing alive. [forbear.]

*Bel.* Peace, peace! see farther; he eyes us not:  
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure  
He would have spoke to us.

*Gui.* But we saw him dead.  
*Bel.* Be silent; let's see farther.

*Pis.* [Aside.] It is my mistress!  
Since she is living, let the time run on,  
To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side:  
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [To IACHIMO.] step  
you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,  
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,  
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall  
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

*Imo.* My boon is, that this gentleman may render  
Of whom he had this ring.

*Post.* [Aside.] What's that to him?

*Cym.* That diamond upon your finger, say,  
How came it yours?

*Iach.* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

*Cym.* How! me?

*Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that,  
Torments me to conceal. By villainy [which  
I got this ring: 'twas Leonatus' jewel;  
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may  
grieve thee,

As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd [lord?

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

*Iach.* That paragon, thy daughter,  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

*Cym.* My daughter! what of her? renew thy  
strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,  
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

*Iach.* Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour) it was in Rome, (accurs'd  
The mansion where) 'twas at a feast, (O! would  
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least  
Those which I heav'd to head) the good Posthumus,  
(What should I say? he was too good to be  
Where ill men were, and was the best of all  
Amongst the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  
For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speak: for a feature, laming

The shrine of Venus, or <sup>b</sup> straight-pight Minerva,  
Postures beyond brief nature; for <sup>c</sup> condition,  
A shop of all the qualities that man  
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,  
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

*Cym.* I stand on fire.  
Come to the matter.

*Iach.* All too soon I shall, [mus,  
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthu-  
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one  
That had a royal lover) took his hint;  
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein  
He was as calm as virtue) he began [made,  
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being  
And then a mind put in't, either our brags  
Were <sup>d</sup> crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description  
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to the purpose.  
*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her <sup>e</sup> as Dian had not dreams,  
And she alone were cold: whereat, I, wretch,  
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him  
Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore  
Upon his honor'd finger, to attain  
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring  
By her's and mine adultery. He, true knight,  
No lesser of her honor confident  
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;  
And would so, had it been a carbuncle  
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it  
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain  
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,  
Remember me at court, where I was taught  
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd  
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;  
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,  
That I return'd with 'similar proof, enough  
To make the noble Leonatus mad,  
By wounding his belief in her renown  
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes  
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,  
(O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks  
Of secret on her person, that he could not  
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,  
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—  
Methinks, I see him now,—

*Post.* Ay, so thou dost.

[Coming forward.]

Italian fiend!—Ah me! most credulous fool,  
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  
That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
Some upright <sup>f</sup>justicer! Thou, king, send out  
For torturers ingenious: it is I  
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,  
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,  
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;  
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,  
A sacrilegious thief, to do't—The temple  
Of virtue was she:—yea, and she herself  
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me; set  
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain  
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and  
Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!  
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  
Imogen, Imogen!

<sup>b</sup> "Straight-pight," i. e., straight-shaped.—<sup>c</sup> "Condition," i. e., temper; quality.—<sup>d</sup> "Crack'd," i. e., boasted.—<sup>e</sup> As for as if.—<sup>f</sup> "Similar," i. e., specious; plausible; feigned.—<sup>g</sup> Justicer was anciently used for justice.



*Imo.* Peace, my lord! hear, hear!—  
*Post.* Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful  
 page,  
 There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*]  
*Pis.* O, gentlemen! help  
 Mine, and your mistress.—O, my lord Posthumus!  
 You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help!—  
 Mine honor'd lady!  
*Cym.* Does the world go round?  
*Post.* How come these staggers on me?  
*Pis.* Wake, my mistress!  
*Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me  
 To death with mortal joy.  
*Pis.* How fares my mistress?  
*Imo.* O! get thee from my sight;  
 Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  
 Breathe not where princes are.  
*Cym.* The tune of Imogen!  
*Pis.* Lady,  
 The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if  
 That box I gave you was not thought by me  
 A precious thing: I had it from the queen.  
*Cym.* New matter still?  
*Imo.* It poison'd me.  
*Cor.* O gods!  
 I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,  
 Which must approve thee honest: if Pisanio  
 Have, said she, given his mistress that confection  
 Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd  
 As I would serve a rat.  
*Cym.* What's this, Cornelius?  
*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me  
 To temper poisons for her; still pretending  
 The satisfaction of her knowledge, only  
 In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs  
 Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose  
 Was of more danger, did compound for her  
 A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
 The present power of life; but, in short time,  
 All offices of nature should again  
 Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?  
*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.  
*Bel.* My boys,  
 There was our error.  
*Gui.* This is, sure, Fidele. [You?  
*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady from  
 Think, that you are upon a rock; and now  
 Throw me again. [*Embracing POSTHUMUS.*]  
*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
 Till the tree die!  
*Cym.* How now! my flesh, my child?  
 What! mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?  
 Wilt thou not speak to me!  
*Imo.* Your blessing, sir.  
*[Kneeling.]*  
*Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I blame ye  
 You had a motive for't. [not;  
*[To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]*  
*Cym.* My tears that fall,  
 Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,  
 Thy mother's dead.  
*Imo.* I am sorry for't, my lord.  
*Cym.* O! she was naught; and long of her it  
 was,  
 That we meet here so strangely: but her son  
 Is gone, we know not how, nor where.  
*Pis.* My lord,  
 Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,  
 Upon my lady's missing, came to me [swore,  
 With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and  
 If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

It was my instant death. By accident,  
 I had a feigned letter of my master's  
 Then in my pocket, which directed him  
 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;  
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments  
 Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts  
 With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate  
 My lady's honor: what became of him,  
 I farther know not.  
*Gui.* Let me end the story.  
 I slew him there.  
*Cym.* Murry, the gods forefend!  
 I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  
 Pluck a hard sentence: pry'thee, valiant youth,  
 Deny't again.  
*Gui.* I have spoke it, and I did it.  
*Cym.* He was a prince.  
*Gui.* A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me  
 Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me  
 With language that would make me spurn the sea,  
 If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head;  
 And am right glad, he is not standing here  
 To tell this tale of mine.  
*Cym.* I am sorry for thee:  
 By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must  
 Endure our law. Thou art dead.  
*Imo.* That headless man  
 I thought had been my lord.  
*Cym.* Bind the offender,  
 And take him from our presence.  
*Bel.* Stay, sir king.  
 This is better than the man he slew,  
 As well descended as thyself; and hath  
 More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens  
 Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;  
*[To the Guard.]*  
 They were not born for bondage.  
*Cym.* Why, old soldier,  
 Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,  
 By tasting of our wrath? How of descent  
 As good as we?  
*Arv.* In that he spake too far.  
*Cym.* And thou shalt die for't.  
*Bel.* We will die all three;  
 But I will prove that two on's are as good  
 As I have given out him.—My sons, I must  
 For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,  
 Though, haply, well for you.  
*Arv.* Your danger's ours.  
*Gui.* And our good his.  
*Bel.* Have at it, then, by leave.  
 Thou had'st, great king, a subject, who was call'd  
 Belarius.  
*Cym.* What of him? he is  
 A banish'd traitor.  
*Bel.* He it is that hath  
 Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;  
 I know not how, a traitor.  
*Cym.* Take him hence.  
 The whole world shall not save him.  
*Bel.* Not too hot:  
 First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;  
 And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
 As I have receiv'd it.  
*Cym.* Nursing of my sons?  
*Bel.* I am too blunt, and saucy; here's my knee:  
 Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;  
 Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  
 These two young gentlemen, that call me father,  
 And think they are my sons, are none of mine:  
 They are the issue of your loins, my liege,

\* "These staggers," i. e., this madness.—"To temper,"  
 i. e., to compound; to mix.

\* "Forefend," i. e., forbid.

And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How! my issue?

*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan, Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd: Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes (For such, and so they are) these twenty years Have I train'd up; those arts they have, as I Could put into them: my breeding was, sir, as Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile, Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't; Having receiv'd the punishment before, For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty Excited me to treason. Their dear loss, The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir, Here are your sons again; and I must lose Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.— The benediction of these covering heavens Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st. The service, that you three have done, is more \* Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children: If these be they, I know not how to wish A pair of worthier sons.

*Bel.* Be pleas'd a while.— This gentleman, whom I call Polydore, Most worthy prince, as your's is true Guiderius: This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapp'd In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand Of his queen mother, which, for more <sup>b</sup> probation, I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* Guiderius had Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star: It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he, Who hath upon him still that natural stamp. It was wise nature's end in the donation, To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* O! what am I A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother Rejoic'd deliverance more.—Bless'd pray you be, That after this strange starting from your orbs, You may reign in them now.—O Imogen! Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord; I have got two worlds by't.—O, my gentle brothers! Have we thus met? O! never say hereafter, But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother, When I was but your sister; I you brothers, When you were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?

*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd; Continued so, until we thought he died.

*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O rare instinct! When shall I hear all through? This <sup>c</sup> fierce abridg- Hath to it circumstantial branches, which [ment Distinction should be rich <sup>d</sup> in.—Where? how liv'd you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive? How parted with your brothers? how first met them? Why fled you from the court, and whither? These,

And your three \* motives to the battle, with I know not how much more, should be demanded, And all the other by-dependencies, From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place, Will serve our long inter'gatories. See, Posthumus anchors upon Imogen; And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting Each object with a joy: the counterchange Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground, And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.— Thou art my brother: so we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.]

*Imo.* You are my father, too; and did relieve me, To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd, Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too, For they shall taste our comfort.

*Imo.* My good master, I will yet do you service.

*Luc.* Happy be you!

*Cym.* The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought, He would have well become this place, and grac'd The thankings of a king.

*Post.* I am, sir, The soldier that did company these three In poor beseeching: 'twas a fitment for The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he, Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might Have made you finish.

*Iach.* I am down again; [Kneeling.] But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee, As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you, Which I so often owe; but your ring first, And here the bracelet of the truest princess That ever swore her faith.

*Post.* Kneel not to me: The power that I have on you is to spare you; The malice towards you to forgive you. Live, And deal with others better.

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd. We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law: Pardon's the word to all.

*Arv.* You help us, sir, As you did mean indeed to be our brother; Joy'd are we, that you are. [Rome,

*Post.* Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought, Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd, Appear'd to me, with other spritely <sup>f</sup> shows Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found This label on my bosom; whose <sup>g</sup> containing Is so from sense in hardness, that I can Make no <sup>h</sup> collection of it: let him show His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* Philarmonus! Sooth. Here, my good lord. [Coming forward.]

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth.* [Reads.] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which being dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp; The fit and apt construction of thy name,

\* "More unlike," i. e., more unlikely, incredible.—<sup>b</sup> "For more probation," i. e., for further proof.—<sup>c</sup> "Fierce," i. e., vehement; rapid.—<sup>d</sup> "Which distinction should be rich in," i. e., which ought to be rendered distinct by an ample narrative.

\* "Your three motives," i. e., the motives of you three.—<sup>f</sup> "Spritely shows," i. e., groups of sprites; ghostly appearances.—<sup>g</sup> "Whose containing," i. e., the contents of which.—<sup>h</sup> "Make no collection of it," i. e., draw no conclusion from it.

Being Leo-natus, duth import so much.

The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[ To CYMBELINE.

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*

We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,

Is this most constant wife; who, even now,

Answering the letter of the oracle,

Unknown to you, unsought, were <sup>a</sup>clipp'd about

With this most tender air.

*Cym.*

This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,

Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point

Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen,

For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,

To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue

Promises Britain peace and plenty.

*Cym.*

Well,

My peace we w'll begin.—And, Caius Lucius,

Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,

And to the Roman empire; promising

To pay our wonted tribute, from the which

We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;

<sup>a</sup> "Clipp'd about," i. e., embraced.

Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers  
Have laid most heavy hand.

*Sooth.* The fingers of the powers above do tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision,

Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke

Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant

Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,

From south to west on wing soaring aloft,

Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun

So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,

Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite

His favor with the radiant Cymbeline,

Which shines here in the west.

*Cym.*

Laud we the gods;

And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils

From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace

To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let

A Roman and a British ensign wave

Friendly together; so through Lud's town march,

And in the temple of great Jupiter

Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—

Set on there!—Never was a war did cease,

Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a pence.

[*Exeunt.*



# PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.



ACT III.—Scene 1.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.  
 PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.  
 HELICANUS, } two Lords of Tyre.  
 ESCANES, }  
 SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.  
 OLEON, Governor of Tharsus.  
 LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.  
 CERIMON, a Lord of Ephesus.  
 THALIARD, a Lord of Antioch.  
 PHILEMON, Servant to Cerimon.  
 LEONINE, Servant to Dionyza.

Marshal.  
 A Pander, and his Wife.  
 BOULT, their Servant.  
 GOWER, as Chorus.

The Daughter of Antiochus.  
 DIONYZA, Wife to Cleon.  
 THAISA, Daughter to Simonides.  
 MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.  
 LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina.  
 DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various Countries.

## ACT I.

*Enter* \*GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

“To sing a song that <sup>b</sup>old was sung,  
 From ashes ancient Gower is come;  
 Assuming man’s infirmities,  
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes.  
 It hath been sung at festivals,  
 On ember-eves, and holy <sup>c</sup>ales,  
 And lords and ladies in their lives  
 Have read it for restoratives:  
 The purpose is to make men glorious;  
*Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.*  
 If you, born in these latter times,  
 When wit’s more ripe, accept my rhymes,

\* Chorus, in the character of Gower, an old English poet, who has related the story of this play in his *Confessio Amantis*.—<sup>b</sup> “Old,” i. e., of old.—“Ales,” i. e., Whitsun-ales.

And that to hear an old man sing,  
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
 I life would wish, and that I might  
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.—  
 This Antioch, then: Antiochus the great  
 Built up this city for his chiefest seat,  
 The fairest in all Syria;  
 I tell you what my authors say:  
 This king unto him took a <sup>d</sup>feere,  
 Who died and left a female heir,  
 So buxom, blithe, and full of <sup>e</sup>face,  
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
 With whom the father liking took,  
 And her to incest did provoke.  
 Bad child, worse father, to entice his own  
 To evil, should be done by none.  
 By custom what they did begin  
 Was with long use <sup>f</sup>account no sin.

<sup>d</sup> “A feere,” i. e., a mate or companion.—<sup>e</sup> “Full of face,” i. e., exceedingly beautiful.—<sup>f</sup> Account for accounted.

The beauty of this sinful dame  
Made many princes thither <sup>a</sup> frame,  
To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
In marriage pleasures play-fellow:  
Which to prevent he made a law,  
To keep her <sup>b</sup> still and men in awe,  
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
His riddle told not, lost his life:  
So, for her many a wight did die,  
As yond' grim looks do <sup>c</sup> testify.  
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye  
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter* ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and *Attendants.*

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre, you have at large  
The danger of the task you undertake. [*receiv'd*]

*Per.* I have, Antiochus, and with a soul  
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
Think death no hazard in this enterprise. [*Music.*]

*Ant.* Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd)  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections.

*Enter the Daughter of* ANTIOCHUS.

*Per.* See, where she comes, apparell'd like the  
spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men!

Her face, the book of <sup>d</sup> praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild <sup>e</sup> companion.

Ye gods, that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness!

*Ant.* Prince Pericles,—

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:  
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.  
Yond' sometime famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,  
That, without covering, save yond' field of stars,  
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,  
For 'going on death's net, whom none resist

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught  
My frail mortality to know itself,  
And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must:  
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.  
I'll make my will, then; and as sick men do,

Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,  
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did:  
So, I bequeath a happy peace to you,  
And all good men, as every prince should do:  
My riches to the earth from whence they came,  
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of* ANTIOCHUS.

Thus, ready for the way of life or death,  
I wait the sharpest blow.

*Ant.* Scorning advice, read the conclusion, then;  
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* Of all, 'say'd yet, may'st thou prove pros-  
Of all, 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness. [*perous.*]

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,  
Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness, and courage.

THE RIDDLE.

*I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh, which did me breed;  
I sought a husband, in which labor,  
I found that kindness in a father:  
He's father, son, and husband mild,  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last: but, O! you powers,  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,  
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,  
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill;  
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt,  
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,  
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,  
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music, [*en;*]  
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to heark-  
But being play'd upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,  
For that's an article within our law,  
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd:  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Per.* Great king,  
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;  
'Twould 'bruid yourself too near for me to tell it.  
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;  
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,  
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:  
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole  
casts [*through'd*]

<sup>b</sup> Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is  
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die  
for't.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will,  
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?  
It is enough you know; and it is fit,  
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.  
All love the womb that their first beings bred,  
Then, give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Ant.* [*Aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he  
has found the meaning; [*of Tyre,*  
But I will 'gloze with him. [*To him.*] Young prince  
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,  
Your exposition misinterpreting,

<sup>a</sup> "Frame," i. e., shape, direct their course.—<sup>b</sup> "To keep her still," i. e., to keep her still to himself.—<sup>c</sup> Pointing to the scene of the palace gate at Antioch, on which the heads of those unfortunate wights were fixed.—<sup>d</sup> "The book of praises," i. e., the book where may be read all that is praiseworthy.—<sup>e</sup> "Her mild companion," i. e., the companion of her mildness.—<sup>f</sup> "For going," i. e., for fear of going

<sup>g</sup> That is, 'no perfect or honest man.'—<sup>h</sup> "Copp'd," i. e. conical.—<sup>i</sup> "Gloze," i. e., flatter; insinuate.

We might proceed to cancel of your <sup>a</sup>days;  
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.  
 Forty days longer we do respite you;  
 If by which time our secret be undone,  
 This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:  
 And until then your entertain shall be,  
 As doth befit our honor, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANTIOCHUS, his Daughter, and Attendants.]

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin,  
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
 If it be true that I interpret false,  
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,  
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul;  
<sup>b</sup>Where now you're both a father and a son,  
 By your untimely clasplings with your child,  
 (Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father)  
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
 By the defiling of her parent's bed;  
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men  
<sup>c</sup>Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light:  
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke;  
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.  
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:  
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you <sup>d</sup>clear,  
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter* ANTIOCHUS.

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for the which  
 To have his head. [*we mean*]  
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin  
 In such a loathed manner:  
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;  
 For by his fall my honor must keep high.  
 Who attends us there?

*Enter* THALIARD.

*Thal.* Doth your highness call?

*Ant.* Thaliard,  
 You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes  
 Her private actions to your secrecy;  
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;  
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:  
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

*Thal.* My lord,  
<sup>'Tis</sup> done.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Ant.* Enough.—  
 Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

*Mess.* My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[*Exit* Messenger.]

*Ant.* As thou  
 Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot  
 From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark  
 His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,  
 Unless thou say Prince Pericles is dead.

*Thal.* My lord, if I  
 Can get him once within my pistol's length,  
 I'll make him sure: so, farewell to your highness.  
 [*Exit.*]

*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu.—Till Pericles be dead,  
 My heart can lend no succor to my head. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter* PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

*Per.* Let none disturb us: why should this change  
 of thoughts?

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,  
 By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,  
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
 The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me  
 quiet. [*them,*]

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun  
 And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,  
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;  
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.  
 Then, it is thus: that passions of the mind,  
 That have their first conception by <sup>a</sup>mis-dread,  
 Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
 And what was first but fear what might be done,  
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done:  
 And so with me:—the great Antiochus  
 ('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act)  
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;  
 Nor boots it me to say, I honor,  
 If he suspect I may dishonor him:  
 And what may make him blush in being known,  
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known  
 With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,  
 And with the <sup>b</sup>ostent of war will look so huge,  
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state;  
 Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,  
 And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:  
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
 (Who am no more but as the tops of trees,  
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them)  
 Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,  
 And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast.

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,  
 Peaceful and comfortable.

*Hel.* Peace, peace! and give experience tongue.  
 They do abuse the king, that flatter him:  
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;  
 The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
 To which that <sup>c</sup>blast gives heat and stronger glowing;  
 Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,  
 Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err:  
 When signior Sooth, here, does proclaim a peace,  
 He flatters you, makes war upon your life.  
 Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;  
 I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else; but let your cares o'er-look  
 What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,  
 And then return to us. [*Exeunt* Lords.] Helicanus,  
 thou

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

*Hel.* How dare the plants look up to heaven, from  
 They have their nourishment? [*whence*]

*Per.* Thou know'st I have power  
 To take thy life from thee.

*Hel.* I have ground the axe myself;  
 Do you but strike the blow.

<sup>a</sup> "To cancel of your days," i. e., to the destruction of your life.—<sup>b</sup> Where for whereas.—<sup>c</sup> "Blush," i. e., who blush.  
<sup>d</sup> "To keep you clear," i. e., to prevent suspicion from falling upon you.

<sup>a</sup> "Mis-dread," i. e., dread of evil.—<sup>b</sup> "Ostent," i. e., appearance; show.—<sup>c</sup> "That blast," i. e., the blast of flattery.



*Per.* Rise, pr'ythee rise.  
Sit down; thou art no flatterer:  
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,  
That kings should let their ears hear their faults bid.  
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,  
What would'st thou have me do?

*Hel.* To bear with patience  
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,  
That ministers a potion unto me,  
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.  
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,  
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
From whence an issue I might propagate,  
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.  
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;  
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest:  
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father  
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st  
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss. [this,  
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled  
Under the covering of a careful night,  
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,  
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.  
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears  
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.  
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth)  
That I should open to the listening air,  
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,  
To lop that doubt he'll fill this land with arms,  
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;  
When all, for mine, if I may call't, offence,  
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:  
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,  
Who now reprov'st me for it—

*Hel.* Alas, sir!  
*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my  
Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts [cheeks,  
How I might stop this tempest ere it came:  
And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you have given me leave  
to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,  
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,  
Who either by public war, or private treason,  
Will take away your life.  
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,  
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.  
Your rule direct to any; if to me,  
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith;  
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

*Hel.* We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,  
From whence we had our being and our birth.

*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee, then; and to  
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,  
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
The care I had, and have, of subjects' good,  
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.  
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;  
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.  
But in our orbs we live so round and safe,

That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,  
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.  
[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—Tyre. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

*Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this is the court.  
Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I  
am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous,—  
Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good  
discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of  
the king, desired he might know none of his secrets:  
now do I see he had some reason for it; for if a  
king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the in-  
denture of his oath to be one.—Hush! here come  
the lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.*

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,  
Farther to question me of your king's departure:  
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

*Thal.* [Aside.] How! the king gone?

*Hel.* If farther yet you will be satisfied,  
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you  
Being at Antioch—

*Thal.* [Aside.] What from Antioch?

*Hel.* Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)  
Took some displeasure at him: at least, he judg'd  
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd, [so;  
To show his sorrow he'd correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's<sup>b</sup> toil,  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

*Thal.* [Aside.] Well, I perceive  
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
But since he's gone, the king's seas must please:  
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—  
I'll present myself.—[To them.] Peace to the lords  
of Tyre.

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome

*Thal.* From him I come,  
With message unto princely Pericles:  
But since my landing I have understood,  
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels,  
My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it,  
Commended to our master, not to us:  
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,  
As friends to Antioch we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE IV.—Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's House.

*Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.*

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;  
For who digs hills because they do aspire,  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord! even such our griefs;  
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.* O Dionyza,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,  
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?

<sup>a</sup> "Are arms," i. e., that are arms.—<sup>b</sup> To smooth is to soothe,  
coax, flatter.—<sup>c</sup> "Should he doubt it," i. e., should he fear,  
suspect it.—<sup>d</sup> "Your rule direct to any," i. e., transfer your  
authority to any one.—<sup>e</sup> "In our orbs," i. e., in our different  
spheres.

<sup>f</sup> "Convince," i. e., overcome.—<sup>g</sup> "Shine," i. e., splendor;  
lustre.—<sup>h</sup> That is, 'intrusts himself to the dangers of the  
sea'.—<sup>i</sup> "Commended to our master," i. e., 'commended as  
it is to our master.'

Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep  
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep, [louder;  
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them  
That if heaven slumber, while their creatures want,  
They may awake their helps to comfort them.  
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir. [ment,

*Cle.* This Tharsus, o'er which I have the govern-  
A city, on whom plenty held full hand,  
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets,  
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the  
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;  
Whose men and dames so <sup>a</sup>jett'd, and adorn'd,  
Like one another's glass to <sup>b</sup>trim them by:  
Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feed on as delight;  
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

*Dio.* O! 'tis too true. [change,

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do! By this our  
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,  
Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:  
Those palates, who not yet two summers <sup>c</sup>younger,  
Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:  
Those mothers who to <sup>d</sup>nouse up their babes  
Thought nought too curious, are ready now  
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.  
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.  
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,  
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
Is not this true?

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

*Cle.* O! let those cities, that of plenty's cup  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears:  
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor?

*Cle.* Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,  
For comfort is too far for us to expect. [shore,

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighboring  
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir  
That may succeed as his inheritor;  
And so in ours. Some neighboring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their <sup>e</sup>power,  
To beat us down, the which are down already;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

*Lord.* That's the least fear; for by the semblance  
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favorers, not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like 'him's untutor'd to repeat;  
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
What need we fear?

The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.

Go, tell their general we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes  
And what he craves.

*Lord.* I go, my lord.

[Exit

*Cle.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace <sup>f</sup>consist;  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.*

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men,  
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets;  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load:  
And these our ships you <sup>h</sup>happily may think  
Are like the Trojan horse, <sup>i</sup>was stuff'd within  
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,  
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,  
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead

*All.* The gods of Greece protect you!

And we'll pray for you.

*Per.*

Arise, I pray you, arise:

We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harborage for ourself, our ships, and men.

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!  
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen)  
Your grace is welcome to our town and us. [while

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a  
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

[Exeunt.

## ACT II.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I <sup>k</sup>wis, to incest bring;  
A better <sup>l</sup>prince, and benign lord,  
That will prove <sup>m</sup>awful both in deed and word  
Be quiet, then, as men should be,  
Till he hath pass'd necessity.  
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
The good in <sup>n</sup>conversation  
(To whom I give my <sup>o</sup>benizon)  
Is still at Tharsus, where each man  
Thinks all is writ he spoken <sup>p</sup>can:  
And to remember what he does,  
Build his statue to make him glorious:  
But tidings to the contrary  
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

*Dumb show.*

*Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a Letter to PERICLES: PERICLES shows the Letter to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.*

*Gow.* Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,  
Not to eat honey like a drone,

<sup>a</sup> "Jett'd," i. e., strutt'd.—<sup>b</sup> "To trim," i. e., to dress.—  
<sup>c</sup> "Two summers younger," i. e., two summers ago, or since.—  
<sup>d</sup> "To nouse," i. e., to nurse.—<sup>e</sup> "Their power," i. e., their  
forces.—<sup>f</sup> "Him's," i. e., him *who* is.

<sup>g</sup> "If he on peace consist," i. e., if he stands on peace.—  
<sup>h</sup> "You happily," i. e., which you perhaps.—<sup>i</sup> "Was stuff'd,"  
i. e., which was stuff'd.—<sup>k</sup> "I wis," i. e., I think.—<sup>l</sup> "A better  
prince," i. e., you have seen a better prince.—<sup>m</sup> "Awful," i. e.,  
entitled to reverence.—<sup>n</sup> "In conversation," i. e., in con-  
duct, behavior.—<sup>o</sup> "Benizon," i. e., benediction; blessing.—  
<sup>p</sup> "Thinks all is writ he spoken can," i. e., thinks all he  
(Pericles) can speak is as true as holy writ.

From others' labors; for though he strive  
 To killen bad, keep good alive;  
 And, to fulfil his prince' desire,  
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:  
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,  
 And hid intent, to murder him;  
 And that in Tharusus was not best  
 Longer for him to make his rest.  
 He, knowing so, put forth to seas,  
 Where when men <sup>a</sup>been, there's seldom ease,  
 For now the wind begins to blow;  
 Thunder above, and deeps below,  
 Make such unquiet, that the ship,  
<sup>b</sup>Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;  
 And he, good prince, having all lost,  
 By waves from coast to coast is tost.  
 All perishen of man, of pelf,  
 Ne aught <sup>c</sup>escapen but himself;  
 Till fortune, tired with doing bad,  
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad:  
 And here he comes. What shall be next,  
 Pardon old Gower; this <sup>d</sup>longs the text.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea-side.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!

Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
 Is but a substance that must yield to you;  
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
 Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath  
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:  
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,  
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;  
 And having thrown him from your watery grave,  
 Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilch!

2 Fish. Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 Fish. What say you, master?

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now. Come away,  
 or I'll fetch thee with a <sup>e</sup>wannion.

3 Fish. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men, that were cast away before us even now.

1 Fish. Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them! they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Muster, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

<sup>a</sup> Been is used here for be.—<sup>b</sup> "Should house," i. e., which should house.—<sup>c</sup> "Ne aught escapen," i. e., nothing escaped.—<sup>d</sup> "Longs," i. e., belongs to.—<sup>e</sup> "With a wannion," i. e., with a mischief; with a vengeance.—"The playing of porpoises round a ship forebodes a violent gale of wind.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men;

And from their watery empire recollect

All that may men approve, or men detect!—

Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and no body look after it. [coast——

Per. Y' may see, the sea hath cast me upon your

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know, But what I am want teaches me to think on; A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a? Now, gods forbid it! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

2 Fish. O! not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [Exeunt Two of the Fishermen.]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labor!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir; do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

<sup>a</sup> "Flap-jacks," i. e., pancakes.



1 *Fish*. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to joust and a tourney for her love.

*Per*. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 *Fish*. O, sir! things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for. His wife's soul—

*Re-enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.*

2 *Fish*. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! <sup>b</sup>bots on't; 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armor.

*Per*. An armor, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all crosses Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself: And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge (even as he left his life) "Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield "Twixt me and death;" (and pointed to this <sup>c</sup>brace) "For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity, The which the gods protect thee from, it may defend thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it, Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given 't again. I thank thee for't: my shipwreck now's no ill, Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

1 *Fish*. What mean you, sir?

*Per*. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth, For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly, And for his sake I wish thee having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with it I may appear a gentleman: And if that ever my low fortunes better, I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

*Per*. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish*. Why, do ye take it; and the gods give thee good on't!

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

*Per*. Believe it, I will.

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel; And spite of all the <sup>d</sup>rapture of the sea, This jewel holds his <sup>e</sup>biding on my arm: Unto thy value will I mount myself Upon a courser, whose delightful steps Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.— Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided Of a pair of <sup>f</sup>bases.

2 *Fish*. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

*Per*. Then honor be but a goal to my will! This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Ladies, Lords, &c.

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Sim*. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 *Lord*. They are, my liege; And stay your coming to present themselves.

*Sim*. Return <sup>g</sup>them, we are ready; and our daughter,

In honor of whose birth these triumphs are, Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

*Thai*. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express My commendations great, whose merit's less.

*Sim*. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are A model, which heaven makes like to itself: As jewels lose their glory if neglected, So princes their renown, if not respected. 'Tis now your honor, daughter, to explain The labor of each knight in his device.

*Thai*. Which, to preserve mine honor, I'll perform

*Enter a Knight: he passes over the Stage, and his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.*

*Sim*. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

*Thai*. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black *Æthiop*, reaching at the sun; The <sup>h</sup>word, *Lux tua vita mihi*.

*Sim*. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes over*]

Who is the second that presents himself?

*Thai*. A prince of Macedon, my royal father; And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady: The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulzura que per fuerza*. [*The third Knight passes over.*]

*Sim*. And what the third?

*Thai*. The third of Antioch; And his device, a wreath of chivalry: The word, *Me pompa provexit apex*.

[*The fourth Knight passes over.*]

*Sim*. What is the fourth?

*Thai*. A burning torch, that's turned upside down The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*. [and will, *Sim*. Which shows that beauty bath his power Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes over.*]

*Thai*. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds, Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried; The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.

[*The sixth Knight passes over.*]

*Sim*. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd? [*is*]

*Thai*. He seems to be a stranger; but his present A wither'd branch, that's only green at top: The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

*Sim*. A pretty moral:

From the dejected state wherein he is, He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord*. He had need mean better, than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just <sup>k</sup>commend; For by his rusty outside he appears To have practis'd more the <sup>l</sup>whipstock than the lance.

2 *Lord*. He well may be a stranger; for he comes To an honor'd triumph strangely furnished.

3 *Lord*. And on set purpose let his armor rust Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

*Sim*. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan

<sup>a</sup> "To joust and turney," i. e., to run and tilt in the lists.  
<sup>b</sup> "Bots on't," an execration formerly in use.—<sup>c</sup> The brace is armor for the arm.—<sup>d</sup> The rapture, i. e., the violent seizure.—<sup>e</sup> "Biding," i. e., keeping.—<sup>f</sup> Bases were a kind of embroidered mantle, which hung from about the middle to the knees, or lower.

<sup>g</sup> "Return them," i. e., return them notice.—<sup>h</sup> "The word," i. e., the motto.—<sup>i</sup> That is, "More by sweetness than by force."  
<sup>k</sup> Commendation.—<sup>l</sup> Whip-handle.

The outward habit by the inward <sup>a</sup> man.  
But stay, the knights are coming: we'll withdraw  
Into the gallery. [Exeunt.]  
[Great Shouts, and all cry, The mean knight!]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Hall of State.  
A Banquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Ladies, Lords, Knights,  
and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,  
To say you are welcome were superfluous.  
To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,  
Since every worth in show commends itself.  
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:  
You are princes, and my guests.  
Thai. But you, [To PER.] my knight and guest;  
To whom this wreath of victory I give,  
And crown you king of this day's happiness.  
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.  
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;  
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed;  
And you're her labor'd scholar. Come, queen o'  
the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are) here take your place:  
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honor'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honor we love,  
For who hates honor hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,  
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir; sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
These cates resist <sup>b</sup> me, he not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen  
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat  
Do seem unsavory, wishing him my meat.  
Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman:  
He has done no more than other knights have done,  
He has broken a staff, or so; so, let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yond' king's to me like to my father's picture,  
Which tells me in that glory once he was;  
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,  
And he the sun for them to reverence.  
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights  
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;

<sup>d</sup> Where now his son, like a glow-worm in the night,  
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:  
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men;  
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What! are you merry, knights?

1 Knight. Who can be other, in this royal presence?  
Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,  
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips)  
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while;  
Yond' knight doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O! attend, my daughter:

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes  
To honor them; and princes, not doing so,  
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd  
Are wonder'd at. Therefore,  
To make his entrance more sweet, here say,  
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father! it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:  
He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. [Aside.] Now, by the gods, he could not  
please me better.

Sim. And farther tell him, we desire to know,  
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him  
freely.

Thai. And, farther, he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre (my name, Pericles,  
My education been in arts and arms)  
Who looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself  
Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,  
Who only by misfortune of the seas  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time which looks for other revels.  
Even in your armors, as you are address'd,  
Will very well become a soldier's dance.  
I will not have excuse, with saying, this  
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,  
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[The Knights dance.]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.  
Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:  
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies trip,  
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O! that's as much, as you would be denied.

[The Knights and Ladies dance.]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp:  
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
But you the best. [To PERICLES.] Pages and lights,  
to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings!—Yours,  
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
And that's the mark I know you level at:  
Therefore, each one betake him to his rest;  
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> The meaning is, "That makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit."—<sup>b</sup> "These cates resist me," i. e., these delicacies go against my stomach.—<sup>c</sup> "Vail," i. e., lower.—<sup>d</sup> Where for whereas.

<sup>e</sup> "His entrance," i. e., his reverie.—<sup>f</sup> "Address'd," i. e., accoutred; prepared for combat.

## SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.*

*Hel.* No, Escanes; know this of me,  
 Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:  
 For which the most high gods, not minding longer  
 To withhold the vengeance, that they had in store,  
 Due to this heinous capital offence,  
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
 When he was seated, and his daughter with him,  
 In a chariot of inestimable value,  
 A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up  
 Those bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,  
 That all those eyes <sup>a</sup>ador'd them ere their fall,  
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

*Escan.* 'Twas very strange.

*Hel.* And yet but just; for though  
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
 To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

*Escan.* 'Tis very true.*Enter Three Lords.*

1 *Lord.* See! not a man, in private conference  
 Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.1 *Lord.* Follow me, then.—Lord Helicane, a word.*Hel.* With me? and welcome.—Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,  
 And now at length they overflow their banks.

*Hel.* Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;  
 But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
 Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;  
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;  
 And be <sup>b</sup>resolved, he lives to govern us,  
 Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,

• And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in  
 our censure:

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,  
 Like goodly buildings left without a roof,  
 Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,  
 That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,  
 We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

*All.* Live, noble Helicane!

*Hel.* Try honor's cause; forbear your suffrages:  
 If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.

Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,  
 Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.  
 A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you  
 To forbear the absence of your king;  
 If in which time expir'd he not return,  
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
 But if I cannot win you to this love,  
 Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,  
 And in your search spend your adventurous worth;  
 Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield:  
 And since lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
 We with our travels will endeavor.

*Hel.* Then, you love us, we you, and we'll clasp  
 hands:

When peers thus knit a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.—Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter: the Knights meet him.*1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you know:

That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake  
 A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,  
 Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?*Sim.* Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied To her chamber, that it is impossible. [her

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;  
 This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,  
 And on her virgin honor will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take  
 our leaves. [*Exeunt.*]

*Sim.* So,

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter.  
 She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,  
 Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;  
 I like that well;—nay, how absolute she's in't,  
 Not minding whether I dislike or no.

Well, I commend her choice,

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.**Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides!

*Sim.* To you as much, sir. I am beholding to you  
 For your sweet music this last night: I do  
 Protest, my ears were never better fed  
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend,  
 Not my desert.

*Sim.* Sir, you are music's master.*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.*Sim.* Let me ask one thing.

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

*Per.* As of a most virtuous princess.*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not?*Per.* As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.

*Sim.* My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you,  
 Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,  
 And she'll your scholar be: therefore, look to it.

*Per.* I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.*Sim.* She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.*Per.* [*Aside.*] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'Tis the king's subtily, to have my life.

[*To him.*] O! seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,  
 A stranger and distressed gentleman,  
 That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,  
 But bent all offices to honor her. [*art*]

*Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou  
 A villain.

*Per.* By the gods, I have not,  
 Never did thought of mine levy offence;  
 Nor never did my actions yet commence  
 A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.*Per.*

Traitor!

*Sim.*

Ay, traitor.

*Per.* Even in his throat, unless it be the king,  
 That calls me traitor, I return the lie. [*courage.*]

*Sim.* [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
 That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court for honor's cause,  
 And not to be a rebel to her state;

<sup>a</sup> "Those eyes ador'd," i. e., those eyes which ador'd.—  
<sup>b</sup> "Be resolved," i. e., be satisfied.—"The strongest in our  
 censure," i. e., the most probable in our opinion.



And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove he's honor's enemy.

*Sim.* No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter THAISA.*

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you?

*Thai.* Why, sir, if you had,  
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—

[*Aside.*] I am glad on't with all my heart.

[*To her.*] I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,

Bestow your love and your affections

Upon a stranger? [*Aside.*] who, for aught I know,

May be (nor can I think the contrary)

As great in blood as I myself.

[*To her.*] Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame

Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,

Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—

Man and wife.—Nay, come; your hands,

And lips must seal it too;

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;

And for farther grief,—God give you joy!—

What, are you both pleas'd?

*Thai.* Yes, if you love me, sir.

*Per.* Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

*Sim.* What! are you both agreed?

*Both.* Yes, if't please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;

Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Now sleep <sup>a</sup>yslaked hath the rout;  
No din but snores the house about,  
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
Of this most pompous marriage feast.  
The cat with <sup>b</sup>eyne of burning coal,  
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;  
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
Are the blither for their drouth.  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,  
And time that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly <sup>c</sup>eche;  
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

*Dumb Show.*

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a Letter: PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to PERICLES. Then, enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA; SIMONIDES shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her Father, and all depart.*

*Gow.* By many a <sup>d</sup>dern and painful <sup>e</sup>perch  
Of Pericles the careful search  
By the four opposing <sup>f</sup>coignes,  
Which the world together joins,

<sup>a</sup> "Yslaked," i. e., quenched. <sup>b</sup> Eyes. <sup>c</sup> "Eche," i. e., eke out. <sup>d</sup> "Dern," i. e., lonely; solitary. <sup>e</sup> Perch, a measure of five and a half yards. <sup>f</sup> "Coignes," i. e., corners.

Is made, with all due diligence,  
That horse, and sail, and high expense,  
Can stand the quest. At last from Tyre  
(Fame answering the most strange inquire,)  
To the court of king Simonides  
Are letters brought, the tenor these:—  
Antiochus and his daughter dead:  
The men of Tyrus on the head  
Of Helicanus would set on  
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
The mutiny he there hastes <sup>t</sup>'b oppress;  
Says to them, if king Pericles  
Come not home in twice six moons,  
He, obedient to their dooms,  
Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
Yraved the regions round,  
And every one with claps 'gan sound,  
"Our heir apparent is a king!"  
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"  
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:  
His queen, with child, makes her desire  
(Which who shall cross?) along to go.  
Omit we all their <sup>i</sup>dole and woe:  
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,  
And so to sea. Then, vessel shakes  
On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood  
Varies again: the grizzly north  
Disgorges such a tempest forth  
That, as a duck for life that dives,  
So up and down the poor ship drives.  
The lady shrieks, and <sup>k</sup>well-a-near,  
Does fall in travail with her fear:  
And what ensues in this <sup>l</sup>self storm  
Shall for itself itself perform.  
I <sup>m</sup>ill relate, action may  
Conveniently the rest convey,  
Which might not what by me is told.  
In your imagination hold  
This stage the ship, upon whose deck  
The seas-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE I.

*Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.*

*Per.* Thou God of this great <sup>n</sup>vast, rebuke these surges, [*hast*]

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that  
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
Having call'd them from the deep. O! still  
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; duly quench  
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O! how, Lychorida,  
How does my queen?—Thou storm, <sup>o</sup>venomously  
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle  
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
Unheard.—Lychorida!—<sup>p</sup>Lucina, O!  
Divinest patroness and midwife, gentle  
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs  
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

*Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.*

*Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a place,  
Who, if it had <sup>q</sup>conceit, would die as I  
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece  
Of your dead queen.

<sup>n</sup> "Can stand the quest," i. e., can assist the search. <sup>o</sup> Oppress for suppress. <sup>p</sup> "Dole," i. e., grief; sorrow. <sup>q</sup> "Well-a-near!" an exclamation equivalent to "Well-a-day!" <sup>r</sup> "Self;" is used here for selfsame. <sup>s</sup> "I mill," i. e., I shall not. <sup>t</sup> "This great vast," i. e., this wide expanse. <sup>u</sup> "Vejomously," i. e., maliciously. <sup>v</sup> *Lucina*, the goddess of child-bearing. <sup>w</sup> "Conceit," i. e., thought.

*Per.* How! how, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.  
Here's all that is left living of your queen,  
A little daughter: for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you gods!  
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Use honor with you.

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge.

*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life;  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy <sup>a</sup>conditions;  
For thou'rt the rudest welcome to this world,  
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!  
Thou hast as <sup>b</sup>chiding a nativity,  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage <sup>c</sup>quit,  
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods  
Throw their best eyes upon it!

*Enter Two Sailors.*

1 *Sail.* What, courage, sir! God save you.

*Per.* Courage enough. I do not fear the <sup>d</sup>flaw;  
It hath done to me the worst: yet, for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh new sea-farer,  
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bowlines there; thou wilt not,  
wilt thou?—Blow, and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, and the brine and cloudy bil-  
low kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea  
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the  
ship be cleared of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath  
been still observed, and we are strong in earnest.  
Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard  
straight.

*Per.* As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;  
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells.—O Lychorida!  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe  
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit LYCHORIDA.*]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,  
caulk'd and bitumed ready. [this?]

*Per.* I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is  
2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

*Per.* \*Thither, gentle mariner, [it?]  
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

*Per.* O! make for Tharsus.—

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe

Cannot hold out to Tyros: there I'll leave it  
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner:  
I'll bring the body presently. [*Eeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S  
House.

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons who  
have been Shipwrecked.*

*Cer.* Philemon, ho!

*Enter PHILEMON.*

*Phil.* Doth my lord call?

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men:  
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

*Serv.* I have been in many; but such a night as this  
Till now I ne'er endur'd.

*Cer.* Your master will be dead ere you return:  
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,  
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary  
And tell me how it works. [To PHILEMON]

[*Eeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and the rest.*]

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

*Cer.* Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir,  
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook, as the earth did quake;

The very <sup>a</sup>principals did seem to rend,  
And all to <sup>b</sup>topple. Pure surprise and fear  
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;  
'Tis not our <sup>c</sup>husbandry.

*Cer.* O! you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship,  
having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange,  
Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

*Cer.* I hold it ever,  
Virtue and <sup>d</sup>cunning were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever  
Have studied physic, through which secret art,  
By turning o'er authorities, I have  
(Together with my practice) made familiar  
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions  
That dwell in <sup>e</sup>vegetives, in metals, stones;  
And can speak of the disturbances that nature  
Works, and of her cures; which doth give me  
A more content, in course of true delight,  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,  
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,  
To please the fool and death. [forth]

2 *Gent.* Your honor has through Ephesus pour'd  
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:  
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but  
even

Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon  
Such strong renown as time shall never—

*Enter Two Servants with a Chest.*

*Serv.* So; lift there.

<sup>a</sup> "Conditions," i. e., qualities; dispositions.—<sup>b</sup> "Chiding," i. e., noisy.—<sup>c</sup> That is, "Thy loss by the death of thy mother, is more than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counter-balance."—<sup>d</sup> "The flaw," i. e., the storm; the blast.—<sup>e</sup> "Thither," i. e., towards Tharsus.—<sup>f</sup> "For Tyre," i. e., instead of Tyre.

<sup>a</sup> The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building.—<sup>b</sup> "To topple," i. e., to tumble.—<sup>c</sup> "Our husbandry," i. e., our economical prudence.—<sup>d</sup> "Cunning," i. e., knowledge.—<sup>e</sup> "Vegetives," i. e., vegetables.

*Cer.* What is that?  
*Serv.* Sir, even now  
 Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:  
 'Tis of some wreck.

*Cer.* Set it down; let's look upon't.  
*2 Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

*Cer.* Whate'er it be,  
 'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:  
 If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,  
 'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

*2 Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.  
*Cer.* How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd.  
 Did the sea cast it up?

*Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,  
 As toss'd it upon shore.

*Cer.* Come, wrench it open.  
 Soft, soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

*2 Gent.* A delicate odor.  
*Cer.* As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.  
 O, you most potent gods! what's here? a corse?

*1 Gent.* Most strange! [treasured  
*Cer.* Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and en-  
 With full bags of spices! A passport too:  
 Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!

[Unfolds a Scroll.

"Here I give to understand,  
 (If e'er this coffin drive a-land)  
 I, king Pericles, have lost  
 This queen, worth all our <sup>a</sup>mundane cost.  
 Who finds her, give her burying;  
 She was the daughter of a king:  
 Besides this treasure for a fee,  
 The gods requite his charity!"

[Reads.

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart  
 That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.

*2 Gent.* Most likely, sir.  
*Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night;  
 For look, how fresh she looks.—They were too rough,  
 That threw her in the sea. Make fire within:  
 Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.  
 Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
 And yet the fire of life kindle again  
 The overpressed spirits. I heard  
 Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours lien dead,  
 Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—  
 The rough and woful music that we have,  
 Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.  
 The vial once more;—how thou stirr'st, thou block!—  
 The music there!—I pray you, give her air.  
 Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes a warm  
 Breath out of her: she hath not been entranc'd  
 Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow  
 Into life's flower again!

*1 Gent.* The heavens  
 Through you increase our wonder, and set up  
 Your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive! behold,  
 Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
 Which Pericles hath lost,  
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold:  
 The diamonds of a most praised water  
 Do appear to make the world twice rich. Live,  
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
 Rare as you seem to be! [She moves.

*Thai.* O dear Diana! [this?  
 Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is

*2 Gent.* Is not this strange?

<sup>a</sup> "Mundane," i. e., worldly.

*1 Gent.* Most rare.  
*Cer.* Hush, gentle neighbors  
 Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her  
 Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,  
 For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;  
 And Æsculapius guide us!

[Exeunt, carrying THAISA out.

SCENE III.—Tharsus. A Room in CLEON'S  
 House.

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,  
 and MARINA.

*Per.* Most honor'd Cleon, I must needs be gone:  
 My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyros stands  
 In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,  
 Take from my heart all thankfulness; the gods  
 Make up the rest upon you! [mortally,

*Cle.* Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you  
 Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

*Dion.* O, your sweet queen!  
 That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her  
 To have bless'd mine eyes! [hither,

*Per.* We cannot but obey

The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
 As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
 Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina (whom,  
 For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here  
 I charge your charity withal, and leave her  
 The infant of your care; beseeching you  
 To give her princely training, that she may  
 Be manner'd as she is born.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lord, but think  
 Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,  
 (For which the people's prayers still fall upon you)  
 Must in your child be thought on. If <sup>b</sup>neglect  
 Should therein make me vile, the common <sup>c</sup>body,  
 By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty;  
 But if to that my nature need a spur,  
 The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
 To the end of generation.

*Per.* I believe you;  
 Your honor and your goodness teach me to't,  
 Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,  
 By bright Diana, whom we honor all,  
 Unscissor'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
 Though I show will <sup>d</sup>in't. So I take my leave.  
 Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
 In bringing up my child.

*Dion.* I have one myself,  
 Who shall not be more dear to my respect,  
 Than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.  
*Cle.* We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'  
 the shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd <sup>e</sup>Neptune, and  
 The gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace  
 Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O! no tears,  
 Lychorida, no tears:  
 Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
 You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S  
 House.

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,  
 Lay with you in your coffer, which are

<sup>b</sup> "Neglect," i. e., neglect.—<sup>c</sup> "The common body," i. e., the common people.—<sup>d</sup> "Show will in't," i. e., appear wilful by such conduct.—<sup>e</sup> "The mask'd Neptune" i. e., the insidious waves, that wear a treacherous smile



At your command. Know you the character ?

*Thai.* It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,  
Even on my yearning time ; but whether there  
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,  
I cannot rightly say. But since king Pericles,  
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to,  
And never more have joy.

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,  
Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may abide till your date \* expire.  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that's all ;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,  
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire :  
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing scene must find  
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In music, letters ; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder. But alack !  
That monster envy, oft the <sup>b</sup> wrack  
Of earned praise, Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife  
And in this kind hath our Cleon  
One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
Even ripe for marriage rite : this maid  
\* Hight Philoten ; and it is said  
For certain in our story, she  
Would ever with Marina be :  
Be't when she weav'd the <sup>d</sup> sleided silk  
With fingers, long, small, white as milk ;  
Or when she would with sharp needle wound  
The cambric, which she made more sound  
By hurting it ; or when to the lute  
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
That still <sup>e</sup> records with moan ; or when  
She would with rich and constant pen  
Vail to her mistress Dian ; still  
This Philoten contends in skill  
With <sup>f</sup> absolute Marina : so  
With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
All praises, which are paid as debts,  
And not as given. This so darks  
In Philoten all graceful marks,  
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
A present murderer does prepare  
For good Marina, that her daughter  
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.  
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead :  
And cursed Dionyza hath  
The <sup>g</sup> pregnant instrument of wrath  
<sup>h</sup> Prest for this blow. The unborn event

I do commend to your content :  
Only I carried winged time  
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;  
Which never could I so convey,  
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—  
Dionyza doth appear,  
With Leonine, a murderer.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—Tharsus. An open Place near the  
Sea-shore.

*Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do't :  
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.  
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,  
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,  
Inflame too <sup>i</sup> nicely ; nor let pity, which  
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
A soldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I'll do't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion.* The fitter then the gods should have her.  
Here  
She comes weeping for her old nurse's death.  
Thou art resolv'd ?

*Leon.* I am resolv'd.

*Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.*

*Mar.* No, I will rob <sup>k</sup> Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy grave with flowers : the yellows, blues,  
The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,  
While summer days do last. Ah me, poor maid !  
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm,  
Whirling me from my friends.

*Dion.* How now, Marina ! why do you weep alone ?  
How chance my daughter is not with you ? Do not  
Consume your blood with sorrowing : you have  
A nurse of me. Lord ! how your <sup>l</sup> favor's chang'd  
With this unprofitable woe. Come, come ;  
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.  
Walk with Leonine ; the air is quick there,  
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,  
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

*Mar.* No, I pray you ;  
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

*Dion.* Come, come ;  
I love the king your father, and yourself,  
With more than foreign <sup>m</sup> heart. We every day  
Expect him here : when he shall come, and find  
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,  
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage ;  
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken  
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you ;  
Walk, and be cheerful once again : <sup>n</sup> reserve  
That excellent complexion, which did steal  
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;  
I can go home alone.

*Mar.* Well, I will go ;  
But yet I have no desire to it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.—  
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at least.  
Remember what I have said.

*Leon.* I warrant you, madam.

*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.  
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood :

\* "Till your date \* expire," i. e., till you die.—<sup>b</sup> "Wrack,"  
d. e., ruin.—"Hight," i. e., called.—<sup>d</sup> "Sleided silk," is  
unwrought silk.—<sup>e</sup> "Records," i. e., sings.—<sup>f</sup> "Absolute,"  
z. e., accomplished ; perfect.—<sup>g</sup> "Pregnant," i. e., apt ;  
quick.—<sup>h</sup> "Prest," i. e., ready.

<sup>i</sup> "Nicely," i. e., tenderly ; fondly.—<sup>k</sup> "Tellus," i. e., the  
earth.—<sup>l</sup> "Your favor," i. e., your countenance.—<sup>m</sup> "With  
more than foreign heart," i. e., with the same warmth of  
affection as if he were my countryman.—<sup>n</sup> *Reserve* is used  
for *preserve*.

What! I must have care of you.

*Mar.* Thanks, sweet madam.—  
[*Exit DIONYZA.*]

Is the wind westerly that blows?

*Leon.* South-west.

*Mar.* When I was born, the wind was north.

*Leon.* Was't so?

*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
But cry'd "good seamen!" to the sailors, galling  
His kingly hands hauling ropes;  
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea  
That almost burst the deck.

*Leon.* When was this?

*Mar.* When I was born:

Never were waves nor wind more violent;  
And from the ladder-tackle washes off  
A "canvass-climber." "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"  
And with a dropping industry they skip  
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and  
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* Come; say your prayers.

*Mar.* What mean you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
To do my work with haste.

*Mar.* Why will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd?

Now as I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life.  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
To any living creature: believe me, la,  
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly;  
I trod upon a worm against my will,  
But I wept for it. How have I offended,  
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or  
My life imply her any danger?

*Leon.* \* My commission  
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope.  
You are well favor'd, and your looks foreshow  
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:  
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:  
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn,  
And will despatch.

*Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [*LEONINE runs away.*]

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's  
have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.*]

## SCENE II.—Near the Same.

*Enter LEONINE.*

*Leon.* These roguing thieves serve the great pirate  
Valdes;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:  
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,  
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see farther;  
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.—Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

*Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Boul't.

*Boul't.* Sir.

*Pand.* Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is  
full of gallants: we lost too much money this mart  
by being too wenchless.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of creatures.  
We have but poor three, and they can do no more  
than they can do; and they with continual action  
are even as good as rotten.

*Pand.* Therefore, let's have fresh ones, whate'er  
we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be  
used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up  
of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some  
eleven—

*Boul't.* Ay, to eleven; and brought them down  
again. But shall I search the market?

*Bawd.* What else, man? The stuff we have, a  
strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

*Pand.* Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome  
o' conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that  
lay with the little baggage.

*Boul't.* Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him  
roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the mar-  
ket. [*Exit BOUL'T.*]

*Pand.* Three or four thousand chequins were as  
pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

*Bawd.* Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame  
to get when we are old?

*Pand.* O! our credit comes not in like the com-  
modity; nor the commodity wages not with the  
danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick  
up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our  
door "hatched." Besides, the sore terms we stand  
upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving  
over.

*Bawd.* Come; other sorts offend as well as we.

*Pand.* As well as we? ay, and better too; we  
offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade;  
it's no calling. But here comes Boul't.

*Enter BOULT, and the Pirates with MARINA.*

*Boul't.* Come your ways. My masters, you say  
she's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O, sir! we doubt it not.

*Boul't.* Master, I have gone thorough for this  
piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have  
lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* Boul't, has she any qualities?

*Boul't.* She has a good face, speaks well, and has  
excellent good clothes: there's no farther necessity  
of qualities can make her be refused.

*Bawd.* What's her price, Boul't?

*Boul't.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand  
pieces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me, my masters, you shall  
have your money presently. Wife, take her in: in-  
struct her what she has to do, that she may not be  
"raw in her entertainment."

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

*Bawd.* Boul't, take you the marks of her; the col-  
or of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with  
warrant of her virginity, and cry, "He that will  
give most, shall have her first." Such a maiden-  
head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have  
been. Get this done as I command you.

\* "A canvass-climber," i. e., a sailor.—<sup>b</sup> Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in the Spanish armada. The making his ancestor a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in those days.

• "Wages not with the danger," i. e., is not equal to the danger.—<sup>d</sup> "Hatched," i. e., half open.—<sup>e</sup> "Gone thorough for this piece," i. e., bid a high price for her.—<sup>f</sup> "Raw," i. e., unskilful.

*Boult.* Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT.*]

*Mar.* Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,  
(Not enough barbarous) had not o'erboard thrown me For to seek my mother!

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

*Mar.* The more my fault,

To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

*Mar.* The gods defend me!

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you up.—*Boult's* returned.

*Re-enter BOULT.*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

*Boult.* I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs: I have drawn her picture with my voice.

*Bawd.* And I pr'ythee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

*Boult.* Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

*Bawd.* We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

*Boult.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that 'cowers i' the hams?

*Bawd.* Who? monsieur Veroles?

*Boult.* Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

*Bawd.* Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but <sup>b</sup>repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the <sup>c</sup>sun.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

*Bawd.* Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a <sup>d</sup>mere profit.

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boult.* O! take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must; for

your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

*Boult.* Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

*Bawd.* Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so?

*Bawd.* Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boult.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

*Bawd.* Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore, say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

*Boult.* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of 'eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

*Bawd.* Come your ways; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. Diana, aid my purpose!

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. A Room in CLEON's House.

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.*

*Dion.* Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

*Cle.* O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon.

*Dion.* I think,

You'll turn a child again.

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all this spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady! Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown o' the earth, I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine! Whom thou hast poison'd too.

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness Becoming well thy face: what canst thou say, When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates, To foster it, nor ever to preserve. She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it, Unless you play the pious f'innocent, And for an honest attribute, cry out, "She died by foul play?"

*Cle.* O! go to. Well, well; Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods Do like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those, that think The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence, And open this to Pericles. I do shame To think of what a noble strain you are, And of how coward a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding Who ever but his approbation added, Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow From honorable courses.

*Dion.* Be it so, then; Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead, Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. She did disdain my child, and stood between Her and her fortunes: none would look on her, But cast their gazes on Marina's face; Whilst ours was blurred at, and held a <sup>b</sup>malkin, Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough And though you call my course unnatural,

<sup>a</sup> "That cowers," i. e., that bends.—<sup>b</sup> "Repair," i. e., renovate.—<sup>c</sup> That is, "He will seek the shadow of our house, to scatter his money there."—<sup>d</sup> "A mere profit," i. e., a certain, an absolute profit.

<sup>e</sup> Thunder is supposed to rouse eels from the mud.—<sup>f</sup> Innocent was used formerly for idiot.—<sup>g</sup> "Strain," i. e., race; family.—<sup>h</sup> "A malkin," i. e., a coarse wench.



You not your child well loving, yet I find,  
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness,  
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heavens forgive it!

*Dion.* And as for Pericles,  
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,  
And even yet we mourn: her monument  
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs  
In glittering golden characters express  
A general praise to her, and care in us  
At whose expense 'tis done.

*Cle.* Thou art like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, doth with thine angel's face,  
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

*Dion.* You are like one, that superstitiously  
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies:  
But yet, I know, you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.*

*Gow.* Thus time we waste, and longest leagues  
make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;  
\* Making (to take your imagination)

From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime

To use one language, in each several clime,

Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech  
you, [you,

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach  
The stages of our story. Pericles

Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,

Attended on by many a lord and knight,

To see his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late

Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,

Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,

Old Helicanus goes along behind. [brought

Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have

This king to Tharsus, (think this pilot thought,

So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on)

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.

Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;

Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter PERICLES with his Train, at one door; CLEON  
and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERI-  
CLES the Tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES  
makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a  
mighty passion departs.*

*Gow.* See, how belief may suffer by foul show.

The borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;

And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,

With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-  
show'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears

Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;

He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears

A tempest, which his mortal <sup>b</sup> vessel tears,

And yet he rides it out. Now, please you, <sup>c</sup> wit

The epitaph is for Marina writ

By wicked Dionysa.

<sup>a</sup> The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,

Who wither'd in her spring of year:

She was of Tyrrus, the king's daughter,

On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.

Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,

<sup>d</sup> Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the  
earth.

\* "Making," i. e., travelling.—<sup>b</sup> "His mortal vessel," i. e.,  
his body.—<sup>c</sup> "Now, please you, wit," i. e., now be pleased to  
know.—<sup>d</sup> "Thetis," i. e., the sea.

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,  
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:  
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never<sup>e</sup> stint)  
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor does become black villainy,

So well as soft and tender flattery.

Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,

And bear his courses to be ordered

By lady fortune; while our scene must play

His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,

In her unholy service. Patience then,

And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

*Enter from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No; nor never shall do in such a place as  
this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there, did  
you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-  
houses. Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous;  
but I am out of the road of rutting for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Room in the Brothel.

*Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Well, I had rather than twice the worth  
of her, she had ne'er come here.

*Bawd.* Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze  
the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation: we  
must either get her ravished, or be rid of her.  
When she should do for clients her fitment, and do  
me the kindness of our profession, she has me her  
quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers,  
her knees, that she would make a puritan of the  
devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

*Boult.* Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfur-  
nish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swear-  
ers priests.

*Pand.* Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for  
me!

*Bawd.* 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but  
by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysi-  
machus, disguised.

*Boult.* We should have both lord and frown, if the  
peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

*Enter LYSIMACHUS.*

*Lys.* How now! \* How a dozen of virginities?

*Bawd.* Now, the gods to-bless your honor!

*Boult.* I am glad to see your honor in good health.

*Lys.* You may so; 'tis the better for you that your  
resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, whole-  
some iniquity! have you that a man may deal withal,  
and defy the surgeon?

*Bawd.* We have here one, sir, if she would—but  
there never came her like in Mitylene.

*Lys.* If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou  
would'st say.

*Bawd.* Your honor knows what 'tis to say, well  
enough.

*Lys.* Well; call forth, call forth.

*Boult.* For flesh and blood, sir, white and red,  
you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed,  
if she had but—

*Lys.* What, pr'ythee?

*Boult.* O, sir! I can be modest.

\* "Stint," i. e., cease.—<sup>f</sup> "Lown," i. e., low fellow; scoun-  
drel.—<sup>g</sup> "How," i. e., how much?

*Lys.* That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

*Enter MARINA.*

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk; —never pluck'd yet, I can assure you.—Is she not a fair creature?

*Lys.* Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

*Bawd.* I beseech your honor, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

*Lys.* I beseech you, do.

*Bawd.* First, I would have you note, this is an honorable man. [To MARINA.]

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

*Bawd.* Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honorable he is in that, I know not.

*Bawd.* 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

*Lys.* Have you done?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage.—Come, we will leave his honor and her together.—Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and BOULT.*]

*Lys.* Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

*Mar.* What trade, sir?

*Lys.* Why, I cannot name but I shall offend.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

*Lys.* How long have you been of this profession?

*Mar.* Ever since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

*Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honorable parts, and are the governor of this place.

*Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

*Mar.* Who is my principal?

*Lys.* Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O! you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

*Mar.* If you were born to honor, show it now; if put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it. [sage.]

*Lys.* How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be *Mar.* For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune.  
Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,  
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—  
That the gods

Would set me free from this unallow'd place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies; i' the purer air!

*Lys.*

I did not think

Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd  
thou could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, [thee:  
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for  
Persevere in that clear way thou goest,  
And the gods strengthen thee.

*Mar.* The gods preserve you!

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten  
That I came with no ill intent; for to me  
The very doors and windows savor vilely.  
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and  
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.  
Hold, here's more gold for thee.  
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,  
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost hear  
From me, it shall be for thy good.

*Enter BOULT.*

*Boult.* I beseech your honor, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your  
But for this virgin that doth prop it, would [house,  
Sink, and overwhelm you. Away!

[*Exit LYSIMACHUS.*]

*Boult.* How's this? We must take another course  
with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not  
worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the  
cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded  
like a spaniel. Come your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boult.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or  
the common hangman shall execute it. Come your  
way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away.  
Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter Bawd.*

*Bawd.* How now! what's the matter?

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress: she has here  
spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O, abominable!

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to  
stink afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marry, hang her up for ever!

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her  
like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as  
a snow-ball; saying his prayers, too.

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away; use her at thy  
pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make  
the rest malleable.

*Boult.* An if she were a thornier piece of ground  
than she is, she shall be ploughed.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods!

*Bawd.* She conjures: away with her. Would  
she had never come within my doors.—Marry, hang  
you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the  
way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of  
chastity with rosemary and bays! [Exit Bawd.]

*Boult.* Come, mistress; come your way with me.

*Mar.* Whither wilt thou have me?

*Boult.* To take from you the jewel you hold so dear

*Mar.* Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing.

*Mar.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master  
or rather, my mistress.

*Mar.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art,  
Since they do better thee in their command.  
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend  
Of hell would not in reputation change:  
Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel  
That hither comes inquiring for his Tib;

<sup>a</sup> "A gamester," i. e., a wanton.

<sup>b</sup> "Clear," i. e., pure; innocent.—<sup>c</sup> "Under the cope," i. e., under the cope or canopy of heaven.—<sup>d</sup> A coystrel is a low, mean fellow.—<sup>e</sup> Tib was a common name for a strumpet

To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear  
Is liable; thy food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

*Boult.* What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman: Any of these ways are yet better than this; For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, Would own a name too <sup>a</sup> dear. That the gods Would safely deliver me from this place! Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,  
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,  
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;  
And I will undertake all these to teach.  
I doubt not but this populous city will  
Yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again,  
And prostitute me to the basest groom  
That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But, amongst honest women?

*Boult.* Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore, I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come; I'll do for thee what I can: come your ways. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT V.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances  
Into an honest house, our story says.  
She sings like one immortal, and she dances,  
As goddess-like, to her admired lays. *[poses]*  
Deep <sup>b</sup> clerks she <sup>c</sup> dumbs, and with her needle com-  
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,  
That even her art sisters the natural roses;  
Her <sup>d</sup> inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:  
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain  
She gives the curs'd bawd. Here we her place,  
And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
Where we left him on the sea, tumbled and tost;  
And, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd  
Here where his daughter dwells: and on this coast  
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd  
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence  
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;  
And to him in his barge with fervor hies.  
In your supposing once more put your <sup>e</sup> sight;  
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:  
Where, what is done in action, more, if <sup>f</sup> might,  
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.

*[Exit.]*

<sup>a</sup> "Would own a name too dear," i. e., would think his tribe dishonored by such a profession.—<sup>b</sup> "Deep clerks," i. e., learned men.—<sup>c</sup> "Dumbs," i. e., silences.—<sup>d</sup> *Inkle* is a kind of linen tape.—<sup>e</sup> That is, "Once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination."—<sup>f</sup> "If might," i. e., if our stage would permit.

SCENE I.—On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene,  
A Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it;  
PERICLES within it, reclining on a Couch. A  
Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.

*Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge; to them HELICANUS.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. *[To the Sailor of Mitylene]*

O here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,  
And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,  
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

*Hel.* That he have his. Call up some gentlemen

*Tyr. Sail.* Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter Two or Three Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

*Hel.* Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard: I pray  
Greet him fairly.

*[Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.]*

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS, and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir,

This is the man that can in aught you would  
Resolve you.

*Lys.* Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

*Hel.* And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,  
And die as I would do.

*Lys.* You wish me well.

Being on shore, honoring of Neptune's triumphs,  
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
I made to it to know of whence you are.

*Hel.* First, what is your place?

*Lys.* I am the governor of this place you lie before.

*Hel.* Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

A man, who for this three months hath not spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance,

But to <sup>a</sup> prorogue his grief.

*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperature?

*Hel.* It would be too tedious to repeat;  
But the main grief of all springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

*Lys.* May we not see him, then?

*Hel.* You may,  
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak  
To any.

*Lys.* Yet, let me obtain my wish.

*Hel.* Behold him. *[PERICLES discovered.]* This  
was a goodly person,

Till the disaster that one <sup>b</sup> mortal night  
Drove him to this.

*Lys.* Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!  
Hail, royal sir!

*Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

*1 Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst  
Would win some words of him. *[wager.]*

*Lys.* 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,  
And other choice attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd <sup>c</sup> parts,  
Which now are midway stopp'd:

She is all happy as the fair'st of all,  
And with her fellow maids is now upon  
The leafy shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.

*[He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit Lord.]*

<sup>a</sup> "To prorogue," i. e., to prolong, lengthen.—<sup>b</sup> "Mortal," i. e., fatal; deadly.—<sup>c</sup> "His deafen'd parts," i. e., his ears.



*Hel.* Sure, all effectless; yet nothing we'll omit,  
That bears recovery's name.  
But, since your kindness we have stretch'd thus far,  
Let us beseech you,  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir! a courtesy,  
Which, if we should deny, the most just God  
For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
And so \*inflict our province.—Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel.* Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.—  
But see, I am prevented.

*Enter Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.*

*Lys.* O! here is  
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!  
Is't not a goodly presence?

*Hel.* She's a gallant lady.  
*Lys.* She's such a one, that were I well assur'd she  
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish [came]  
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.—  
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided none but I and my companion  
Be suffer'd to come near him.  
*Lys.* Come, let us leave her;  
And the gods make her prosperous!

[*MARINA sings.*

*Lys.* Mark'd he your music?  
*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.  
*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.  
*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.—  
*Per.* Hum! ha!  
*Mar.* I am a maid,  
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,  
My lord, that may be, hath endur'd a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and 'awkward casualties  
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."

*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—  
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my parent-  
You would not do me violence. [age,

*Per.* I do think so.  
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—  
You are like something that—What countrywoman?  
Here of these shores?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shores;  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear. [ing.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver weep-  
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been: my queen's square  
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;  
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,

And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;  
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them  
hungry, [live!

The more she gives them speech.—Where do you  
*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger: from the deck  
You may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred?  
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which  
You make more rich to 'owe.

*Mar.* Should I tell my history,  
'Twould seem like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* Pr'ythee, speak:  
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st  
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I'll believe thee,  
And make my senses credit thy relation  
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st  
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?  
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,  
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee) that thou cam'st  
From good descending?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.  
*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst  
Thou had'st been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,  
If both were open'd.

*Mar.* Some such thing  
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
Did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story;  
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look  
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling  
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?  
How lovest thou them? Thy name, my most kind  
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

*Mar.* My name is Marina.

*Per.* O! I am mock'd,  
And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
To make the world to laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good sir,  
Or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient.  
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,  
To call thyself Marina.

*Mar.* The name  
Was given me by one that had some power;  
My father, and a king.

*Per.* How! a king's daughter?  
And call'd Marina?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me;  
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood?  
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy  
Motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born,  
And wherefore call'd Marina?

*Mar.* Call'd Marina,  
For I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea! what mother?  
*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the minute I was born,  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.

*Per.* O stop there a little.  
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull'd sleep  
Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be. [bred?  
My daughter's buried.—Well:—where were you  
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,

\* "To owe," i. e., to possess.—d "No fairy motion," i. e.  
no puppet dressed up to deceive me.

And never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did [give o'er.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:

How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

*Mar.* The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me,  
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
Did seek to murder me; and having woo'd  
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,  
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,  
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be,  
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;  
I am the daughter to king Pericles,  
If good king Pericles be.

*Per.* Ho, Helicanus!

*Hel.* Calls my gracious lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

*Hel.* I know not; but  
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,  
Speaks nobly of her.

*Lys.* She would never tell  
Her parentage; being demanded that,  
She would sit still and weep.

*Per.* O Helicanus! strike me, honor'd sir;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain,  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness. O! come hither,  
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget:  
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,  
And found at sea again.—O Helicanus!  
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud  
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina!—  
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

*Mar.* First, sir, I pray,  
What is your title?

*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me, now,  
My drown'd queen's name, (as in the rest you said  
Thou hast been godlike perfect) the heir of kingdoms,  
And another like to Pericles thy father.

*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter, than  
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began.

*Per.* Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my  
child.

Give me fresh garments! Mine own, Helicanus,  
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,  
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;  
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,  
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

*Hel.* Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you,  
Give me my robes! I am wild in my beholding.  
O heavens, bless my girl! But hark! what music?—  
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None?

The music of the spheres! list, my Marina.

*Lys.* It is not good to cross him: give him way.

*Per.* Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

*Lys.* Music? My lord, I hear—

*Per.* Most heavenly music  
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber  
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [He sleeps  
*Lys.* A pillow for his head.

[The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES  
is closed.

So, leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I'll well remember you.

[Exit LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,  
and Lady.

#### SCENE II.—The Same.

PERICLES on the Deck asleep; DIANA appearing to  
him in a vision.

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee  
And do upon mine altar sacrifice. [thither,  
There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
Before the people all,  
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:  
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,  
And give them repetition to the "life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:  
Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA disappears

*Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess <sup>b</sup>argentine,  
I will obey thee.—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

*Hel.* Sir.

*Per.* My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike  
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
For other service first: toward Ephesus  
Turn our <sup>c</sup>blown sail; <sup>d</sup>eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—  
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,  
And give you gold for such provision  
As our intents will need? [ashore,

*Lys.* Sir, with all my heart, and when you come  
I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail,  
Were it to woo my daughter; for, it seems,  
You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina. [Exit.

Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at  
Ephesus.

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then dumb.

This, as my last boon, give me,  
For such kindness must relieve me,

That you aptly will suppose

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy, and pretty din,

The regent made in Mitylen,

To greet the king. So he thriv'd,

That he is promis'd to be wiv'd

To fair Marina; but in no wise

Till <sup>e</sup>he had done his sacrifice,

As Dian bade: whereto being bound,

The interim, pray you, all <sup>f</sup>confound.

In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,

And wishes fall out as they're will'd.

At Ephesus, the temple see,

Our king, and all his company.

That he can hither come so soon,

Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [Exit

<sup>a</sup> "And give them repetition to the life," i. e., give a life-like narrative of thy adventures.—<sup>b</sup> "Goddess argentine," i. e., regent of the silver moon.—<sup>c</sup> "Blown," i. e., swollen.—<sup>d</sup> "Eftsoons," i. e., soon.—<sup>e</sup> "He," i. e., Pericles.—<sup>f</sup> "Confound," i. e., consume

SCENE III.—The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus;  
THAISA standing near the Altar, as high Priest-  
ess; a number of Virgins on each side: CERIMON  
and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS,  
HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

*Per.* Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,  
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess!  
Wears yet thy silver <sup>a</sup>livery. She at Tharsus  
Was nurs'd with Cleon, whom at fourteen years  
He sought to murder, but her better stars  
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore  
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

*Thai.* Voice and favor!—  
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*She faints.*]

*Per.* What means the woman? she dies: help,  
*Cer.* Noble sir, [gentlemen!]

If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

*Per.* Reverend appearer, no:  
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* 'Tis most certain.  
*Cer.* Look to the lady.—O! she's but o'erjoy'd.  
Early in blust'ring morn this lady was  
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin,  
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her here,  
In Diana's temple.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to my  
house,

Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is recover'd.

*Thai.* O! let me look.

If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my <sup>b</sup>sense bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord!  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,  
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death?

*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa!

*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposed dead, and  
*Per.* Immortal Dian! [drown'd.]

*Thai.* Now I know you better.—  
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a Ring.*]  
*Per.* This, this: no more, you gods! your present  
kindness

Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt, and no more be seen. O! come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.

*Mar.* My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to THAISA.*]  
*Per.* Look, who kneels here. Flesh of thy flesh,  
Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,

For she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Bless'd, and mine own!

*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen!

*Thai.* I know you not.

*Per.* You have heard me say, when I did fly from  
I left behind an ancient substitute: [Tyre,

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

*Thai.* 'Twas Helicanus, then.

*Per.* Still confirmation!

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found,

How possibly preserv'd, and whom to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man

Through whom the gods have shown their power,  
From first to last resolve you. [that can

*Per.* Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver

How this dead queen relives?

*Cer.* I will, my lord:

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,

Where shall be shown you all was found with her;

How she came placed here in the temple,

No needful thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision,

I will offer night oblations to thee. Thaisa,

This prince, the <sup>c</sup> fair-betrothed of your daughter,

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,

This <sup>d</sup>ornament,

<sup>e</sup>Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form;

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit:

Sir, my father's dead.

*Per.* Heavens, make a star of him! Yet there,  
my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves

Will in that kingdom spend our following days:

Our son and daughter shall in Tyros reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,

To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead's the way.

[*Exeunt*]

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* In <sup>f</sup>Antiochus, and his daughter, you  
have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:

In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,

Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,

Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last

In Helicanus may you well descry

A figure of truth, of faith, and loyalty:

In reverend Cerimon there well appears,

The worth that learned charity aye wears.

For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame

Had spread their cursed deed, the honor'd name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;

That him and his they in his palace burn.

The gods for murder seemed so content

To punish them, although not done, but meant.

So on your patience evermore attending,

New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

<sup>a</sup> "Thy silver livery," i. e., her white robe of innocence.  
<sup>b</sup> Sense is here used for *sensual passion*.

<sup>c</sup> "Fair-betrothed," i. e., honorably affianced.—<sup>d</sup> "This  
ornament," i. e., his beard.—<sup>e</sup> "Makes," i. e., which makes.  
—<sup>f</sup> "Antiochus," i. e., the king of Antioch.





# VENUS AND ADONIS.



STANZA I.

## INTRODUCTION.

WE are told by Shakespeare, in his dedication of this poem to the Earl of Southampton, in 1593, that it was "the first heir of his invention;" and as it was the earliest printed, so probably, it was the earliest written of his known productions.

The popularity of it is indisputable: having been originally printed by Richard Field, in 1593, 4to. that edition seems to have been soon exhausted, and it was republished by the same printer in 1594. 4to, before 25th June, because on that day, according to the Stationers' Registers, he assigned over his interest in it to John Harrison, for whom Field printed an octavo impression in 1596. Harrison published his second edition in 1600, which was the fourth time "Venus and Adonis" had been printed in seven years. It had been entered at Stationers' Hall by W. Leake, in 1596. After this date it went through the press many times, and copies in 1602, 1616, 1620, &c. are known: in 1627 it was printed by John Wreittoun, at Edinburgh.

Our text of "Venus and Adonis," is that of the earliest quarto, 1593, which, for the time, is very correctly printed.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,  
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONORABLE,  
I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honor seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honored you with some graver labor. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honorable survey, and your honor to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honor's in all duty,  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-color'd face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;  
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:  
Sick-thoughted Venus makes<sup>b</sup> amain unto him,  
And like a bold-fac'd suitor<sup>b</sup> gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself, (thus she began)  
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,  
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,  
More white and red than doves or roses are;  
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,  
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,  
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;  
If thou wilt deign this favor, for thy meed  
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:

\* "Ear," i. e., till; plough.—<sup>b</sup> "Amain," i. e., furiously; violently.

Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,  
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses:

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,  
But rather famish them amid their plenty,  
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;  
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:

A summer's day will seem an hour but short,  
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
The precedent of pith and livelihood,  
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,  
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:

Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force  
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,  
Under her other was the tender boy,  
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,  
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;

She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,  
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
Nimble she fastens; (O, how quick is love!)  
The steed is stalled up, and even now  
To tie the rider she begins to prove:  
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,  
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,  
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:  
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;  
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,  
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful shame, she with her tears  
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;  
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,  
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:  
He saith she is immodest, blames her <sup>a</sup> miss;  
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
<sup>b</sup> Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,  
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;  
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,  
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to <sup>c</sup> content, but never to obey,  
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;  
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,  
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,  
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,  
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;  
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,  
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:  
Rain added to a river that is <sup>d</sup> rank,  
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,  
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;  
Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,  
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale;  
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,  
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;  
And by her fair immortal hand she swears  
From his soft bosom never to remove,  
Till he take truce with her contending tears,  
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;  
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
Like a <sup>e</sup> dive-dapper peering through a wave,  
Who being look'd on ducks as quickly in;  
So offers he to give what she did crave,  
But when her lips were ready for his pay,  
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat,  
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.  
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;  
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.  
O, pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy!  
'T is but a kiss I beg: why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd as I entreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and direful god of war,  
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,

Who conquers where he comes, in every far;  
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,  
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,  
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;  
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,  
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-rul'd, I oversway'd,  
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain:  
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.  
O! be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,  
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.  
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head:  
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;  
Then, why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kiss? then, wink again,  
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;  
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;  
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:  
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,  
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
Shows thee unripe, yet may'st thou well be tasted.  
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;  
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:  
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,  
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favor'd, foul, or wrinkled old,  
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,  
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,  
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,  
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for  
thee;

But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;  
Mine eyes are <sup>f</sup> grey and bright, and quick in turning:  
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,  
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning:  
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,  
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
Or like a fairy trip upon the green,  
Or like a nymph with long dishevelled hair,  
Dance on the sands, and yet no <sup>h</sup> footing seen:  
Love is a spirit, all compact of fire,  
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;  
These <sup>i</sup> forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me  
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky  
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me  
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be  
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.

Narcissus so himself himself forsook,  
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use;

<sup>a</sup> "Her 'miss," i. e., her amiss; her fault. → <sup>b</sup> "Tires," i. e., preys. → <sup>c</sup> "To content," i. e., to be content. → <sup>d</sup> "Rank," i. e., full. → <sup>e</sup> "Dive-dapper," i. e., didapper; a bird that dives.

<sup>f</sup> "Every jar," i. e., every quarrel, contest. → <sup>g</sup> Blue eyes were, in Shakespeare's time, called grey. → <sup>h</sup> Footing for foot-print. → <sup>i</sup> "Forceless," i. e., feeble.



Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;  
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse;  
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth  
Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty. [beauty;

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,  
Unless the earth in thy increase be fed?  
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;  
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,  
In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,  
And "Titan," tired in the mid-day heat,  
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;  
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy <sup>b</sup>sprite,  
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
His lowering brows o'er-whelming his fair sight,  
Like misty vapors, when they blot the sky,  
Souring his cheeks, cries, Fie! no more of love:  
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.

Ah me! (quoth Venus,) young, and so unkind?  
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!  
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind  
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:  
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;  
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,  
And lo! I lie between that sun and thee:  
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,  
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;  
And were I not immortal, life were done,  
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?  
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth;  
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel,  
What 't is to love? how want of love tormenteth?  
O! had thy mother borne so hard a mind,  
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou shouldst condemn me this?  
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?  
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?  
Speak fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:  
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,  
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie! lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,  
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,  
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:  
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,  
For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;  
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong:  
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause;  
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,  
And now her sobs do her "intentments" break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,  
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;  
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:  
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;  
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I have hemm'd thee here,  
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,  
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;

Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:  
Grazed on my lips, and if those hills be dry,  
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,  
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,  
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,  
To shelter thee from tempest, and from rain:  
Then, be my deer, since I am such a park;  
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,  
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:  
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,  
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;  
Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,  
Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, the round enchanting pits,  
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.  
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?  
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?  
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?  
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;  
The time is spent, her object will away,  
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.  
Pity! she cries, some favor, some remorse!  
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse!

But lo! from forth a copse that neighbors by,  
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,  
Adonis' trampling courser doth epy,  
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:  
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,  
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;  
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,  
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder:  
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,  
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prick'd, his braided hanging mane  
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end;  
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,  
As from a furnace, vapors doth he send:  
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
Shows his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps  
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;  
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,  
As who should say, lo! thus my strength is tried  
And this I do, to captivate the eye  
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,  
His flattering holla, or his "Stand, I say?"  
What cares he now for curbs, or pricking spur,  
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?  
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,  
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,  
As if the dead the living should exceed;  
So did his horse excel a common one,  
In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, the fetlocks shag and long,  
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide  
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,  
Thin mane, thick tail, broak buttock, tender hide:

<sup>a</sup> "Titan," i. e., the sun.—<sup>b</sup> *Sprite* for *spirit*.—<sup>c</sup> "Intentments," i. e., intentions.

Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;  
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather:  
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,  
And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether;  
Fo. through his mane and tail the high wind sings,  
Fanning the hairs, <sup>b</sup> who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;  
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:  
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,  
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;  
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,  
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy discontent,  
He <sup>c</sup> vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,  
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:  
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.

His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,  
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him,  
When lo! the unback'd breeder, full of fear,  
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.  
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,  
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,  
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:  
And now the happy season once more fits,  
That love-sick love by pleading may be blest;  
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong.  
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,  
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:  
So of concealed sorrow may be said,  
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;  
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,  
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,  
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;  
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,  
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,  
For all <sup>e</sup> askaunce he holds her in his eye.

O! what a sight it was, <sup>f</sup> wistly to view  
How she came stealing to the wayward boy;  
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,  
How white and red each other did destroy:  
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by  
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;  
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:  
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,  
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!  
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;  
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;  
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:  
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain  
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
A lily prison'd in a jail of snow,  
Or ivory in an alabaster band;

So white a friend engirts so white a foe:  
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,  
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:  
O fairest mover on this mortal round,  
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;  
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee  
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it?  
Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it;  
O! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,  
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:  
Then, love's deep groans I never can regard,  
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame! he cries, let go, and let me go;  
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,  
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:  
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;  
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: thy palfrey, as he should,  
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:  
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;  
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.  
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none  
Therefore, no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,  
Servilely mastered with a leathern rein;  
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,  
He held such petty bondage in disdain;  
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,  
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,  
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,  
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
His other agents aim at like delight?

Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold  
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,  
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,  
To take advantage on presented joy;  
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:  
O! learn to love; the lesson is but plain,  
And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love, quoth he, nor will not know it:  
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;  
'T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it;  
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;  
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?  
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:  
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young,  
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,  
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:  
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart:  
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:  
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery,  
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What! canst thou talk? (quoth she,) hast thou a tongue?

O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!  
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong!  
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:

<sup>a</sup> "To bid the wind a base," i. e., to challenge the wind to a game of prison-base, or prison-bars.—<sup>b</sup> Who for which.—<sup>c</sup> "Vails," i. e., lowers; lets fall.—<sup>d</sup> "Banning," i. e., cursing.—<sup>e</sup> "Askaunce," i. e., obliquely; sideways.—<sup>f</sup> "Wistly," i. e., attentively.

Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,  
Ear's deep sweet music, and heart's deep sore  
wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love  
That inward beauty and invisible;  
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
Each part in me that were but sensible:

Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,  
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,  
And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;  
For from the <sup>a</sup>stillitory of thy face excelling  
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by  
smelling.

But O! what banquet wert thou to the taste,  
Being nurse and feeder of the other four:  
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,  
And bid suspicion double lock the door,  
Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,  
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?

Once more the ruby-color'd portal opened,  
Which to his speech did honey-passage yield;  
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,  
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:  
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth;  
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth;  
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,  
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,  
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:  
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;  
But blessed bankrupt that by love so thriveth!  
The silly boy, believing she is dead,  
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,  
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,  
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:  
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!  
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,  
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,  
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks  
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:  
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,  
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:  
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,  
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:  
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,  
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.  
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;  
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,  
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

O! where am I? quoth she, in earth or heaven,  
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?  
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?  
Do I delight to die, or life desire?

But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;  
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

O! thou didst kill me; kill me once again:  
Thy eye's shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain  
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this cure!  
O! never let their crimson liveries wear,  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive <sup>b</sup>infection from the dangerous year!  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;  
Which purchase if you make, for fear of slips  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?  
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?  
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble!

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,  
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:  
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;  
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,  
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light,  
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say good night; and so say you;  
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.  
Good night, quoth she; and, ere he says adieu,  
The honey-fee of parting tender'd is:  
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;  
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew  
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew  
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought:  
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,  
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey.  
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never fillet;  
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
Paying what ransom the insulter willet;  
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,  
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;  
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,  
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;  
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honor's <sup>c</sup>wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,  
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,  
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,  
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,

<sup>b</sup> Growing plants were formerly supposed to possess the power of purifying the atmosphere. — <sup>c</sup> "Wrack," i. e., ruin; wreck.

<sup>a</sup> "Stillitory," i. e., alembic; laboratory.



He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she <sup>a</sup>listeth.  
What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
And yields at last to every light impression?  
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,  
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:  
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,  
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.  
When he did frown, O! had she then gave over,  
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;  
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:  
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.  
For pity now she can no more detain him;  
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:  
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him,  
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,  
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
He carries thence incaged in his breast.  
Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,  
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?  
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?  
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends  
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.  
The boar! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,  
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
Usurps her cheek: she trembles at his tale,  
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws;  
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,  
He on her belly falls, she on her back.  
Now is she in the very lists of love,  
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:  
All is imaginary she doth prove,  
He will not manage her, although he mount her;  
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,  
To <sup>b</sup> clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.  
Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,  
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,  
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.  
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing:  
But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:  
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;  
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;  
She's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.  
Fie, fie! he says, you crush me; let me go:  
You have no reason to withhold me so.  
Thou hadst been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere this,  
But that thou told'st me, thou wouldst hunt the boar.  
O! be advis'd; thou know'st not what it is  
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
Whose tushes never-sheath'd he wheteth still,  
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.  
On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;  
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;  
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;  
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,  
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.  
His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,  
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;  
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;  
Being ireful on the lion he will venture:  
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

<sup>a</sup> "Listeth," i. e., desireth.—<sup>b</sup> "To clip," i. e., to embrace.

Alas! he nought esteems that face of thine,  
To which love's eyes pay tributary gazes;  
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal <sup>c</sup>eyne,  
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;  
But having thee at vantage, (wondrous dread!)  
Would root these beauties, as he roots the mead.  
O! let him keep his loathsome cabin still;  
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:  
Come not within his <sup>d</sup>danger by thy will;  
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.  
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,  
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.  
Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?  
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?  
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?  
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,  
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my breast.  
For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy  
Doth call himself affection's sentinel;  
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, "kill, kill!"  
Distempering gentle love in his desire,  
As air and water do abate the fire.  
This sour informer, this <sup>e</sup>bate-breeding spy,  
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,  
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,  
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,  
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,  
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:  
And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
The picture of an angry chafing boar,  
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore:  
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,  
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.  
What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
That tremble at th' imagination?  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination:  
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.  
But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;  
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,  
Or at the fox, which lives by subtlety,  
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:  
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,  
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.  
And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to <sup>f</sup>overshut his troubles,  
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care  
He <sup>g</sup>cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:  
The many <sup>h</sup>musets through the which he goes,  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.  
Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;  
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;  
And sometime <sup>i</sup>sorteth with a herd of deer.  
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:  
For there his smell, with others being mingled,  
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,

<sup>c</sup> "Eyne," i. e., eyes.—<sup>d</sup> "Within his danger," i. e., in his power.—<sup>e</sup> "Bate-breeding," i. e., contention-breeding.—<sup>f</sup> "To overshut," i. e., to end; to finish.—<sup>g</sup> "Cranks," i. e., winds; turns.—<sup>h</sup> A muset is a gap in a hedge.—<sup>i</sup> "Sorteth," i. e., consorteth.

Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled  
With much ado the cold <sup>a</sup>fault cleanly out;  
Then do they spend their mouths: echo replies,  
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:  
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;  
And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;  
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:  
For misery is trodden on by many,  
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more;  
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:  
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,  
Applying this to that, and so to so;  
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave?—No matter where, quoth he;  
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:  
The night is spent. Why, what of that? quoth she;  
I am, quoth he, expected of my friends;  
And now 't is dark, and going I shall fall.  
In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, O! then imagine this,  
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,  
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.  
Rich preys make true-men thieves; so do thy lips  
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:  
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,  
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,  
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,  
Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's despite,  
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,  
To cross the curious workmanship of nature;  
To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
And pure perfection with impure <sup>b</sup>defeature;  
Making it subject to the tyranny  
Of mad mischances, and much misery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies <sup>c</sup>wood:  
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attainit  
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:  
Surfeits, impostumes, grief, and damn'd despair,  
Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies  
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:  
Both favor, savor, hue, and qualities,  
Whereat th' impartial gazer late did wonder,  
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,  
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,  
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,  
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,  
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night,  
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,  
Seeming to bury that posterity

Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?  
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
<sup>d</sup>Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away,  
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,  
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,  
Or butcher sire that reaves his son of life.  
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,  
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again  
Into your idle over-handled theme:  
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,  
And all in vain you strive against the stream;  
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,  
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
And every tongue more moving than your own,  
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,  
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;  
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear.  
And will not let a false sound enter there;

Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
Into the quiet closure of my breast,  
And then my little heart were quite undone,  
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.  
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,  
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd that I cannot <sup>e</sup>reprove?  
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;  
I hate not love, but your device in love,  
That lends embraces unto every stranger.  
You do it for increase: O strange excuse!  
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,  
Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name;  
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;  
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,  
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,  
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;  
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done:  
Love surfeits not, lust like a glutton dies;  
Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;  
The text is old, the orator too green.  
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;  
My face is full of shame, my heart of <sup>f</sup>teen:  
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,  
Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,  
And homeward through the dark lawn runs apace;  
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.

Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:  
So did the merciless and pitchy night  
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware  
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,

<sup>a</sup> "The cold fault," i. e., the lost scent.—<sup>b</sup> "Defeature," i. e., change of feature.—<sup>c</sup> "Wood," i. e., mad; furious.

<sup>d</sup> Since.—<sup>e</sup> "Reprove," i. e., refute; disprove.—<sup>f</sup> "Teen," i. e., sorrow.

Or 'stonish'd as night wanderers often are,  
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;  
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way.  
 And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
 That all the neighbor-caves, as seeming troubled,  
 Make verbal repetition of her moans:  
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled.  
 Ah me! she cries, and twenty times, woe, woe!  
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.  
 She marking them, begins a wailing note,  
 And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;  
 How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;  
 How love is wise in folly, foolish witty:  
 Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
 And still the choir of echoes answer so.  
 Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,  
 For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:  
 If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight  
 In such like circumstance, with such like sport:  
 Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
 End without audience, and are never done.  
 For who hath she to spend the night withal,  
 But idle sounds resembling parasites;  
 Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,  
 Soothing the humor of fantastic wits?  
 She says, 't is so: they answer all, 't is so;  
 And would say after her, if she said no.  
 Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
 From his moist cabinets mounts up on high,  
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
 The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
 Who doth the world so graciously behold,  
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.  
 Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow.  
 O thou clear god, and patron of all light,  
 From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow  
 The beauteous influence that makes him bright,  
 There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,  
 May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.  
 This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
 Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn;  
 And yet she hears no tidings of her love:  
 She hearkens, for his hounds, and for his horn:  
 Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,  
 And all in haste she <sup>a</sup>coasteth to the cry.  
 And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
 Some twinn'd about her thigh to make her stay.  
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
 Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,  
 Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.  
 By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,  
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder  
 Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,  
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder:  
 Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
 Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.  
 For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,  
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud;  
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
 They all strain courtesy who shall <sup>b</sup>cope him first.  
 This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
 Through which it enters to surprise her heart;  
 Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
 With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:

Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield  
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.  
 Thus stands she in a trembling extasy,  
 Till cheering up her senses all dismay'd,  
 She tells them, 't is a causeless fantasy,  
 And childish error that they are afraid;  
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:  
 And with that word she spied the hunted boar;  
 Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,  
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
 Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:  
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
 But back retires to rate the boar for murder.  
 A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;  
 She treads the path that she untreads again:  
 Her more than haste is <sup>d</sup>mated with delays,  
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;  
 Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting,  
 In hand with all things, nought at all affecting.  
 Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master;  
 And there another licking of his wound,  
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;  
 And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
 To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.  
 When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,  
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,  
 Against the <sup>e</sup>welkin vollies out his voice;  
 Another and another answer him,  
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,  
 Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.  
 Look, how the world's poor people are amazed  
 At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,  
 Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,  
 Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;  
 So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,  
 And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.  
 Hard-favor'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
 hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death)  
 Grim grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou  
 To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath, [mean,  
 Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set  
 Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?  
 If he be dead, O no! it cannot be,  
 Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it.  
 O yes! it may; thou hast no eyes to see,  
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit.  
 Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart  
 Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.  
 Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
 And hearing him thy power had lost his power.  
 The destinies will curse thee for this stroke;  
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower.  
 Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,  
 And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.  
 Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weep-  
 What may a heavy groan advantage thee? [ing?  
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping  
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?  
 Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigor,  
 Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigor.  
 Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
 She <sup>f</sup>vail'd her eye-lids, <sup>g</sup>who, like sluices, stopped  
 The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair  
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropped;

<sup>a</sup> "Coasteth," i. e., follows.—<sup>b</sup> "Cope him," i. e., encounter him; engage with him.—<sup>c</sup> Who for which.

<sup>d</sup> "Mated," i. e., thwarted.—<sup>e</sup> "The welkin," i. e., the sky the vault of heaven.—<sup>f</sup> "Vail'd," i. e., closed; let fall.—<sup>g</sup> Who for which.



But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,  
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!  
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;  
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,  
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;  
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,  
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
As striving <sup>a</sup> who should best become her grief;  
All entertain'd, each passion labors so,  
That every present sorrow seemeth chief  
But none is best; then, join they all together,  
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this far off she hears some huntsman <sup>b</sup> hollow;  
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:  
The dire imagination she did follow  
This sound of hope doth labor to expel;  
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,  
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;  
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,  
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass  
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,  
Who is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems  
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!  
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;  
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:  
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;  
Adonis leaves, and Death is not to blame:  
It was not she that call'd him all to nought;  
Now she adds honors to his hateful name;  
She <sup>c</sup> clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,  
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

No, no, quoth she, sweet Death, I did but jest;  
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,  
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,  
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;  
Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess)  
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'T is not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;  
Be <sup>d</sup> wreak'd on him, invisible commander;  
'T is he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;  
I did but act, he's author of thy slander.  
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet  
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,  
Her rash <sup>e</sup> suspect she doth extenuate;  
And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
With death she humbly doth insinuate:  
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,  
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Jove! quoth she, how much a fool was I,  
To be of such a weak and silly mind,  
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,  
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind;  
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fie, fie, fond love! thou art so full of fear,  
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves:  
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,  
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.  
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies:  
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;  
And in her haste unfortunately spies  
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight:  
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view  
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,  
And there all smother'd up in shade doth sit,  
Long after fearing to creep forth again:  
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled  
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Whereat they resign their office and their light  
To the disposing of her troubled brain;  
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,  
And never wound the heart with looks again;  
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;  
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,  
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,  
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.  
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,  
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light  
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd  
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white  
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:  
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,  
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;  
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,  
Dumbly she <sup>f</sup> passions, frantically she dotheth;  
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:  
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,  
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,  
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;  
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,  
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:  
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;  
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,  
And yet, quoth she, behold two Adons dead!  
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:  
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!  
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!  
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?  
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast  
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?  
The flowers are sweet, their colors fresh and trim;  
But true sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear;  
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:  
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;  
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:  
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air  
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his <sup>g</sup> fair:

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep,  
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,  
Play with his locks: then, would Adonis weep,  
And straight in pity of his tender years,  
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

<sup>a</sup> Who for which.—Holla.—<sup>c</sup> Clepes," i. e., calls; names.  
<sup>d</sup> "Wreak'd" i. e., revenged.—<sup>e</sup> "Suspect," i. e., suspicion.

<sup>f</sup> "She passions," i. e., she is affected with passion.—  
<sup>g</sup> "His fair," i. e., his fairness.

To see his face, the lion walk'd along  
Behind some hedge, because he would not <sup>a</sup> fear him;  
To recreate himself when he hath sung,  
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;  
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,  
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,  
The fishes spread on it their golden gills:  
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,  
That some would sing, some other in their bills  
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;  
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and <sup>b</sup> urchin-snouted boar,  
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;  
Witness the entertainment that he gave:  
If he did see his face, why then, I know,  
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'T is true, 't is true: thus was Adonis slain.  
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,  
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;  
And <sup>c</sup> nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,  
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first:  
But he is dead, and never did he bless  
My youth with his, the more am I accurst.  
With this she falleth in the place she stood,  
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;  
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;  
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,  
As if they heard the woful words she told:  
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
Where lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies:

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;  
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,  
And every beauty robb'd of <sup>d</sup> his effect:  
Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite,  
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,  
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:  
It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
Find sweet beginning, but unsavory end;  
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,  
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;  
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;

The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd  
With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile:  
The strongest body shall it make most weak,  
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,  
Teaching decrepit age to tread the <sup>e</sup> measures;  
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures:  
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,  
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;  
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;  
It shall be merciful, and too severe,  
And most deceiving, when it seems most just;  
Perverse it shall be, where it shows most toward;  
Put fear to valor, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war, and dire events,  
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;  
Subject and servile to all discontents,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire:  
<sup>f</sup> Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy.

By this the boy, that by her side lay kill'd,  
Was melted like a vapor from her sight,  
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,  
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white;  
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood  
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,  
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;  
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is reft from her by death:  
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears  
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower, quoth she, this was thy father's guise,  
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,  
For every little grief to wet his eyes:  
To grow unto himself was his desire,  
And so 't is thine; but know, it is as good  
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

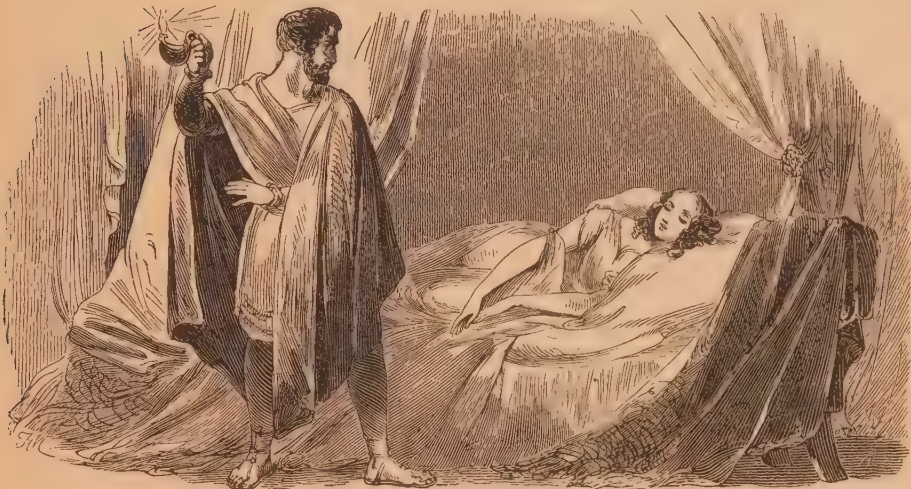
Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;  
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right:  
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:  
There shall not be one minute in an hour,  
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she bies,  
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid  
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies  
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd:  
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen  
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

<sup>a</sup> "Fear him," i. e., affright, terrify him.—<sup>b</sup> An *urchin* is  
■ *hedgehog*.—<sup>c</sup> "Nuzzling," i. e., working with the nose.—  
<sup>d</sup> *His* for *us*.

<sup>e</sup> The *measures* was a stately dance, peculiarly suited to  
elderly persons.— Since.

# THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.



"Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed."—Page 932.

## INTRODUCTION.

["*Lucrece*, London. Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Paules Church-yard. 1594." 4to. 47 leaves. "*Lucrece* At London, Printed by P. S. for Iohn Harrison. 1598." 8vo. 36 leaves. "*Lucrece* London. Printed by I. H. for Iohn Harrison 1600." 8vo. 36 leaves. "*Lucrece*. At London, Printed by N. O. for Iohn Harrison. 1607." 8vo. 32 leaves.]

"*LUCRECE*," as it is merely called in the earlier impressions, came out in the year following "*Venus and Adonis*," and it was printed for John Harrison, the publisher of the edition of "*Venus and Adonis*," in 1596. It had been previously entered, under a more explanatory title, in the Stationers' Registers:

"9 May 1594.

"Mr. Harrison, sen.] A booke intituled the Ravysheiment of *Lucrece*."

Like "*Venus and Adonis*," it was dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, but in a more confident and assured spirit.

This second production was, probably, not quite so popular as the first, and it was not again printed until 1598, for the same bookseller, who put forth a third edition of it in 1600: the fourth edition was issued in 1607: these are not so marked, and Malone tells us that he had heard of impressions in 1596 and 1602, but they have not since come to light; and our belief is, that "*Lucrece*" was only printed four times between 1594 and 1607. An edition in 1616 purports to have been "newly revised and corrected;" but as Malone truly states, "it is the most inaccurate and corrupt of the ancient copies;" and he adds that "most of the alterations seem to have been made, because the reviser did not understand the poet's meaning." That Shakespeare had nothing to do with the revision and correction of this edition requires no proof; and so little was it esteemed, that it was not followed in its changes in the edition of 1624, which also professes to have been "newly revised." This last is accompanied by marginal notes, prosaically explanatory of the incidents poetically narrated.

The edition of "*Lucrece*" we have taken as our text is the first, which, like "*Venus and Adonis*," was printed by Richard Field, though not on his own account. It may be stated on the whole to be an extremely creditable specimen of his typography: as the sheets were going through the press, some material errors were, however, observed in them, and they are therefore in several places corrected.

Modern editors have performed their task without due care, but of their want of attention we shall only here ad-

duce two specimens. In one of the speeches in which *Lucrece* endeavors to dissuade Tarquin from his purpose, she tells him,

"Thou back'at reproach against long-living laud."

Which every modern editor misprints,

"Thou back'at reproach against long-lived laud."

Our second proof is from a later portion of the poem, just after Collatine has returned home, and meets his dishonored wife: the true text, speaking of Collatine and Lucretia, is,

"Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance  
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance."

Malone, and all editors after him, make nonsense of the couplet, by printing,

"But stood like old acquaintance in a trance," &c.

depriving the verb of its nominative, and destroying the whole force of the figure.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honorable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed *Superbus*) after he had caused his own father-in-law, *Servius Tullius*, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege *Ardea*: during which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of *Sextus Tarquinius*, the king's son, in their discourses after supper



every one commended the virtues of his own wife : among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humor they all posted to Rome ; and intending by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids : the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports ; whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp ; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early

in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius ; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself : which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins ; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the deed, and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king ; wherewith the people were so moved, that, with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,  
And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set  
This <sup>a</sup> bateless edge on his keen appetite ;  
When Collatine unwisely did not <sup>b</sup> let  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white,  
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight ;  
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,  
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;  
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent  
In the possession of his beauteous mate ;  
Reckoning his fortune at such high proud rate,  
That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness ! enjoy'd but of a few ;  
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done,  
As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
Against the golden splendor of the sun :  
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun :  
Honor and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator ;  
What needeth, then, <sup>c</sup> apologies be made  
To set forth that which is so singular ?  
Or why is Collatine the publisher  
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece's sovereignty  
<sup>d</sup> Suggested this proud issue of a king,  
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :  
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting [vaunt  
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should  
That golden <sup>e</sup> hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
His all too timeless speed, if none of those :  
His honor, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.  
O rash, false heat ! wrapt in repentant cold,  
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,  
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,

Within whose face beauty and virtue strived  
Which of them both should underprop her fame :  
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;  
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intitled,  
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field ;  
Then, virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild  
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;  
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,  
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the  
white.

This heraldry in Lucrece's face was seen,  
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white :  
Of either's color was the other queen,  
Proving from world's minority their right,  
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight,  
The sovereignty of either being so great,  
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,  
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;  
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,  
The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
To those two armies, that would let him go,  
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow tongue  
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,  
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,  
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :  
Therefore, that praise which Collatine doth owe,  
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper,  
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;  
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :  
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer,  
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,  
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he color'd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;  
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;  
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,  
Could pick no meaning from their <sup>f</sup> parling looks,  
Nor read the subtle shining secrecies  
Writ in the glassy <sup>g</sup> margents of such books :

<sup>a</sup> "Bateless," i. e., unabatable.—<sup>b</sup> "Did not let," i. e., did not forbear.—<sup>c</sup> "Apologies," i. e., arguments.—<sup>d</sup> "Suggested," i. e., instigated.—<sup>e</sup> "Hap," i. e., fortune.

<sup>f</sup> "Parling," i. e., parleying ; discrediting.—<sup>g</sup> "Margents," i. e., margins.

She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;  
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,  
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He <sup>a</sup>stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;  
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,  
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:  
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,  
And wordless so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,  
He makes excuses for his being there:  
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
Doth yet in his fair <sup>b</sup>welkin once appear;  
Till sable night, mother of dread and fear,  
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,  
<sup>c</sup>Intending weariness with heavy <sup>d</sup>sprite;  
For after supper long he questioned  
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:  
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,  
And every one to rest themselves betake,  
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that  
wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;  
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving, [ing:  
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstain-  
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;  
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,  
Though death be adjunct, there's no death sup-  
posed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,  
That what they have not, that which they possess,  
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;  
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess  
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
With honor, wealth, and ease, in waning age;  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage;  
As life for honor in fell battles' rage;  
Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill, we leave to be  
The things we are for that which we expect;  
And this ambitious foul infirmity,  
In having much, torments us with defect  
Of that we have: so then we do neglect  
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,  
Pawning his honor to obtain his lust,  
And for himself himself he must forsake:  
Then, where is truth, if there be no self-trust?  
When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
When he himself himself confounds, betrays  
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;  
No comfortable star did lend his light,  
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries:  
Now serves the season that they may surprise  
The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still,  
While lust and murder wake, to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,  
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;  
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;  
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm  
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,  
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;  
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:  
As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,  
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.

Here, pale with fear, he doth premeditate  
The dangers of his loathsom enterprise,  
And in his inward mind he doth debate  
What following sorrow may on this arise:  
Then, looking scornfully, he doth despise  
His naked armor of still slaughtered lust,  
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
To darken her whose light excelleth thine;  
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot  
With your uncleanness that which is divine:  
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:  
Let fair humanity abhor the deed, [weed.  
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white

O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms!  
O foul dishonor to my household's grave!  
O impious act, including all foul harms!  
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!  
True valor still a true respect should have;  
Then, my <sup>e</sup>digression is so vile, so base,  
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;  
Some loathsom dash the herald will <sup>f</sup>contrive,  
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;  
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,  
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.  
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week,  
Or sells eternity to get a toy?  
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?  
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?  
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

O! what excuse can my invention make,  
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?  
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,  
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?  
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;  
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,  
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,

<sup>a</sup> "Stories," i. e., narrates. — <sup>b</sup> "Welkin," i. e., sky. —  
<sup>c</sup> "Intending," i. e., pretending. — <sup>d</sup> *Sprite* for *spirits*.

<sup>e</sup> "Digression," i. e., deviation from the path of virtue. —  
<sup>f</sup> In books of *heraldry*, a particular mark of disgrace is men-  
tioned, by which the escutcheons of those persons were an-  
ciently distinguished, who "discourteously used a widow,  
maid, or wife, against her will."

Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,  
As in revenge or <sup>a</sup>quital of such strife;

But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:  
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:  
I'll beg her love:—but she is not her own:

The worst is but denial, and reproving.  
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing:  
Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worse sense for vantage still;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,  
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
O, how her fear did make her color rise!  
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
Then, white as lawn, the roses took away.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,  
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,  
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I, then, for color or excuses?  
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:  
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;  
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,  
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!  
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:  
Sad pause and deep regard beseech the sage;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage.  
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;  
Then, who fears sinking where such treasure lies?

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, so heedful fear  
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.  
Away he steals with open listening ear,  
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;  
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:  
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;  
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
Unto a view so false will not incline;  
But wit, a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
Which, once corrupted, takes the worse part:

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,  
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;  
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforc'd retires <sup>c</sup>his ward;  
But as they open they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:  
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;  
Night-wandering <sup>d</sup>weels shriek, to see him there  
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
Through little vents and crannies of the place  
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;  
But his hot heart, with fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks;  
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks  
Is not inur'd; return again in haste;  
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;  
He in the worst sense construes their denial:  
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,  
He takes for accidental things of trial,  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial;  
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth <sup>e</sup>let,  
Till every minute pays the hour his debt,

So, so, quoth he; these flets attend the time,  
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
To add a more rejoicing to the <sup>f</sup>prime,  
And give the <sup>g</sup>sneaped birds more cause to sing.  
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves  
and sands,

The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.  
Now is he come unto the chamber-door,  
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
Having solicited th' eternal power  
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,  
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
Even then he starts:—quoth he, I must deflower:  
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,  
How can they, then, assist me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
My will is back'd with resolution:  
Thoughts are but dreams, till their effects be tried;  
The blackest sin is cleared with absolution;  
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
And with his knee the door he opens wide.  
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:  
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.  
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;  
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.

<sup>a</sup> Quital for requital.—<sup>b</sup> Owe for own.

<sup>c</sup> His for its.—<sup>d</sup> Weels for weasels.—<sup>e</sup> "Doth let," i. e., doth retard.—<sup>f</sup> "Lets," i. e., hindrances.—<sup>g</sup> "The prime," i. e., the spring.—<sup>h</sup> "Sneaped," i. e., frost-nipped.



The curtains being close, about he walks,  
 Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head :  
 By their high treason is his heart misled ;  
 Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,  
 To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery pointed sun,  
 Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;  
 Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
 To wink, being blinded with a greater light :  
 Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,  
 That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed,  
 But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O ! had they in that darksome prison died,  
 Then had they seen the period of their ill :  
 Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,  
 In his clear bed might have reposed still ;  
 But they must ope, this blessed league to kill,  
 And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
 Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,  
 Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss,  
 Between whose hills her head intomb'd is ;  
 Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
 To be admir'd of lewd unhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
 On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white  
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
 With pearly sweat, resembing dew of night.  
 Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,  
 And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath :  
 O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !  
 Showing life's triumph in the map of death,  
 And death's dim look in life's mortality :  
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
 As if between them twain there were no strife,  
 But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquered ;  
 Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,  
 And him by oath they truly honored.  
 These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred ;  
 Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
 From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted ?  
 What did he note, but strongly he desired ?  
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,  
 And in his will his wilful eye he 'tired.  
 With more than admiration he admired  
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,  
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
 His rage of lust by gazing qualified ;  
 Slak'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,  
 His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
 Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,  
 Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,  
 In bloody death and ravishment delighting,  
 Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,  
 Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :  
 Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,  
 Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
 His eye commends the leading to his hand ;  
 His hand, as proud of such a dignity,  
 Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand  
 On her bare breast, the heart of all her land,  
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale  
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
 And fright her with confusion of their cries :  
 She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,  
 Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
 Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night  
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,  
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking ;  
 What terror 'tis ! but she, in worse taking,  
 From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
 The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;  
 She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears  
 Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :  
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries  
 Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
 In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,  
 (Rude ram to batter such an ivory wall)  
 May feel her heart (poor citizen ! ) distress'd,  
 Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
 Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.  
 This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
 To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin  
 To sound a parley to his heartless foe ;  
 Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,  
 The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
 Which he by dumb demeanor seeks to show ;  
 But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,  
 Under what color he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : The color in thy face  
 That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
 And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,  
 Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale ;  
 Under that color am I come to scale  
 Thy never conquer'd fort : the fault is thine,  
 For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestal thee, if thou mean to chide :  
 Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,  
 Where thou with patience must my will abide,  
 My will, that marks thee for my earth's delight,  
 Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;  
 But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
 By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring,  
 I know what thorns the growing rose defends,  
 I think the honey guarded with a sting ;  
 All this beforehand counsel comprehends,  
 But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends :  
 Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
 And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.  
 I have debated, even in my soul,  
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed  
 But nothing can affection's course control,  
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
 I know repentant tears ensue the deed,

Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity,  
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,  
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,  
Whose crooked beak threatens, if he mount he dies:  
So under his insulting falchion lies

Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,  
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee:  
If thou deny, then force must work my way,  
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.  
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,  
To kill thine honor with thy life's decay;  
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain  
The scornful mark of every open eye;  
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:  
And thou, the author of their obloquy,  
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,  
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:  
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;  
A little harm, done to a great good end,  
For lawful policy remains enacted.  
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
In a pure compound; being so applied,  
His venom in effect is purified.

Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,  
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no device can take,  
The blemish that will never be forgot;  
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot;  
For marks descried in men's nativity  
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here, with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,  
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;  
While she, the picture of pure piety,  
Like a white hind under the "gripe's" sharp claws,  
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,  
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,  
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,  
In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,  
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,  
Which blows these pitchy vapors from their bidding,  
Hindering their present full by this dividing:  
So his unballowed haste her words delays,  
And moody Pluto winks, while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:  
Her sad behavior feeds his vulture folly,  
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth.  
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her plaining: [ing.  
Tears harden lust, though marble wears with rain-

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed  
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;  
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,  
Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
She puts the period often from his place;  
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,  
That twice she doth begin, ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,  
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,

By holy human law, and common troth,  
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,  
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
And stoop to honor, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality  
With such black payment as thou hast <sup>b</sup>pretended  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;  
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended:  
He is no wood-man, that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;  
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;  
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me;  
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me:  
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labor hence to heave thee.  
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,  
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans.

All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,  
To soften it with their continual motion;  
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.  
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
Melt at my tears and be compassionate!  
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;  
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?  
To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
Thou wrong'st his honor, wound'st his princely name:  
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,  
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;  
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?  
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,  
What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king?  
O, be remember'd! no outrageous thing  
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;  
Then, kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear;  
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:  
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
When they in thee the like offences prove:  
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;  
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where lust shall learn?  
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern  
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,  
To privilege dishonor in thy name?  
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,  
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,  
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:  
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,  
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,  
To view thy present trespass in another.  
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;  
Their own transgressions partially they smother:  
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.  
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,  
That from their own misdeeds <sup>c</sup>askance their eyes!

<sup>a</sup> "The gripe's," i. e., the vulture's.

<sup>b</sup> Pretended for intended.—<sup>c</sup> "Askance," i. e., turn away obliquely.

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,  
Not to seducing lust, thy rash reliefs;  
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;  
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:

His true respect will prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting <sup>a</sup>eyne,  
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he: my uncontrolled tide  
Turns not, but swells the higher by this <sup>b</sup>let.  
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,  
And with the wind in greater fury fret:  
The petty streams, that pay a daily debt  
To their salt sovereign with their fresh falls' haste,  
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king;  
And lo! there falls into thy boundless flood  
Black lust, dishonor, shame, misgoverning,  
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hersed,  
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;  
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;  
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:  
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:  
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;  
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—  
No more, quoth he; by heaven, I will not hear thee:  
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,  
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;  
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee  
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
For light and lust are deadly enemies:  
Shame, folded up in blind concealing night,  
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries;  
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd  
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears,  
He pens her piteous clamors in her head,  
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears  
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
O, that <sup>c</sup>prone lust should stain so pure a bed!  
The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
And he hath won what he would lose again;  
This forced league doth force a further strife;  
This momentary joy breeds months of pain:  
This hot desire converts to cold disdain.

Pure chastity is rifled of her store,  
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound, or gorged hawk,  
Unapt for tender smell, or speedy flight,  
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk  
The prey wherein by nature they delight:  
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:  
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin, than bottomless conceit  
Can comprehend in still imagination!  
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,  
Ere he can see his own abomination.  
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation

Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,  
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then, with lank and lean discolor'd cheek,  
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,  
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,  
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:  
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,  
For there it revels; and when that decays,  
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this <sup>d</sup>faultful lord of Rome,  
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;  
For now against himself he sounds this doom,  
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:  
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;  
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,  
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
Her immortality, and made her thrall  
To living death, and pain perpetual:  
Which in her prescience she controlled still,  
But her foresight could not fore-stall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he  
A captive victor that hath lost in gain; [stealeth,  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scar that will despite of cure remain;  
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.  
She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,  
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;  
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,  
She desperate with her nails her flesh doth tear;  
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;  
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;  
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,  
She there remains a hopeless cast-away;  
He in his speed looks for the morning light,  
She prays she never may behold the day;  
For day, quoth she, night's scapes doth open lay,  
And my true eyes have never practis'd how  
To cloke offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see  
The same disgrace which they themselves behold,  
And therefore would they still in darkness be,  
To have their unseen sin remain untold;  
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,  
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.

Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite  
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O, comfort-killing night, image of hell!  
Dim register and notary of shame!  
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!  
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!  
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbor for <sup>e</sup>defame!  
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator  
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy night!  
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,

<sup>a</sup> "Eyne," i. e., eyes.—<sup>b</sup> "Let," i. e., hindrance; obstacle.  
—<sup>c</sup> "Prone," i. e., headlong; precipitous.

<sup>d</sup> "Faultful," i. e., blameful.—<sup>e</sup> "Defame," i. e., defama-  
tion; infamy.



Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
Make war against proportion'd course of time :  
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb

His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;  
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick  
The life of purity, the supreme fair,  
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick ;  
And let thy musty vapors march so thick,  
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light  
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,  
The silver-shining queen he would disdain ;  
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,  
Through night's black bosom should not peep again :  
So should I have copartners in my pain ;

And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

Where, now, I have no one to blush with me,  
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,  
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy ;  
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine ;  
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,  
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night ! thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
Let not the jealous day behold that face  
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak  
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace :

Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,  
May likewise be sepulch'r'd in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day !  
The light will show, character'd in my brow,  
The story of sweet chastity's decay,  
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow :

Yea, the illiterate, that know not how  
To cipher what is writ in learned books,  
Will \* quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse to still her child will tell my story,  
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name ;  
The orator to deck his oratory  
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame ;  
Feast-finding <sup>b</sup> minstrels, tuning my defame,  
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,  
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted :  
If that be made a theme for disputation,  
The branches of another root are rotted,  
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,  
That is as clear from this attain of mine,  
As I ere this was pure to Collatine.

O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !  
O unfelt sore ! crest-wounding, private scar !  
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,  
And Tarquin's eye may read the <sup>c</sup> mot afar,  
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.

Alas ! how many bear such shameful blows,  
Which not themselves, but he that gives them,  
knows.

If, Collatine, thine honor lay in me,  
From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
Have no perfection of my summer left,  
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft :

In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept

Yet am I guilty of thy honor's <sup>d</sup> wrack ;  
Yet for thy honor did I entertain him ;  
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
For it had been dishonor to disdain him :  
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,  
And talk'd of virtue.—O, unlook'd for evil,  
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil !

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud,  
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests ?  
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?  
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?  
Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?  
But no perfection is so absolute,  
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,  
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gout, and painful fits,  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
And useless barns the harvest of his wits ;  
Having no other pleasure of his gain,  
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So, then he hath it, when he cannot use it,  
And leaves it to be master'd by his young ;  
Who in their pride do presently abuse it :  
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.  
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,  
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers  
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing,  
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours ;  
We have no good that we can say is ours,  
But ill annexed opportunity  
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O, Opportunity ! thy guilt is great :  
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason ;  
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get,  
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season :  
'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason :  
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,  
Sits sin to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath ;  
Thou blow'st the fire, when temperance is thaw'd ;  
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth :  
Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !  
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud :  
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,  
Thy private feasting to a public fast ;  
Thy smoothing titles to a <sup>e</sup> ragged name,  
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste :  
Thy violent vanities can never last.

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,  
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd ?  
When wilt thou <sup>f</sup> sort an hour great strifes to end,  
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained ?  
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained ?

The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee,  
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;  
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;  
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;

\* "Will quote," i. e., will note, observe.—<sup>b</sup> The ancient minstrels were constant attendants on feasts.—<sup>c</sup> "The mot," i. e., the word, motto.

<sup>d</sup> "Wrack," i. e., ruin ; wreck.—<sup>e</sup> "Ragged," i. e., tar nished.—<sup>f</sup> "Sort," i. e., select.

Advice is sporting while infection breeds :  
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.  
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages ;  
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When truth and virtue have to do with thee,  
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid ;  
They buy thy help ; but sin ne'er gives a fee :  
He gratis comes, and thou art well 'appay'd,  
As well to hear, as grant what he hath said.  
My Collatine would else have come to me,  
When Tarquin did ; but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft ;  
Guilty of perjury and subornation ;  
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift ;  
Guilty of incest, that abomination :  
An accessory by thine inclination  
To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the general doom.  
Mis-shapen Time, <sup>b</sup>copecsmate of ugly night,  
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care ;  
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare ;  
Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.  
O hear me, then, injurious, shifting Time !  
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,  
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose ?  
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me  
To endless date of never-ending woes ?  
Time's office is to <sup>c</sup>fine the hate of foes ;  
To eat up errors by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,  
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,  
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,  
To wrong the wronger till he render right ;  
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,  
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers :

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
To blot old books, and alter their contents,  
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,  
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs ;  
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,  
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel :

To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,  
To make the child a man, the man a child,  
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
To tame the unicorn and lion wild ;  
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguill'd ;  
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,  
And waste huge stones with little water-drops ;

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
Unless thou couldst return to make amends ?  
One poor <sup>d</sup>retiring minute in an age  
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends : [back,  
O ! this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come  
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack.

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight :  
Devise extremes beyond extremity  
To make him curse this cursed criminal night :  
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,  
And the dire thought of his committed evil  
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,  
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;  
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,  
To make him moan, but pity not his moans :  
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones ;  
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,  
Let him have time against himself to rave,  
Let him have time of time's help to despair,  
Let him have time to live a loathed slave ;  
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,  
And time to see one that by alms doth live,  
Disdain to him disdain'd scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
And merry fools to mock at him resort ;  
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
His time of folly, and his time of sport :  
And ever let his unrecalling crime  
Have time to wait th' abusing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill !  
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
Himself himself seek every hour to kill ! [spill ;  
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should  
For who so base should such an office have  
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave ?

The baser is he, coming from a king,  
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate :  
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
That makes him honor'd, or begets him hate ;  
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.  
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,  
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,  
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away ;  
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
The stain upon his silver down will stay.  
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day  
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
But eagles gaz'd upon every eye.

Out, idle words ! servants to shallow fools,  
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !  
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools ;  
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ;  
To trembling clients be you mediators :  
For me, <sup>e</sup>I force not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity,  
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night ;  
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,  
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :  
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.  
The remedy, indeed, to do me good,  
Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree ?  
Honor thyself to rid me of this shame ;  
For if I die, my honor lives in thee,  
But if I live, thou liv'st in my 'defame :  
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,  
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,  
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,  
To find some desperate instrument of death ;  
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,  
To make more vent for passage of her breath,

\* "Appay'd," i. e., satisfied.—<sup>b</sup> "Copesmate," i. e., companion ; friend.—<sup>c</sup> "To fine," i. e., to end.—<sup>d</sup> *Retiring* for returning.

<sup>e</sup> "I force not," i. e., I value not.—<sup>f</sup> "Defame," i. e., injury.

Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth  
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,  
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain, quoth she, I live; and seek in vain  
Some happy mean to end a hapless life:  
I fear'd by Tarquin's fulchion to be slain,  
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife;  
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife.  
So am I now:—O no! that cannot be:  
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O! that is gone, for which I sought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
To clear this spot by death, at least, I give  
A badge of fame to slander's livery;  
A dying life to living infamy.

Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,  
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
The stained taste of violated troth;  
I will not wrong thy true affection so,  
To flatter thee with an inflected oath;  
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:  
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,  
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;  
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.  
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,  
And with my trespass never will dispense,  
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poison thee with my <sup>a</sup>attaint,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses;  
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:  
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,  
As from a mountain spring that feeds a dale,  
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,  
And solemn night with slow, sad gait descended  
To ugly hell; when lo! the blushing morrow  
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:  
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;  
To whom she sobbing speaks: O eyes of eyes!  
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy  
peeping;

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:  
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees.  
True grief is fond and testy as a child,  
Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees:  
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;  
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,  
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,  
With too much labor drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep drenched in a sea of care,  
Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare:  
No object but her passion's strength renews,  
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:  
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;  
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

<sup>a</sup> "Attaint," i. e., taint; stain.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,  
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody;  
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy:

Sad souls are slain in merry company;  
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:

True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,  
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in <sup>b</sup>ken of shore;  
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;  
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good:  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
<sup>c</sup> Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows:  
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb  
Within your hollow swelling feather'd breasts,  
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:  
My restless discord loves no stops nor <sup>d</sup>rests;  
A woful hostess brooks not merry guests.

Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;  
Distress likes <sup>e</sup>dumps, when time is kept with  
tears.

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
Make thy sad grave in my dishevel'd hair.  
As the <sup>f</sup>dank earth weeps at thy languishment,  
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
And with deep groans the diapason bear:

For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
While thou on Tereus descendant'st, better <sup>g</sup>skill.

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,  
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye,  
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.

These means, as frets upon an instrument,  
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,  
As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,  
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,  
Will we find out; and there we will unfold  
To creatures stern sad tunes to change their <sup>h</sup>kind  
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle  
minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze  
Wildly determining which way to fly,  
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readily;  
So with herself is she in mutiny,  
To live or die which of the twain were better,  
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

To kill myself, quoth she, alack! what were it,  
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?  
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,  
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.  
That mother tries a merciless <sup>i</sup>conclusion, [one,  
Who having two sweet babes, when death takes  
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer,  
When the one puré, the other made divine?  
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,  
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?  
Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,  
His love will wither, and his sap decay;  
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

<sup>b</sup> "In ken," i. e., in sight.—<sup>c</sup> Who for which.—<sup>d</sup> "Stops,"  
"rests," are terms in music.—<sup>e</sup> "Dumps," i. e., melancholy  
music.—<sup>f</sup> "Dank," i. e., wet; moist.—<sup>g</sup> "Better skill," i. e.,  
with better skill.—<sup>h</sup> "Their kinds," i. e., their natures.—  
<sup>i</sup> "Conclusion," i. e., experiment.



Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,  
 Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;  
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
 Grossly engirt with daring infamy:  
 Then, let it not be call'd impiety,  
 If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,  
 Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine  
 Have heard the cause of my untimely death,  
 That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
 Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.  
 My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,  
 Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,  
 And as his due writ in my testament.

My honor I'll bequeath unto the knife  
 That wounds my body so dishonored.  
 'Tis honor to \*deprive dishonor'd life;  
 The one will live, the other being dead:  
 So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;  
 For in my death I murder shameful scorn:  
 My shame so dead, mine honor is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?  
 My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,  
 By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.  
 How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:  
 Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,  
 And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make:—  
 My soul and body to the skies and ground;  
 My resolution, husband, do thou take:  
 Mine honor be the knife's that makes my wound;  
 My shame be his that did my fame confound;  
 And all my fame that lives disbursed be  
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this <sup>b</sup> will;  
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!  
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;  
 My life's foul deed my life's fair end shall free it.  
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, "so be it."  
 Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:  
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
 And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
 With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,  
 Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;  
 For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.  
 Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so,  
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
 With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,  
 And °sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,  
 For why, her face wore sorrow's livery;  
 But durst not ask of her audaciously  
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,  
 Even so the maid with smelling drops 'gan wet  
 Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy  
 Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,  
<sup>d</sup> Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,  
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:  
 One justly weeps, the other takes in hand

No cause but company of her drops spilling:  
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,  
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,  
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their  
 hearts:

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,  
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will;  
 The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds  
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:  
 Then, call them not the authors of their ill,  
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,  
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,  
 Lays open all the little worms that creep:  
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep.  
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:  
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,  
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,  
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd.  
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,  
 Is worthy blame. O! let it not be <sup>e</sup> hild  
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd  
 With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,  
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,  
 Assail'd by night, with circumstances strong  
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong:  
 Such danger to resistance did belong,  
 That dying fear through all her body spread;  
 And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:  
 My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break  
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are  
 raining?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:  
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there she stay'd  
 Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence?  
 Madam, ere I was up, replied the maid;  
 The more to blame my sluggard negligence:  
 Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;  
 Myself was stirring ere the break of day,  
 And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
 She would request to know your heaviness.  
 O peace! quoth Lucrece: if it should be told,  
 The repetition cannot make it less;  
 For more it is than I can well express:  
 And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,  
 When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—  
 Yet save that labor, for I have them here.  
 What should I say?—One of my husband's men  
 Bid thou be ready by and by, to bear  
 A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:  
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;  
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
 First hovering o'er the paper with her quill.  
 Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;  
 What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;  
 This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:  
 Much like a press of people at a door  
 Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

\* "To deprive," i. e., to abridge.—<sup>b</sup> The overseer of a will was designed as a check upon the executors.—<sup>c</sup> "Sorts," i. e., suits.—<sup>d</sup> Who for which.

<sup>e</sup> "Hild," i. e., held.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person: next, vouchsafe t' afford  
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)  
Some present speed to come and visit me.

So I commend me from our house in grief:  
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,  
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
By this short schedule Collatine may know  
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:  
She dares not thereof make discovery,  
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;  
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the  
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her [fashion  
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.  
To shun this blot she would not blot the letter  
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told,  
For then the eye interprets to the ear  
The heavy motion that it doth behold,  
When every part a part of woe doth bear:  
'T is but a part of sorrow that we hear;

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,  
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,  
"At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste."

The post attends, and she delivers it,  
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast  
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:

Speed more than speed but dull and slow she  
Extremity still urgeth such extremes. [deems;

The homely villain court'sies to her low,  
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye  
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,  
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie:  
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,

Imagine every eye beholds their blame,  
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame;

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect  
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.

Such harmless creatures have a true respect  
To talk in deeds, while others saucily  
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:

Even so this pattern of a worn-out age  
Pawn'd honest looks, but lay'd no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
That two red fires in both their cheeks blazed;  
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,  
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;  
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:

The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,  
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.

The weary time she cannot entertain,  
For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:  
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,

That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;  
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,  
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,  
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;

Which the <sup>b</sup>conceited painter drew so proud,  
As heaven it seem'd to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life.  
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:  
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;  
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,  
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the laboring pioneer  
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;  
And from the towers of Troy there would appear  
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,  
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:

Such sweet observance in this work was had,  
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty  
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;  
In youth quick bearing and dexterity;  
And here and there the painter interlaces  
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces:  
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,  
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art  
Of physiognomy might one behold!  
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;  
Their face their manners most expressly told:  
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigor roll'd;  
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,  
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;  
Making such sober action with his hand,  
That it beguill'd attention, charm'd the sight.  
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,  
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly  
Thin winding breath, which purld up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice  
All jointly listening, but with several graces,  
As if some mermaid did their ears entice:  
Some high, some low; the painter was so nice,  
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbor's ear;  
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all 'boll'n and red;

Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;  
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,  
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,  
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;  
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so <sup>d</sup>kind,  
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,  
Grip'd in an armed hand: himself behind  
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.  
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong besieged Troy  
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,  
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;  
And to their hope they such odd action yield,  
That through their light joy seemed to appear  
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear

<sup>a</sup> "Wistly," i. e., earnestly.

<sup>b</sup> "Conceited," i. e., ingenious.—<sup>c</sup> "Boll'n," i. e., swollen.  
—<sup>d</sup> "So kind," i. e., so natural.

And from the <sup>a</sup>strond of Dardan, where they fought,  
To Simois reedy banks the red blood ran,  
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore, and <sup>b</sup>than  
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks,  
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
To find a face where all distress is <sup>c</sup>steld.  
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,  
But none where all distress and dolor dwell'd,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd  
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;  
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd,  
Of what she was no semblance did remain;  
Here blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,  
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had  
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead. [fed,

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer but her cries,  
And bitter words to <sup>d</sup>ban her cruel foes:  
The painter was no God to lend her those;  
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,  
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,  
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,  
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,  
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,  
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so long,  
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:  
Thine eye kindled the fire that burneth here;  
And here, in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many <sup>e</sup>mo?  
Let sin, alone committed, light alone  
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;  
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.  
For one's offence why should so many fall,  
To plague a private sin in <sup>f</sup>general?

Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus <sup>g</sup>swounds;  
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,  
And one man's lust these many lives <sup>h</sup>confounds.

Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,  
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes;  
For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,  
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;  
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:  
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
To pencil'd pensiveness and color'd sorrow;  
She lends them words, and she their looks doth  
borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,  
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament:  
At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;  
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content.  
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
So mild, that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labor'd with his skill  
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show;  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
A brow unbent that seem'd to welcome woe;  
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so  
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,  
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,  
That jealousy itself could not mistrust,  
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust  
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,  
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew  
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story  
The credulous old Priam after slew;  
Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining glory  
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,  
And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their  
faces.

This picture she advis'dly perused,  
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,  
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused;  
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill:  
And still on him she gaz'd; and gazing still,  
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,  
That she concludes the picture was belied.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile—  
(She would have said) can lurk in such a look;  
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,  
And from her tongue, "can lurk" from "cannot"  
"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook, [took  
And turn'd it thus: it cannot be, I find,  
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)  
To me came Tarquin armed; too 'beguil'd  
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd  
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,  
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look! how listening Priam wets his eyes,  
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.  
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?  
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:  
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds,  
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy  
pity,

Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell,  
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;  
These contraries such unity do hold,  
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:  
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,  
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,  
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.  
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,

<sup>a</sup> "The strond," i. e., the beach, strand.—<sup>b</sup> Than for then.  
—<sup>c</sup> "Steld," (German, *gestellt*), i. e., depicted; represented.  
—<sup>d</sup> "To ban," i. e., to curse.—<sup>e</sup> Mo for more.—<sup>f</sup> That is, 'To  
inflict upon man in general the punishment due to the sin  
of an individual.'—<sup>g</sup> "Swounds," i. e., swoons.—<sup>h</sup> "Con-  
founds," i. e., destroys.

<sup>i</sup> "Beguil'd," i. e., masked.



Comparing him to that unhappy guest  
 Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:  
 At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;  
 Fool! fool! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
 And time doth weary time with her complaining.  
 She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,  
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining.  
 Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:  
 Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;  
 And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,  
 That she with painted images hath spent,  
 Being from the feeling of her own grief brought  
 By deep surmise of others' detriment;  
 Losing her woes in shows of discontent.  
 It easeth some, though none it ever cures,  
 To think their dolor others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back;  
 Brings home his lord and other company,  
 Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;  
 And round about her tear-distained eye  
 Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:  
 These water-galls in her dim element  
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,  
 Amazedly in her sad face he stares:  
 Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw;  
 Her lively color kill'd with deadly cares.  
 He hath no power to ask her how she fares;  
 Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,  
 Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,  
 And thus begins: What uncouth ill event  
 Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?  
 Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair color spent?  
 Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?  
 Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,  
 And tell thy grief that we may give redress.

Three times with signs she gives her sorrow fire,  
 Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:  
 At length, address'd to answer his desire,  
 She modestly prepares to let them know  
 Her honor is ta'en prisoner by the foe;  
 While Collatine and his consorted lords  
 With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest  
 Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.  
 Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,  
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending:  
 In me more woes than words are now depending;  
 And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
 To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then, be this all the task it hath to say:  
 Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay  
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;  
 And what wrong else may be imagined  
 By foul enforcement might be done to me,  
 From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
 With shining falchion in my chamber came  
 A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
 And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,  
 And entertain my love; else lasting shame  
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
 If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favor'd groom of thine, quoth he,  
 Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
 I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee

And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
 The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill  
 The lechers in their deed: this act will be  
 My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,  
 And then against my heart he set his sword,  
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
 I should not live to speak another word;  
 So should my shame still rest upon record,  
 And never be forgot in mighty Rome  
 Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
 And far the weaker with so strong a fear:  
 My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;  
 No rightful plea might plead for justice there:  
 His scarlet lust came evidence to swear  
 That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,  
 And when the judge is rob'd, the prisoner dies.

O! teach me how to make mine own excuse,  
 Or, at the least, this refuge let me find:  
 Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,  
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind;  
 That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd  
 To accessory yieldings, but still pure  
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo! here the hopeless merchant of this loss,  
 With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,  
 With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
 From lips new waxen pale begins to blow  
 The grief away, that stops his answer so;  
 But wretched as he is, he strives in vain,  
 What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
 Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste,  
 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride  
 Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast,  
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past;  
 Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,  
 To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,  
 And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:  
 Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
 Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.  
 My woe, too sensible, thy passion maketh  
 More feeling painful: let it, then, suffice  
 To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,  
 For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:  
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
 Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me  
 From what is past, the help that thou shalt lend me  
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;  
 For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,  
 (Speaking to those that came with Collatine)  
 Shall plight your honorable faiths to me,  
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;  
 For 'tis a meritorious fair design,  
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms:  
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies  
 harms.

At this request, with noble disposition  
 Each present lord began to promise aid,  
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd;  
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,  
 The protestation stops. O! speak, quoth she,  
 How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,  
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?

May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
My low-declin'd honor to advance?

May any terms acquit me from this chance?

The poison'd fountain clears itself again,  
And why not I from this compelled stain?

With this, they all at once began to say,  
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;  
While with a joyless smile she turns away  
The face, that map which deep impression bears  
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.

No, no, quoth she; no dame, hereafter living,  
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.

Here, with a sigh as if her heart would break,  
She shows forth Tarquin's name: "he, he," she  
says,

But more than "he" her poor tongue could not speak;  
Till after many accents and delays,

Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,

She utters this: he, he, fair lords, 'tis he,  
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:  
That blow did a bail it from the deep unrest  
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:  
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed [fly  
Her winged <sup>b</sup>sprite, and through her wounds doth  
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,  
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;  
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw:  
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,  
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
Circles her body in on every side,  
Who like a late-sack'd island <sup>c</sup>vastly stood,  
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.  
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,  
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin  
stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
Of that black blood a watery <sup>a</sup>rigol goes,  
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:  
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;  
And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter! old Lucretius cries,  
That life was mine, which thou hast here <sup>d</sup>deprived.  
If in the child the father's image lies,  
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is <sup>e</sup>unlived?  
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.

If children <sup>f</sup>pre-decease progenitors,  
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;  
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,  
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn.  
O! from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,  
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,  
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time! cease thou thy course, and last no longer,  
If they <sup>g</sup>surcease to be that should survive.

Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?

The old bees die, the young possess their hive:  
Then live, sweet Lucrece; live again, and see  
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,  
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;  
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream  
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
And counterfeits to die with her a space;  
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,  
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;  
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,  
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng  
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's <sup>aid</sup>,  
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,  
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.  
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
Held back his sorrows' tide to make it more;  
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:  
Then, son and father weep with equal strife,  
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
The father says, She's mine: O! mine she is,  
Replies her husband: Do not take away  
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say  
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O! quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,  
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.  
Woe, woe! quoth Collatine, she was my wife,  
I <sup>k</sup>ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.  
"My daughter" and "my wife" with clamors  
fill'd  
The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece life,  
Answer'd their cries, "my daughter and my wife."

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' <sup>side</sup>,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.  
He with the Romans was esteemed so  
As silly jeering idiots are with kings,  
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,  
Wherein deep policy did him disguise,  
And arm'd his long-bid wits advisely,  
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise:  
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,  
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woes?  
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help <sup>grievous</sup>  
deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,  
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?  
Such childish humor from weak minds proceeds;  
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
To slay herself that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
In such relenting dew of lamentations,  
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,  
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,  
That they will suffer these abominations,

<sup>a</sup> "Bail" i. e., release.—<sup>b</sup> "Sprite," i. e., *spirit*.—<sup>c</sup> Who for which.—<sup>d</sup> "Vastly," i. e., devastated; laid waste.—<sup>e</sup> "Rigol," i. e., circle.—<sup>f</sup> "Deprived," i. e., abridged.—<sup>g</sup> "Unlived," i. e., deprived of life.—<sup>h</sup> "Pre-decease," i. e., die before.—<sup>i</sup> "Surcease," i. e., cease.

<sup>k</sup> "Ow'd," i. e., owned.

Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,  
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets  
chased.

Now, by the Capitol that we adore,  
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,  
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,  
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,  
And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complained  
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,  
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow ;  
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,

Who, wondering at him, did his words <sup>a</sup>allow ;  
Then, jointly to the ground their knees they bow,  
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,  
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence ;  
To show her bleeding body <sup>b</sup>thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans <sup>c</sup>plausibly did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

<sup>a</sup> "Allow," i. e., approve ; sanction. — <sup>b</sup> Through. —  
<sup>c</sup> "Plausibly," i. e., by acclamation ; applaudingly.



# SONNETS.

## INTRODUCTION.

"Shakespeare's Sonnets. Never before Imprinted. At London. By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be sold by William Aspley, 1609." 4to. 40 leaves.

"A Lovers complaint. By William Shakespeare," occupies eleven pages at the end of this volume. The late Mr. Caldecot presented a copy of "Shakespeare's Sonnets" to the Bodleian Library, with the following imprint: "At London By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be sold by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate." It is no doubt the same edition as that "to be sold by William Aspley."

"SHAKESPEARE'S Sonnets" were printed under that title, and with the name of the poet in unusually large capital letters, in 1609. No Christian name is to be found until we arrive at "A Lover's Complaint," but "Shakespeare's Sonnets" is repeated at the head of the first of the series. Hence we may possibly be warranted in assuming that they were productions well known to have been for some time floating about among the lovers and admirers of poetry, and then collected into a volume. The celebrity of the author seems proved, if any proof of the kind were wanting, by the manner in which his "Sonnets" were put forth to the world.

The application of the initials T. T. on the title-page, is ascertained from the Registers of the Stationers' Company, where the subsequent entry is found:—

"20 May 1609.

"Tho. Thorpe] A booke called Shakespeares Sonnets."

A question has arisen, and has been much disputed of late years, who was the individual to whom Thorpe dedicated these sonnets, and whom, in a very unprecedented and peculiar form, he addresses as "Mr. W. H." That form is precisely as follows, on a separate leaf immediately succeeding the title-page:—

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF  
THESE. INSVING. SONNETS.  
MR. W. H. ALL HAPPINESSE.  
AND, THAT. ETERNITIE.  
PROMISED.  
BY.  
OUR. EVER-LIVING. POET.  
WISHETH.  
THE. WELL-WISHING.  
ADVENTVRER. IN.  
SETTING.  
FORTH.

T. T.

Farmer conjectured wildly that "Mr. W. H." might be William Hart, the poet's nephew, who was only born in 1600: Tyrwhitt guessed from a line in one of the sonnets (Son. XX.) that the name was W. Hughes, or Heus:

"A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,"

which is thus printed in 4to, 1609:

"A man in hew all *Hues* in his controlling."

Although the word "hue" is repeatedly spelt *hew* in the old edition, this is the only instance in which it is printed in Italic type, and with a capital letter, exactly the same as *Will*, in Sonnets CXXXV., CXXXVI., and CXLIII., where the author plays upon his own name. Dr. Drake imagined that W. H. were the initials of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, inverted ("Shakespeare and his Times," vol. ii. p. 62); and of late years Boaden, with great ingenuity, has contended that W. H. meant William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. We own that we cannot accord in any theory that has yet been advanced upon the point. We have no suggestions of our own to offer; but it seems to us the very height of improbability that a bookseller in the year 1609, when peculiar respect was paid to nobility and station, would venture to address an Earl and a Knight of the Garter merely as "Mr. W. H."

To the desperate speculation of Chalmers, that not a few of the Sonnets were addressed to Queen Elizabeth, it is hardly necessary even to advert.

It is evident that the Sonnets were written at very different periods of Shakespeare's life, and under very different circumstances—some in youth, some in more advanced age; some when he was hopeful and happy, and some when he was desponding and afflicted at his own condition in life, and place in society. In many there are to be found most remarkable indications of self-confidence, and of assurance in the immortality of his verses, and in this respect the author's opinion was constant and uniform. He never scrupled to express it, and perhaps there is no writer of ancient or of modern times who, for the quantity of such writings left be-

hind him, has so frequently or so strongly declared his firm belief that what he had written, in this department of poetry, "the world would not willingly let die." This conviction seems hardly reconcilable with the carelessness he appears to have displayed for the preservation of his dramatic writings. We know from Francis Meres that Shakespeare's Sonnets were scattered among his friends in 1598, and no doubt he continued to add to them from year to year; but it was left to a bookseller in 1609, perhaps, to cause them to be collected, and to be printed in a separate volume.

It is with reference to this circumstance that we understand Thorpe to address "Mr. W. H.," in the dedication, as "the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets." Boswell quoted a passage from Dekker's "Satiromastix," 1602, (and many other instances might be adduced) to prove that "begetter" only meant *obtainer* or *procurer*; and as Thorpe had been under some obligation to W. H., for collecting Shakespeare's scattered sonnets from various parties, for this reason, perhaps, he inscribed them to him. There is no doubt that "Mr. W. H." could not be "the only begetter" of the sonnets in any other sense, for it is indisputable that many of them are addressed to a woman; and though a male object might have been the cause of some of them, and particularly of the first twenty-six, he could not have been the cause of the last twenty-seven sonnets.

Mr. Brown's work, "Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems," contains the best solution of various difficulties arising out of these Sonnets yet published. He contends that Shakespeare used the form of the sonnet as Spenser and many others employed stanzas of various descriptions, and that 152 of the 154 sonnets are divisible into six distinct poems. His arrangement of them is the following; and we think with him, that if they be read with this key, much will be intelligible which upon any other supposition must remain obscure:—

First Poem. Sonnets 1 to 26. To his friend, persuading him to marry.

Second Poem. Sonnets 27 to 55. To his friend, forgiving him for having robbed him of his mistress.

Third Poem. Sonnets 56 to 77. To his friend, complaining of his coldness, and warning him of life's decay.

Fourth Poem. Sonnets 78 to 101. To his friend, complaining that he prefers another poet's praises, and reproving him for faults that may injure his character.

Fifth Poem. Sonnets 102 to 126. To his friend, excusing himself for having been some time silent, and disclaiming the charge of inconstancy.

Sixth Poem. Sonnets 127 to 152. To his mistress, on her infidelity.

Mr. Brown asserts, and goes far to prove, that the sonnets in the first five of these divisions are consecutive, following up the same thought, and working out the same purpose. With regard to the "sixth poem" as he terms it, he contends that the sonnets have been confused, and that they are not, like the others, to be read in the order in which they were printed in the edition of 1609. He rejects the last two sonnets as no part of any of the six poems.

Many years ago it had occurred to us, as a mode merely of removing some of the difficulties attending this portion of the works of Shakespeare, that it was possible that he had consented to write some of them, not in his own person, but for individuals who asked his assistance. We entirely abandon that supposition, notwithstanding we are aware that such was not an uncommon practice in Shakespeare's age.

It is remarkable, that while most of Shakespeare's plays came from the press in the quarto editions in so slowly and uncorrected a state, his minor poems have been handed down to us, perhaps, more accurately printed than those of any poets of the time, with the exception of Daniel and Drayton, who seem generally to have bestowed great pains upon their productions. At the end of the "Sonnets" is a poem, called "A Lover's Complaint;" and here, although it has no fresh title-page, we are assured that it is "by William Shakespeare." There could in fact be no doubt respecting the authorship of it; but on what occasion, or for what purpose it was written, we have no information.

The ensuing sonnets, with other poems, were reprinted in 1640, 8vo, with a frontispiece of the author, engraved by Marshall. It is an edition of no authority.

Our text is that of the 4to, 1609. In all modern reprints various errors have been committed in consequence of carelessness of collation, or because one editor copied the mistakes of another.

## I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,  
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
 But as the ripper should by time decease,  
 His tender heir might bear his memory :  
 But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
 Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
 Making a famine where abundance lies,  
 Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.  
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
 Within thine own buduriest thy content,  
 And, tender churl, mak'st waste in a niggarding.  
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

## II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,  
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
 Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :  
 Then, being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,  
 To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,  
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.  
 How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,  
 If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine,  
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"—  
 Proving his beauty by succession thine.  
 This were to be new made, when thou art old,  
 And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

## III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,  
 Now is the time that face should form another ;  
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
 Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.  
 For where is she so fair, whose <sup>b</sup>un-ear'd womb  
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?  
 Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb  
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?  
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee  
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime :  
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.  
 But if thou live, remember'd not to be,  
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

## IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?  
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend ;  
 And being frank, she lends to those are free.  
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
 The bounteous largess given thee to give ?  
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?  
 For, having traffic with thyself alone,  
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.  
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,  
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?  
 Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
 Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

## V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame  
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
 And that unfair, which fairly doth excel :  
 For never-resting time leads summer on

To hideous winter, and confounds him there ;  
 Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,  
 Beauty o'er-snow'd and bareness every where :  
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft  
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was :  
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,  
<sup>d</sup>Leese but their show ; their substance still lives  
 sweet.

## VI.

Then, let not winter's ragged hand deface  
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :  
 Make sweet some phial ; treasure thou some place  
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
 That use is not forbidden usury,  
 Which <sup>e</sup>happies those that pay the willing loan ;  
 That 's for thyself to breed another thee,  
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one :  
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee.  
 Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,  
 Leaving these living in posterity ?  
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
 To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

## VII.

Lo ! in the orient when the gracious light  
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;  
 And having climbd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage :  
 But when from high-most pitch with weary car,  
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
 From his low tract, and look another way.  
 So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,  
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

## VIII.

Music to 'hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly  
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,  
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.  
 Mark, how one string, sweet husband to another,  
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering ;  
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,  
 Who all in one one pleasing note do sing :  
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,  
 Sings this to thee,—thou single wilt prove none.

## IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,  
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life ?  
 Ah ! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
 The world will wall thee like a <sup>f</sup>makeless wife ;  
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep,  
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
 When every private widow well may keep,  
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.  
 Look, what an <sup>h</sup>unthrift in the world doth spend,

<sup>a</sup> "In niggarding," i. e., in stinting, sparing.—<sup>b</sup> "Un-ear'd," i. e., untill'd.—<sup>c</sup> "Fond," i. e., foolish.

<sup>d</sup> "Leese," i. e., lose.—<sup>e</sup> "Happies," i. e., makes happy.—  
<sup>f</sup> "Music to hear," i. e., thou, whom it is music to hear.—  
<sup>g</sup> "Makeless," i. e., mateless.—<sup>h</sup> "An unthrift," i. e., a prodigal.

Shifts but <sup>a</sup> his place, for still the world enjoys it ;  
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
 And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.  
 No love toward others in that bosom sits,  
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

## X.

For shame ! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
 Grant, if thou wilt, thou art below'd of many,  
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident ;  
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,  
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,  
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,  
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
 O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind !  
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love ?  
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
 Or, to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove :  
 Make thee another self, for love of me,  
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## XI.

As fast as thou shalt wañe, so fast thou growest  
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest :  
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest,  
 Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth <sup>b</sup> convertest.  
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase ;  
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay :  
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
 And threescore year would make the world away.  
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store,  
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish :  
 Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave the more ;  
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish.  
 She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,  
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

## XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;  
 When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white ;  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;  
 Then, of thy beauty do I question make,  
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
 And die as fast as they see others grow ;  
 And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,  
 Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee

## XIII.

O, that you were yourself ! but, love, you are  
 No longer yours, than you yourself here live :  
 Against this coming end you should prepare,  
 And your sweet semblance to some other give :  
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease,  
 Find no determination : then, you were  
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.  
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
 Which husbandry in honor might uphold,  
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,  
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?

<sup>a</sup> His for its.—<sup>b</sup> "When thou from youth convertest," i. e., when thou art changed from youth to age.—<sup>c</sup> Erst," i. e., once ; formerly.

O ! none but unthrifis. Dear my love, you know,  
 You had a father : let your son say so.

## XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,  
 And yet, methinks, I have astronomy,  
 But not to tell of good, or evil luck,  
 Of plagues, or dearths, or seasons' quality ;  
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind ;  
 Or say with princes if it shall go well,  
 By oft predict that I in heaven find :  
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,  
 And, constant stars, in them I read such art,  
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
 If from thyself to store thou would'st convert ;  
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

## XV.

When I consider every thing that grows  
 Holds in perfection but a little moment ;  
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows,  
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;  
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
 Cheered and check'd even by the selfsame sky,  
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
 And wear their brave state out of memory ;  
 Then, the conceit of this inconstant stay  
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
 Where wasteful time debateth with decay,  
 To change your day of youth to sullied night ;  
 And, all in war with time, for love of you,  
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

## XVI.

But wherefore do you not a mightier way  
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time,  
 And fortify yourself in your decay  
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?  
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours,  
 And many maiden gardens, yet unset,  
 With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,  
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit :  
 So should the lines of life that life repair,  
 Which this, time's pencil, or my pupil pen,  
 Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,  
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
 To give away yourself, keeps yourself still,  
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill

## XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?  
 Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
 Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts  
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
 The age to come would say, "this poet lies ;  
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."  
 So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
 Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,  
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
 And stretched metre of an antique song ;  
 But were some child of yours alive that time,  
 You should live twice—in it, and in my rhyme.

## XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate :  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

<sup>d</sup> "The conceit," i. e., the idea ; the image.



And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;  
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou <sup>a</sup>owest;  
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest.  
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,  
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood:  
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou <sup>b</sup>fleets,  
 And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;  
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
 O! carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,  
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,  
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.

## XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,  
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;  
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion:  
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;  
 A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,  
 Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth;  
 And for a woman wert thou first created;  
 Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,  
 And by addition me of thee defeated,  
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,  
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

## XXI.

So is it not with me, as with that muse  
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,  
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;  
 Making a complement of proud compare,  
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,  
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
 That heaven's air in this huge <sup>c</sup>rondure hems.  
 O! let me, true in love, but truly write,  
 And then, believe me, my love is as fair  
 As any mother's child, though not so bright  
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:  
 Let them say more that like of hear-say well;  
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

## XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
 So long as youth and thou are of one date;  
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,  
 Then look I death my days should expiate;  
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee,  
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me.  
 How can I, then, be elder than thou art?

O! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,  
 As I, not for myself, but for thee will,  
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain;  
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

## XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
 Who with his fear is put beside his part,  
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;  
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,  
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
 O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.  
 O! let my books be, then, the eloquence  
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,  
 Who plead for love, and look for recompense,  
 More than that tongue that more hath express'd.  
 O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:  
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath <sup>d</sup>steel'd  
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart:  
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,  
 And perspective it is best painter's art;  
 For through the painter must you see his skill,  
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies;  
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
 Now, see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:  
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me  
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun  
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;  
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

## XXV.

Let those who are in favor with their stars  
 Of public honor and proud titles boast,  
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honor most.  
 Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread,  
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye;  
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
 For at a frown they in their glory die.  
 The painful warrior, <sup>e</sup>famoused for fight,  
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
 Is from the book of honor razed quite,  
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:  
 Then, happy I, that love and am beloved,  
 Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

## XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,  
 To thee I send this written embassy,  
 To witness duty, not to show my wit:  
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,  
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;  
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,  
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,  
 And puts apparel on my tattered loving,  
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:

<sup>a</sup> "That fair thou owest," i. e., that beauty, fairness thou possessest.—<sup>b</sup> *Fleets* for *fleets*.—<sup>c</sup> "Rondure," i. e., circle.

<sup>d</sup> "Steel'd:" in "The Rape of Lucrece" *steld* is used in the same sense; probably from the German *gestellt*, i. e., depicted; represented.—<sup>e</sup> "Famoused," i. e., renowned.

Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;  
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st  
prove me.

## XXVII.

Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;  
But then begins a journey in my head,  
To work my mind, when body's work's expired :  
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,  
Looking on darkness which the blind do see :  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.  
Lo ! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

## XXVIII.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,  
That am debar'd the benefit of rest ?  
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd ?  
And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;  
The one by toil, the other to complain  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :  
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,  
When sparkling stars<sup>a</sup> twine not, thou gild'st the even :  
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem  
stronger.

## XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least ;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate :  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :  
Then, can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight.  
Then, can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay, as if not paid before :  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

## XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,

And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,  
And all those friends which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and obsequious tear  
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie !  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;  
That due of many now is thine alone :  
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,  
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

## XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover,  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased<sup>c</sup> lover,  
Compare them with the bettering of the time ;  
And though they be out-strip'd by every pen,  
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
O ! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought :  
" Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,  
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
To march in ranks of better equipage :  
But since he died, and poets better prove,  
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

## XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly<sup>d</sup> rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
With all triumphant splendor on my brow ;  
But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;  
Suns of the world may<sup>e</sup> stain, when heaven's sun  
staineth.

## XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?  
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,  
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;  
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :  
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.  
Ah ! but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,  
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

## XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :  
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
All men make faults, and even I in this,  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare ;

<sup>b</sup> "Obsequious," i. e., funeral. — <sup>c</sup> *Lover* was formerly used for *friend*. — <sup>d</sup> "Rack," i. e., floating vapor. — <sup>e</sup> "May stain," i. e., may be stained, clouded.

Myself corrupting, salving thy <sup>a</sup>amiss,  
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :  
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,  
 Thy adverse party is thy advocate,  
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.  
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
 That I an necessary needs must be  
 To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

## XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
 Although our undivided loves are one :  
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,  
 Without thy help by me be borne alone,  
 In our two loves there is but one respect,  
 Though in our lives a separable spite,  
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;  
 Nor thou with public kindness honor me,  
 Unless thou take that honor from thy name :  
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,  
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;  
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,  
 I make my love engrafted to this store :  
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,  
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,  
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
 And by a part of all thy glory live.  
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee :  
 This wish I have ; then, ten times happy me !

## XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,  
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?  
 O ! give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;  
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
 When thou thyself dost give invention light ?  
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth  
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke ;  
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
 Eternal numbers to out-live long date.  
 If my slight muse do please these curious days,  
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

## XXXIX

O ! how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
 When thou art all the better part of me ?  
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?  
 And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee ?  
 Even for this let us divided live,  
 And our dear love lose name of single one,  
 That by this separation I may give  
 That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.  
 O absence ! what a torment wouldst thou prove,  
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
 Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,

And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

## XL.

Take all my loves, my love ; yea, take them all :  
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?  
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call :  
 All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.  
 Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,  
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest ;  
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest  
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.  
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;  
 And yet love knows it is a greater grief  
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.  
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
 Kill me with smiles, yet we must not be foes.

## XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,  
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,  
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
 For still temptation follows where thou art.  
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed ;  
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed.  
 Ah me ! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,  
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
 Who lead thee in their riot even there  
 Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth ;  
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

## XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
 And yet it may be said, I lov'd her dearly ;  
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :—  
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her ;  
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
 Suffering my friend for my sake to <sup>b</sup>approve her.  
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,  
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss ;  
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross :  
 But here's the joy ; my friend and I are one.  
 Sweet flattery !—then, she loves but me alone.

## XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
 For all the day they view things <sup>c</sup>unrespected ;  
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
 And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.  
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,  
 How would thy shadow's form, form happy show  
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so ?  
 How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made  
 By looking on thee in the living day,  
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay ?  
 All days are nights to see thee, till I see thee,  
 And nights bright days, when dreams do show  
 thee me.

## XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
 Injurious distance should not stop my way ;

<sup>a</sup> "Thy amiss," i. e., thy fault.

<sup>b</sup> "To approve," i. e., to prove.—<sup>c</sup> "They view things unrespected," i. e., they view things without regarding them.



For, then, despite of space, I would be brought  
 From limits far remote where thou dost stay.  
 No matter then, although my foot did stand  
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;  
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land.  
 As soon as think the place where he would be,  
 But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
 But that, so much of earth and water <sup>a</sup> wrought,  
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan;  
 Receiving nought by elements so slow  
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

## XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;  
 The first my thought, the other my desire,  
 These present-absent with swift motion slide:  
 For when these quicker elements are gone  
 In tender embassy of love to thee,  
 My life, being made of four, with two alone  
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy,  
 Until life's compositions be <sup>b</sup>recured  
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
 Who even but now come back again, assured  
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:  
 This told, I joy: but then, no longer glad,  
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

## XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,  
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;  
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,  
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,  
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes)  
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
 To <sup>c</sup>cide this title is impannelled  
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;  
 And by their verdict is determined  
 The clear eye's <sup>d</sup>moiety, and the dear heart's part:  
 As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,  
 And mine heart's right thine inward love of heart.

## XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
 And each doth good turns now unto the other.  
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:  
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:  
 So, either by thy picture or my love,  
 Thyself away art present still with me;  
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
 And I am still with them, and they with thee;  
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

## XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,  
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust;  
 That to my use it might unused stay  
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!  
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,

Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,  
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,  
 From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part;  
 And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,  
 For truth proves thiefish for a prize so dear.

## XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
 When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd <sup>e</sup>respects;  
 Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,  
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye;  
 When love, converted from the thing it was,  
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity;  
 Against that time do I esconce me here,  
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
 And this my hand against myself uprear,  
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:  
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws  
 Since why to love I can allege no cause.

## L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
 When what I seek (my weary travel's end)  
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
 "Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"  
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
 Plods dully on to bear that weight in me,  
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know,  
 His rider lov'd not speed being made from thee.  
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,  
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side;  
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,  
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

## LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:  
 From where thou art why should I haste me thence?  
 Till I return of posting is no need.  
 O! what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
 When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;  
 In winged speed no motion shall I know:  
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;  
 Therefore desire, (of perfect love being made)  
 Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;  
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;  
 Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,  
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

## LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
 The which he will not every hour survey,  
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure,  
 Therefore, are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set  
 Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,  
 Or captain jewels in the <sup>f</sup>carcanet.  
 So is the time that keeps you as my chest,  
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
 To make some special instant special-blest,  
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

<sup>a</sup> "Wrought," i. e., formed; made.—<sup>b</sup> "Until life's composition be recured," i. e., until the orderly adjustment of the elements of life be restored.—<sup>c</sup> "Cide for decide."—<sup>d</sup> *Moiety* is used by Shakespeare for *portion* or *share*.

<sup>e</sup> "Respects," i. e., considerations.—<sup>f</sup> The *carcanet* is a chain or collar of jewels.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

## LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,  
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?  
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,  
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.  
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit  
Is poorly imitated after you;  
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
And you in Grecian <sup>a</sup>tires are painted new:  
Speak of the spring, and <sup>b</sup>foison of the year,  
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,  
The other as your bounty doth appear;  
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,  
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

## LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.  
The <sup>c</sup>canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,  
As the perfumed tincture of the roses;  
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;  
But, for their virtue only is their show,  
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made:  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

## LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth: your praise shall still find room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity,  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

## LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,  
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:  
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill  
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,  
To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.  
Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new  
Come daily to the banks, that when they see  
Return of love more blest may be the view;  
Or call it winter, which being full of care,  
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,  
more rare.

## LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire?

<sup>a</sup> Tires for attires.—<sup>b</sup> "Foison," i. e., plenty.—<sup>c</sup> The canker-bloom is the dog-rose.

I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do, till you require.  
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,  
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
When you have bid your servant once adieu:  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose:  
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,  
Save where you are, how happy you make those.  
So true a fool is love, that in your will  
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

## LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,  
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,  
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!  
O! let me suffer (being at your beck)  
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;  
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check  
Without accusing you of injury.  
Be where you list; your charter is so strong,  
That you yourself may privilege your time:  
Do what you will, to you it doth belong  
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,  
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

## LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is  
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,  
Which, laboring for invention, bear amiss  
The second burden of a former child?  
O! that record could with a backward look,  
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
Show me your image in some antique book,  
Since mind at first in character was done;  
That I might see what the old world could say  
To this composed wonder of your frame;  
Whether we are mended, or where better they,  
Or whether revolution be the same.  
O! sure I am, the wits of former days  
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

## LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:  
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

## LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;  
To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?  
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great:  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;  
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,

To play the watchman ever for thy sake :  
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,  
From me far off, with others all too near.

## LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
And all my soul, and all my every part ;  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
No shape so true, no truth of such account ;  
And for myself mine own worth do define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount.  
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,  
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read ;  
Self so self-loving were iniquity.  
'T is thee (myself) that for myself I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

## LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn ;  
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow  
With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn  
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night ;  
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,  
Are vanishing, or vanish'd out of sight,  
Stealing away the treasure of his spring,  
For such a time do I now fortify  
Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life ;  
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

## LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age ;  
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,  
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage :  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store :  
When I have seen such interchange of state,  
Or state itself confounded to decay,  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—  
That time will come and take my love away.  
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

## LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?  
O ! how shall summer's honey-breath hold out  
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays ?  
O fearful meditation ! where, alack,  
Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid ?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?  
O none ! unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

## LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry :—  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honor shamefully misplac'd,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill :  
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that to die I leave my love alone.

## LXVII.

Ah ! wherefore with infection should he live,  
And with his presence grace impiety,  
That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
And <sup>a</sup>lace itself with his society ?  
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
And steal dead seeing of his living hue ?  
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true ?  
Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,  
Beggard of blood to blush through lively veins ?  
For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
O ! him she stores, to show what wealth she had  
In days long since, before these last so bad.

## LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,  
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,  
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,  
Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;  
Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head ;  
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.  
In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
Without all ornament, itself, and true,  
Making no summer of another's green,  
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;  
And him as for a map doth nature store,  
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

## LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend ;  
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,  
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd ;  
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,  
In other accents do this praise confound,  
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.  
They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ;  
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes  
were kind,  
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :  
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,  
The <sup>b</sup>solve is this ;—that thou dost common grow.

## LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;  
The ornament of beauty is <sup>c</sup>suspect,  
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;  
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
Thou hast past by the ambush of young days,

<sup>a</sup> "Lace," i. e., trim; adorn.—<sup>b</sup> "The solve," i. e., the solution.—<sup>c</sup> "Suspect," i. e., suspicion.



Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;  
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarged:  
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,  
 Then, thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

## LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,  
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:  
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 O! if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
 But let your love even with my life decay;  
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

## LXXII.

O! lest the world should task you to recite  
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love  
 After my death, dear love, forget me quite,  
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;  
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
 To do more for me than mine own desert,  
 And hang more praise upon deceased I,  
 \*Then niggard truth would willingly impart.  
 O! lest your true love may seem false in this,  
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
 My name be buried where my body is,  
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,  
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

## LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
 As after sun-set fadeth in the west,  
 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest:  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more  
 strong,  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

## LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest  
 Without all bail shall carry me away,  
 My life hath in this line some interest,  
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay:  
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
 The very part was consecrate to thee.  
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due;  
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me:  
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
 The prey of worms, my body being dead;  
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
 Too base of thee to be remembered.  
 The worth of that is that which it contains,  
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

\* Then for than.

## LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,  
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;  
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found:  
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;  
 Now counting best to be with you alone,  
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:  
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,  
 And by and by clean starved for a look;  
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
 Save what is had or must from you be took.  
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day;  
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

## LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,  
 So far from variation or quick change?  
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside  
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange?  
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
 And keep invention in a notéd weed,  
 That every word doth almost tell my name,  
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?  
 O! know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
 And you and love are still my argument;  
 So, all my best is dressing old words new,  
 Spending again what is already spent:  
 For as the sun is daily new and old,  
 So is my love, still telling what is told.

## LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,  
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;  
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,  
 And of this book this learning may'st thou taste:  
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,  
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;  
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know  
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.  
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,  
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

## LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoc'd thee for my muse,  
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
 As every alien pen hath got my use,  
 And under thee their poesie disperse.  
 Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,  
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,  
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,  
 And given grace a double majesty.  
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:  
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;  
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

## LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;  
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
 And my sick muse doth give another place.  
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;  
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,

He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
 He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
 From thy behavior; beauty doth he give,  
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford  
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.

Then, thank him not for that which he doth say,  
 Since what he owes thee, thou thyself dost pay.

## LXXX.

O! how I faint when I of you do write,  
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,  
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame:  
 But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)  
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,  
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;  
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride:  
 Then, if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
 The worst was this—my love was my decay.

## LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.  
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;  
 And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,  
 When all the breathers of this world are dead;  
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen),  
 Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths  
 of men.

## LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,  
 And, therefore, may'st without attaint o'er-look  
 The dedicated words which writers use  
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;  
 And, therefore, art enforc'd to seek anew  
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
 And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd  
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
 Thou, truly fair, wert truly sympathiz'd  
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;  
 And their gross painting might be better used  
 Where cheeks need blood: in thee it is abused.

## LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,  
 And, therefore, to your fair no painting set;  
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
 The barren tender of a poet's debt:  
 And, therefore, have I slept in your report,  
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show  
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.  
 This silence for my sin you did impute,  
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;  
 For I impair not beauty being mute,  
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb.  
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,  
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

## LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,  
 Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?  
 In whose confine immured is the store,  
 Which should example where your equal grew.  
 Lean penny within that pen doth dwell,  
 That to his subject lends not some small glory;  
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,  
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
 Making his style admired every where.  
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises  
 worse.

## LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,  
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,  
 Reserve their character with golden quill,  
 And precious phrase by all the muses fill'd.  
 I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,  
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"  
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.  
 Hearing you prais'd, I say, "'tis so, 'tis true,"  
 And to the most of praise add something more;  
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before:  
 Then, others for the breath of words respect,  
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

## LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
 Bound for the prize of all too precious you,  
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhere,  
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?  
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?  
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished:  
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost,  
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
 As victors of my silence cannot boast.  
 I was not sick of any fear from thence;  
 But when your countenance fill'd up his line,  
 Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

## LXXXVII.

Farewell; thou art too dear for my possessing,  
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
 And for that riches where is my deserving?  
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
 And so my patent back again is swerving. [ing,  
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not know  
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
 In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

## LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,  
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,  
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,  
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn:

\* "Inhere," i. e., inclose in a funeral monument.

With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
 Upon thy part I can set down a story  
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attained,  
 That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory :  
 And I by this will be a gainer too ;  
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
 The injuries that to myself I do,  
 Doing thee vantage, double vantage me.  
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

## LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
 And I will comment upon that offence :  
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,  
 Against thy reasons making no defence.  
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
 To set a form upon desired change,  
 As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,  
 I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange,  
 Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue  
 Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell  
 Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,  
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.  
 For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,  
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate

## XC.

Then, hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now :  
 Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
 And do not drop in for an after loss.  
 Ah ! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow  
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;  
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.  
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
 But in the onset come : so shall I taste  
 At first the very worst of fortune's might ;  
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
 Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

## XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;  
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;  
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their  
 horse ;  
 And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,  
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;  
 But these particulars are not my measure :  
 All these I better in one general best.  
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,  
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;  
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast :  
 Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take  
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

## XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
 For term of life thou art assured mine ;  
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
 For it depends upon that love of thine :  
 Then, need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
 When in the least of them my life hath end.  
 I see a better state to me belongs  
 Than that which on thy humor doth depend.  
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
 O ! what a happy title do I find,  
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die :

But what 's so blessed fair that fears no blot ?  
 Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

## XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
 Like a deceived husband ; so love's face  
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd new ;  
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :  
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye ;  
 Therefore, in that I cannot know thy change.  
 In many's looks the false heart's history  
 Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange ;  
 But heaven in thy creation did decree,  
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;  
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,  
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.  
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

## XCIV.

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,  
 That do not do the thing they most do show,  
 Who, moving others, are themselves a stone,  
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;  
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,  
 And husband nature's riches from expense ;  
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
 Others but stewards of their excellence.  
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
 Though to itself it only live and die ;  
 But if that flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity ;  
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;  
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

## XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,  
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name ?  
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !  
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
 (Making lascivious comments on thy sport)  
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;  
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.  
 O ! what a mansion have those vices got,  
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,  
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see !  
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege ;  
 The hardest knife ill us'd doth lose his edge.

## XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness ;  
 Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentle sport ;  
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less :  
 Thou mak'st fault's graces that to thee resort.  
 As on the finger of a throned queen  
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,  
 So are those errors that in thee are seen  
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.  
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate !  
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state !  
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been  
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !  
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,  
 What old December's bareness every where !  
 And yet this time remov'd was summer's time ;



The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,  
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:  
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;  
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute;  
 Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,  
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

## XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,  
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him:  
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odor and in hue,  
 Could make me any summer's story tell,  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:  
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,  
 Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose;  
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,  
 Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.  
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,  
 As with your shadow I with these did play:

## XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:— [smells,  
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that  
 If not from my love's breath? the purple pride  
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,  
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.  
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
 And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:  
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
 One blushing shame, another white despair;  
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,  
 And to this robbery had annex'd thy breath;  
 But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
 But sweet or color it had stol'n from thee.

## C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long  
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?  
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
 Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?  
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent:  
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,  
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
 Rise, "resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there;  
 If any, be a satire to decay,  
 And make Time's spoils despised every where.  
 Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;  
 So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

## CI.

O truant Muse! what shall be thy amends,  
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?  
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends;  
 So dost thou too, and therein dignified.  
 Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,  
 "Truth needs no color, with his color fix'd;  
 Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;  
 But best is best, if never intermix'd."  
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?  
 Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee  
 To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,  
 And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

\* "Resty," i. e., restive.

Then, do thy office, Muse: I teach thee how  
 To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

## CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in  
 seeming,  
 I love not less, though less the show appear:  
 That love is <sup>b</sup>merchandiz'd, whose rich <sup>c</sup>esteeming  
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.  
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays;  
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
 And stops his pipe in growth of ripper days:  
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now,  
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,  
 But that wild music burdens every bough,  
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.  
 Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,  
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

## CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,  
 That having such a scope to show her pride,  
 The argument, all bare, is of more worth,  
 Than when it bath my added praise beside.  
 O! blame me not, if I no more can write:  
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face,  
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,  
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.  
 Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,  
 To mar the subject that before was well?  
 For to no other pass my verses tend,  
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;  
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,  
 Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

## CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;  
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,  
 In process of the seasons have I seen;  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:  
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred.—  
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

## CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
 Since all alike my songs and praises be,  
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
 Therefore, my verse to constancy confin'd,  
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,  
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;  
 And in this change is my invention spent,  
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
 Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,  
 Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

## CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,

<sup>b</sup> "Merchandiz'd," i. e., exhibited for traffic.—<sup>c</sup> "Esteem  
 ing," i. e., value.

And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;  
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have express'd  
 Even such a beauty as you master now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
 And for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:  
 For we, now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

## CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;  
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,  
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
 Now, with the drops of this most balmy time  
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,  
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:  
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
 When tyrants' crests, and tombs of brass are spent.

## CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,  
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?  
 What's new to speak, what new to register,  
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit?  
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,  
 I must each day say o'er the very same,  
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
 So that eternal love, in love's fresh case,  
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age;  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;  
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

## CIX.

O! never say that I was false of heart,  
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.  
 As easy might I from myself depart,  
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.  
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,  
 Like him that travels, I return again,  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd;  
 So that myself bring water for my stain.  
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
 For nothing this wide universe I call,  
 Save thou, my Rose; in it thou art my all.

## CX.

Alas! 't is true, I have gone here and there,  
 And made myself a motley to the view;  
 Gerd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most  
 Made old offences of affections new:  
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth  
 Askance and strangely; but, by a'l above,  
 These 'blenches gave my heart another youth,  
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.  
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end:

\* "Blenches," i. e., fits.

Mine appetite I never more will grind  
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
 A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
 Then, give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
 Even to thy pure, and most most loving breast.

## CXI.

O! for my sake do you with fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means, which public manners breeds:  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;  
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.  
 Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd,  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
 Potions of b<sup>e</sup>ysel 'gainst my strong infection;  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
 Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

## CXII.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?  
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive  
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;  
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.  
 In so profound abyss I throw all care  
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense  
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.  
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—  
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
 That all the world besides methinks they are dead.

## CXIII.

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,  
 And that which governs me to go about  
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,  
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:  
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;  
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet favor, or deformed'st creature,  
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:  
 Incapable of more, replete with you,  
 My most true mind thus maketh mine <sup>c</sup>untrue.

## CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,  
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?  
 Or whether shall I say, my eye saith true,  
 And that your love taught it this alchymy,  
 To make, of monsters and things indigest,  
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
 Creating every bad a perfect best,  
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
 O! 't is the first: 't is flattery in my seeing,  
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
 Mine eye well knows what with his <sup>d</sup>gust is <sup>g</sup>reeing,  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:  
 If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin  
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

b "Eysel," i. e., vinegar.—<sup>c</sup> Untrue is used here as a substantive.—<sup>d</sup> "His gust," i. e., his taste.

## CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,  
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer;  
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents  
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,  
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
 Divert strong minds t' the course of altering things;  
 Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,  
 Might I not then say, "now I love you best,"  
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,  
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?  
 Love is a babe; then, might I not say so,  
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

## CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments: love is not love,  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove:  
 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
 That looks on tempest, and is never shaken;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark, [taken.  
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.  
 If this be error, and upon me proved,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

## CXVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all  
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay;  
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;  
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
 And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;  
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight:  
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,  
 And on just proof surmise accumulate;  
 Bring me within the level of your frown,  
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate,  
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove  
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

## CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
 With \*eager compounds we our palate urge;  
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
 We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;  
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,  
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;  
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness  
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.  
 Thus policy in love, t' anticipate  
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,  
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd;  
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

## CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of syren tears,  
 Distill'd from <sup>b</sup>limbecks foul as hell within,  
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,

\* "Eager," (Fr. *aigre*), i. e., sour.—<sup>b</sup> "Limbecks," i. e.,  
 lembicks.

Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!  
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,  
 In the distraction of this madding fever!  
 O benefit of ill! now I find true,  
 That better is by evil still made better;  
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,  
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.  
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,  
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

## CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,  
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,  
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.  
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,  
 As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;  
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
 O! that our night of woe might have remember'd  
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits;  
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd  
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!  
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee;  
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

## CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteemed,  
 When not to be receives reproach of being;  
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed,  
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:  
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?  
 No, I am that I am; and they that level  
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:  
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel.  
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;  
 Unless this general evil they maintain,  
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

## CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
 Full character'd with lasting memory,  
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,  
 Beyond all date, even to eternity;  
 Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart  
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;  
 Till each to ras'd oblivion yield his part  
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.  
 That poor retention could not so much hold,  
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;  
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:  
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,  
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

## CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:  
 Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,  
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
 They are but dressings of a former sight.  
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,  
 And rather make them born to our desire,  
 Than think that we before have heard them told.  
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
 Not wondering at the present, nor the past;  
 For thy records and what we see do lie,  
 Made more or less by thy continual haste.

This I do vow, and this shall ever be,  
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee;



## CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
 It might for fortune's bastard be unfathered,  
 As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,  
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered.  
 No, it was builded far from accident;  
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
 Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:  
 It fears not policy, that heretic,  
 Which works on leases of short number'd hours,  
 But all alone stands hugely politic,  
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.  
 To this I witness call the fools of time,  
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

## CXXV.

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,  
 With my extern the outward honoring,  
 Or laid great bases for eternity,  
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?  
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favor  
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent;  
 For compound sweet fore-going simple savor,  
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
 No; let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,  
 But mutual render, only me for thee.  
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,  
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

## CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy! who in thy power  
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;  
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st  
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;  
 If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
 As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee back,  
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.  
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!  
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:  
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,  
 And her quietus is to render thee.

## CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,  
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;  
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame;  
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,  
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,  
 But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.  
 Therefore, my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
 Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem  
 At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:  
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of thy woe,  
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

## CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music playest,  
 Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds  
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently swayest  
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
 Do I envy those "jacks," that nimble leap  
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,  
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,

\* Jacks are keys of the virginal.

At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.  
 To be so tickled, they would change their state  
 And situation with those dancing chips,  
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,  
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.  
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,  
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

## CXXIX.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action; and till action, lust  
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
 Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;  
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,  
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad;  
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;  
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme:  
 A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;  
 Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.  
 All this the world well knows, yet none knows  
 well  
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

## CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
 And in some perfumes is there more delight  
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound:  
 I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground  
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
 As any she belied with false compare.

## CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;  
 For well thou know'st, to my dear dotting heart  
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,  
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:  
 To say they err I dare not be so bold,  
 Although I swear it to myself alone.  
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
 One on another's neck, do witness bear,  
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
 In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,  
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

## CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
 Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
 And, truly, not the morning sun of heaven  
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face.  
 O! let it, then, as well beseem thy heart  
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
 And suit thy pity like in every part;  
 Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,  
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

## CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart, that makes my heart to groan  
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!  
 Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?  
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
 And my next self thou harder hast engrossed:  
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;  
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.  
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
 But, then, my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;  
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;  
 Thou canst not then use rigor in my jail:  
 And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,  
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.<sup>a</sup>

## CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;  
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:  
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind;  
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,  
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
 The <sup>a</sup>statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,  
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;  
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
 Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:  
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

## CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy <sup>b</sup>Will,  
 And Will to boot, and Will in over-plus;  
 More than enough am I, that vex thee still,  
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
 And in abundance addeth to his store;  
 So thou, being rich in Will, add to thy Will  
 One will of mine, to make thy large Will more.  
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;  
 Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

## CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,  
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;  
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.  
 Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove,  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none:  
 Then, in the number let me pass untold,  
 Though in thy stores' account I one must be;  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:  
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is Will.

## CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
 That they behold, and see not what they see?

They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,  
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?  
 Why should my heart think that a several <sup>b</sup>plot,  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common  
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say, this is not, [place?  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?  
 In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,  
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.<sup>d</sup>

When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
 Although she knows my days are past the best,  
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:  
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.  
 But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?  
 And wherefore say not I, that I am old?  
 O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
 And age in love loves not to have years told:  
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

## CXXXIX.

O! call not me to justify the wrong,  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;  
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue,  
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.  
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,  
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy  
 might  
 Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can 'bide?  
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows  
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.  
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,  
 Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

## CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press  
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;  
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;  
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near.  
 No news but health from their physicians know:  
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee;  
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
 That I may not be so, nor thou believ'd, [wide.  
 Bear thine eye straight, though thy proud heart go

## CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;  
 But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.

<sup>a</sup> "The statute," i. e., the security.—<sup>b</sup> "Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will:" As there is in this and the next sonnet, as well as in Sonnet cxlii., an obvious play upon the Christian name of the poet, we have printed it exactly as it stands in the quarto, 1609, and as it probably stood in the manuscript from which it was printed.

<sup>c</sup> "A several plot," i. e., a piece of ground which has been "common," or unenclosed, but has been separated and made private property.—<sup>d</sup> This sonnet, with variations, was first printed in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599. It is inserted hereafter as it stands in that work, that the reader may have an opportunity of comparing the two copies.

Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;  
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor swell, desire to be invited  
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:  
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can  
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
 Who leave unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:  
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

## CXLI.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving.  
 O! but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;  
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,  
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,  
 Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.  
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those  
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:  
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,  
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
 By self-example may'st thou be denied!

## CXLI.

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch  
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch  
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;  
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,  
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
 To follow that which flies before her face,  
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:  
 So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
 Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind;  
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:  
 So will I pray that thou may'st have thy Will,  
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

## CXLI.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still:  
 The better angel is a man, right fair,  
 The worse spirit a woman, color'd ill.  
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.  
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
 But being both from me, both to each friend,  
 I guess one angel in another's hell:  
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

## CXLI.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,  
 Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"  
 To me that languish'd for her sake;  
 But when she saw my woeful state,  
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet  
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom,  
 And taught it thus anew to greet.  
 "I hate," she alter'd with an end,  
 That follow'd it as gentle day

Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,  
 From heaven to hell is flown away:  
 "I hate," from hate away she threw,  
 And sav'd my life, saying—"not you."

## CXLI.

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,  
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,  
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
 Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?  
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:  
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying then

## CXLI.

My love is as a fever, longing still  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
 Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
 My reason, the physician to my love,  
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,  
 Desire is death, which physic did except.  
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
 And frantic mad with evermore unrest:  
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,  
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;  
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,  
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

## CXLI.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,  
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!  
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
 That censures falsely what they see aright?  
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
 What means the world to say it is not so?  
 If it be not, then love doth well denote  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,  
 How can it? O! how can love's eye be true,  
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
 No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;  
 The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.  
 O cunning love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,  
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

## CXLI.

Canst thou, O Cruel! say, I love thee not,  
 When I, against myself, with thee partake?  
 Do I not think on thee, when I forget  
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?  
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?  
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?  
 Nay, if thou lov'st on me, do I not spend  
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?  
 What merit do I in myself respect,  
 That is so proud thy service to despise,  
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?  
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind:  
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

## CXLI.

O! from what power hast thou this powerful might,  
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?

\* This sonnet, with some variations, will be found hereafter in "The Passionate Pilgrim."—<sup>b</sup> "Suggest," i. e., tempt.

\* "Partake," i. e., take part.



To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day ?  
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
 There is such strength and "warrantise" of skill,  
 That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds ?  
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate ?  
 O! though I love what others do abhor,  
 With others thou shouldst not abhor my state :  
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

## CLL.

Love is too young to know what conscience is ;  
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love ?  
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my <sup>b</sup> amiss.  
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove :  
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason ;  
 My soul doth tell my body that he may  
 Triumph in love ; flesh stays no farther reason,  
 But rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.  
 No want of conscience hold it, that I call  
 Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

## CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing ;  
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
 When I break twenty ? I am perjur'd most ;

<sup>a</sup> "Warrantise," i. e., authority ; security. — <sup>b</sup> "Amis," i. e., fault.

For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost :  
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,  
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;  
 And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
 Or made them swear against the thing they see ;  
 For I have sworn thee fair : more perjur'd I,  
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie !

## CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep :  
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,  
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;  
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love  
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove,  
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
 But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fired,  
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;  
 I sick withal, the help of bath desired,  
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,  
 But found no cure : the bath for my help lies  
 Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

## CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep,  
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
 Whilst many nymphs, that vow'd chaste life to keep  
 Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand  
 The fairest votary took up that fire  
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd :  
 And so the general of hot desire  
 Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,  
 Growing a bath, and healthful remedy  
 For men diseas'd ; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

# A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded  
A painful story from a <sup>a</sup> sistering vale,  
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,  
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale;  
Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,  
Tearing of papers, breaking rings <sup>b</sup> a-twain,  
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a <sup>c</sup> atted hive of straw,  
Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw  
The carcase of a beauty spent and done:  
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,  
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,  
Some beauty peep'd through lattico of sear'd age

Oft did she heave her napkin to her <sup>e</sup> eyne,  
Which on it had conceited characters,  
<sup>d</sup> Laundering the silken figures in the brine  
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,  
And often reading what contents it bears;  
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe  
In clamors of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,  
As they did battery to the spheres intend;  
Sometime, diverted, their poor balls are tied  
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend  
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend  
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,  
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,  
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;  
For some, untuck'd, descended her <sup>e</sup> sheav'd hat,  
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;  
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,  
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,  
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favors from a <sup>f</sup> maund she drew  
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,  
Which one by one she in a river threw,  
Upon whose weeping margin she was set;  
Like usury, applying wet to wet,  
Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall  
Where want cries "some," but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;  
Crack'd many a ring of poised gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;  
Found yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood,  
With <sup>g</sup> sleided silk feat and affectively  
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her <sup>h</sup> fluxive eyes,  
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;  
Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,  
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!  
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here  
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

<sup>a</sup> "Sistering," i. e., neighboring.—<sup>b</sup> "Atwain," i. e., in twain; asunder.—<sup>c</sup> "Eyne," i. e., eyes.—<sup>d</sup> "Laundering," i. e., wetting; washing.—<sup>e</sup> "Sheav'd hat," i. e., straw hat.—<sup>f</sup> "A maund," i. e., a basket.—<sup>g</sup> "Sleided," i. e., untwisted.—<sup>h</sup> "Fluxive," i. e., flowing

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,  
Sometime a blusterer, that the <sup>i</sup> ruffle knew  
Of court, of city, and had let go by  
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,  
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;  
And, privileged by age, desires to know,  
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained <sup>k</sup> bat,  
And comely-distant sits he by her side;  
When he again desires her, being sat,  
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:  
If that from him there may be aught applied,  
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,  
'T is promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold  
The injury of many a blasting hour,  
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;  
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:  
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied  
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me! too early I attended  
A youthful suit, it was to gain my grace;  
O! one by nature's outwards so commended,  
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:  
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;  
And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,  
And every light occasion of the wind  
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls:  
What's sweet to do, to do will apply find;  
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,  
For on his visage was in little drawn,  
What largeness thinks in paradise was <sup>l</sup> sawn.

Small show of man was yet upon his chin:  
His phoenix down began but to appear,  
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,  
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to wear;  
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear,  
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt  
If best were as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;  
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm  
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.  
His rudeness so, with his authoriz'd youth,  
Did lively falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,  
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:  
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway, [makes!"]  
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he  
And controversy hence a question takes,  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went.  
His real habitude gave life and grace

<sup>i</sup> "Ruffle," i. e., commotion.—<sup>k</sup> "Bat," i. e., club.—<sup>l</sup> Sawn for sown.

To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case :  
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,  
Came for additions, yet their purpos'd trim  
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue,  
All kind of arguments and question deep,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep :  
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,  
He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will :  
That he did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,  
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
In personal duty, following where he haunted :  
Consents, bewitch'd, ere he desire have granted ;  
And dialogued for him what he would say,  
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,  
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;  
Like fools that in th' imagination set  
The goodly objects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd ;  
And laboring in more pleasures to bestow them,  
Than the true gouty landlord which doth <sup>a</sup> owe them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.  
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,  
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part)  
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,  
Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
Demand of him, nor, being desir'd, yielded ;  
Finding myself in honor so forbid,  
With safest distance I mine honor shielded.  
Experience for me many bulwarks builded  
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil  
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But ah ! who ever shunn'd by precedent  
The destin'd ill she must herself assay ?  
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,  
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way ?  
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay ;  
For when we rage, advice is often seen  
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That we must curb it upon others' proof,  
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.  
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof !  
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
Though reason weep, and cry, " It is thy last."

For farther I could say, " This man's untrue,"  
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling ;  
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,  
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling ;  
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling ;  
Thought characters, and words, merely but art,  
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city,  
Till thus he 'gan besiege me : " Gentle maid,  
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,  
And be not of my holy vows afraid :  
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said ;  
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,  
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you see,  
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind :  
Love made them not : with <sup>b</sup> acture they may be,  
Where neither party is nor true nor kind :  
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,  
And so much less of shame in me remains,  
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,  
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,  
Or my affection put to the smallest <sup>c</sup> teen,  
Or any of my leisures ever charmed :  
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed ;  
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,  
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;  
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me  
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood  
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;  
Effects of terror and dear modesty,  
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo ! behold these talents of their hair,  
With twisted metal amorously <sup>d</sup> impleach'd,  
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,  
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd)  
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,  
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify  
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond ; why, 't was beautiful and hard,  
Whereto his <sup>e</sup> invis'd properties did tend,  
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard  
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;  
The heaven-hued sapphire, and the opal blend  
With objects manifold : each several stone,  
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some moan.

Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,  
Nature hath charg'd me that I heard them not,  
But yield them up where I myself must render ;  
That is, to you, my origin and ender :  
For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O ! then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,  
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise ;  
Take all these similes to your own command,  
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise ;  
What me, your minister, for you obeys,  
Works under you ; and to your audit comes  
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo ! this device was sent me from a nun,  
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note ;  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
Whose rarest <sup>f</sup> havings made the <sup>g</sup> blossoms dote :  
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,  
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet ! what labor is't to leave  
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives ?  
Paling the place which did no form receive ;  
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves ?  
She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O, pardon me, in that my boast is true '  
The accident which brought me to her eye,  
Upon the moment did her force subdue.

<sup>b</sup> " Acture," i. e., action.—<sup>c</sup> " Teen," i. e., sorrow.—<sup>d</sup> " Impleach'd," i. e., plaited.—<sup>e</sup> " His invis'd," i. e., its unseen.—<sup>f</sup> " Havings," i. e., possessions.—<sup>g</sup> " The blossoms," i. e., the flower of the young nobility.



And now she would the caged cloister fly;  
 Religious love put out religion's eye:  
 Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,  
 And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!  
 The broken bosoms that to me belong,  
 Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
 And mine I pour your ocean all among:  
 I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
 Must for your victory us all congest,  
 As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,  
 Who, disciplin'd, I dieted in grace,  
 Believ'd her eyes, when they t' assail begun,  
 All vows and consecrations giving place.  
 O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,  
 In thee bath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impresses, what are precepts worth  
 Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,  
 How coldly those impediments stand forth  
 Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?  
 Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,  
 'gainst shame;

And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,  
 The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now, all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
 Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;  
 And supplicant their sighs to you extend,  
 To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
 Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
 And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,  
 That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
 Whose sights till then were level'd on my face;  
 Each cheek a river running from a fount  
 With brinish current downward flow'd apace.  
 O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
 Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses  
 That flame through water which their hue incloses.

O father! what a hell of witchcraft lies  
 In the small orb of one particular tear;

But with the inundation of the eyes  
 What rocky heart to water wil. not wear?  
 What breast so cold that is not warmed here?  
 O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
 Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,  
 Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;  
 There my white stole of chastity I <sup>a</sup> daff'd;  
 Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears:  
 Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
 All melting; though our drops this difference bore,  
 His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
 Applied to <sup>b</sup> cautels, all strange forms receives,  
 Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
 Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,  
 In either aptness, as it best deceives  
 To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
 Or to turn white, and swoon at tragic shows:

That not a heart which in his level came,  
 Could scape the hail of his all-burting aim,  
 Showing fair nature is both kind and tame,  
 And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:  
 Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;  
 When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd <sup>c</sup> luxury,  
 He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus, merely with the garment of a grace  
 The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;  
 That th' unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,  
 Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.  
 Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?  
 Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make,  
 What I should do again for such a sake.

O, that infected moisture of his eye!  
 O, that false fire, which in his cheek so glow'd!  
 O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly!  
 O, that sad breath his spungy lungs bestowed!  
 O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming owed,  
 Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
 And new pervert a reconciled maid!

<sup>a</sup> "Daff'd," i. e., put off.—<sup>b</sup> "To cautels," i. e., to cunning.  
 —<sup>c</sup> "Luxury," i. e., licentiousness.

# THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.



STANZA IV.

## INTRODUCTION.

! "The Passionate Pilgrime By W. Shakespeare. At London Printed for W. Iaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Faules Churchyard. 1599." 16mo. 30 leaves.

The title-page first given to the edition of 1612 ran thus: "The Passionate Pilgrime. Or Certaine Amorous Sonnets, betweene Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespeare. The third Edition. Wherevnto is newly added two Loue-Epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's answer backe againe to Paris. Printed by W. Iaggard. 1612." The title-page substituted for the above differs in no other respect but in the omission of "By W. Shakespeare."

In the following pages we have reprinted "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599, as it came from the press of W. Iaggard, with the exception only of the orthography. Malone omitted several portions of it; some because they were substantially repetitions of poems contained elsewhere, and others because they appeared to have been improperly assigned to Shakespeare; one piece, the last in the tract, is not inserted at all in Boswell's edition, although Malone reprinted it in 1780, and no reason is assigned for rejecting it. We have given the whole, and in our notes we have stated the particular circumstances belonging to such pieces as there is reason to believe did not come from the pen of our great dramatist.

### I. <sup>a</sup>

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth  
I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth  
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although I know my years be past the best,  
I smiling credit her false speaking tongue,  
Out-facing faults in love with love's ill rest.  
But wherefore says my love that she is young?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
O! love's best habit is a soothing tongue,  
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.  
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,  
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

### II. <sup>b</sup>

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:  
The better angel is a man, right fair,  
The worse spirit a woman, color'd ill.

To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt a saint to be a devil,  
 wooing his purity with her fair pride;  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
Suspect I may, but not directly tell;  
For being both to me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell.

The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

### III. <sup>c</sup>

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,  
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,  
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?  
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,  
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:  
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;  
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.  
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is:  
Then thou fair sun, that on this earth dost shine,

<sup>a</sup> This sonnet is substantially the same as Sonnet cxxxviii.

<sup>b</sup> This sonnet is also the same as Sonnet cxliv., but with some verbal variations.

<sup>c</sup> This sonnet is found in "Love's Labor's Lost," but with some slight variations.

Exhale this vapor now; in thee it is:  
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.  
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

## IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,  
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,  
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.  
She told him stories to delight his ear;  
She show'd him favors to allure his eye;  
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:  
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.  
But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
Or he refus'd to take her <sup>a</sup>figur'd proffer,  
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:  
Then, fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:  
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

V. <sup>b</sup>

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?  
O! never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:  
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;  
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers  
bow'd.  
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,  
Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.  
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;  
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;  
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder,  
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:  
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful  
thunder,  
Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.  
Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that wrong,  
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly  
tongue.

## VI.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,  
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,  
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,  
A longing tarrance for Adonis made,  
Under an osier growing by a brook,  
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen:  
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look  
For his approach, that often there had been.  
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;  
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him:  
He, spying her, bound'd in, <sup>c</sup> whereas he stood:  
O Jove! quoth she, why was not I a flood?

## VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,  
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;  
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,  
Softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty:  
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,  
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.  
Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,  
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!  
How many tales to please me hath she coined,  
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!

<sup>a</sup> "Figur'd" is probably a misprint for *sugar'd*.—<sup>b</sup> This poem, with variations, is read by Sir Nathaniel, in "Love's Labor's Lost."—"Whereas," i. e., whereat; at the place where.

Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were  
jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;  
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out burneth:  
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing  
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.  
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?  
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII. <sup>d</sup>

If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
Then, must the love be great twixt thee and me  
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.  
Doulard to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense:  
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,  
As passing all conceit needs no defence.  
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound  
That Phoebus' lute (the queen of music) makes;  
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd  
<sup>e</sup> Whenas himself to singing he betakes.  
One god is god of both, as poets feign,  
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

## IX.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,  
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,  
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;  
Her stand she takes upon a steep up hill:  
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;  
She silly queen, with more than love's good will,  
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.  
Once, (quoth she) did I see a fair sweet youth  
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,  
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!  
See, in my thigh, (quoth she,) here was the sore.  
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one  
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

## X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,  
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!  
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded,  
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!  
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,  
And falls, (through wind) before the fall should be  
I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;  
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.  
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;  
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:  
O yes, (dear friend,) I pardon crave of thee:  
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI. <sup>f</sup>

Venus with Adonis sitting by her,  
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:  
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,  
And as he fell to her, she fell to him  
Even thus, (quoth she) the warlike ge<sup>c</sup> embrac'd me,  
And then she <sup>e</sup>clipp'd Adonis in her arms;  
Even thus, (quoth <sup>e</sup> she) the warlike god unlac'd me,  
As if the boy should use like loving charms:

<sup>d</sup> This poem was published in 1598, in Richard Barnfield's "Encomion of Lady Pecunia." There is little doubt that it is his property.—<sup>e</sup> "Whenas," i. e., at the time when.—<sup>f</sup> This sonnet, with considerable variations, is the third in a collection of seventy-two sonnets, published in 1596, under the title of "Fidessa," with the name of B. Griffin, as the author. A manuscript of the time, now before us, has the initials W. S. at the end.—<sup>g</sup> "Clipp'd," i. e., encircled.



Even thus, (quoth she) he seized on my lips,  
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure;  
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
 And would not take her meaning, nor her pleasure.  
 Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,  
 To kiss and clip me till I ran away!

## XII.

Crabbed age and youth  
 Cannot live together;  
 Youth is full of 'pleasance,  
 Age is full of care:  
 Youth like summer morn,  
 Age like winter weather;  
 Youth like summer brave,  
 Age like winter bare.  
 Youth is full of sport,  
 Age's breath is short;  
 Youth is nimble, age is lame:  
 Youth is hot and bold,  
 Age is weak and cold;  
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
 Age, I do abhor thee,  
 Youth, I do adore thee;  
 O, my love, my love is young!  
 Age, I do defy thee;  
 O, sweet shepherd! hie thee,  
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

## XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
 A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;  
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;  
 A brittle glass, that's broken presently:  
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.  
 And as goods lost are <sup>b</sup> sold or never found,  
 As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh;  
 As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,  
 As broken glass no cement can redress;  
 So beauty blemish'd once, for ever lost,  
 In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

## XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:  
 She bade good night, that kept my rest away;  
 And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,  
 To descant on the doubts of my decay.  
 Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow:  
 Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.  
 Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
 In scorn or friendship, <sup>c</sup> nill I construe whether:  
 'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,  
 'T may be, again to make me wander thither;  
 "Wander," a word for shadows like thyself,  
 As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

## XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!  
 My heart doth charge the watch, the morning rise  
 Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.  
 Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,  
 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
 And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;  
 For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,  
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:  
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;  
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;  
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sor-  
 row;  
 For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-mor-

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;  
 But now are minutes added to the hours;  
 To spite me now, each minute seems a 'moon:  
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succor flowers!  
 Pack night, peep day, good day, of night now  
 borrow:  
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-mor-

XVI.<sup>e</sup>

It was a lording's daughter,  
 The fairest one of three,  
 That liked of her master  
 As well as well might be,  
 Till looking on an Englishman,  
 The fairest that eye could see,  
 Her fancy fell a turning.  
 Long was the combat doubtful,  
 That love with love did fight,  
 To leave the master loveless,  
 Or kill the gallant knight:  
 To put in practice either,  
 Alas! it was a spite  
 Unto the silly damsel.  
 But one must be refused,  
 More mickle was the pain,  
 That nothing could be used,  
 To turn them both to gain;  
 For of the two the trusty knight  
 Was wounded with disdain:  
 Alas! she could not help it.  
 Thus art with arms contending  
 Was victor of the day,  
 Which by a gift of learning  
 Did bear the maid away;  
 Then lullaby, the learned man  
 Hath got the lady gay;  
 For now my song is ended.

XVII.<sup>l</sup>

On a day (alack the day!)  
 Love, whose month was ever May,  
 Spied a blossom passing fair,  
 Playing in the wanton air:  
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
 All unseen, 'gan passage find;  
 That the lover (sick to death)  
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
 Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;  
 Air, would I might triumph so!  
 But, alas! my hand hath sworn  
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:  
 Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:  
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.  
 Thou for whom Jove would swear  
 Juno but an Ethiop were;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love.

XVIII.<sup>s</sup>

My flocks feed not,  
 My ewes breed not,

<sup>d</sup> "A moon," i. e., a month.—<sup>e</sup> This is the first piece in the division of "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599, called, "Sonnets to sundry Notes of Music."—<sup>f</sup> This poem, in a more complete state, may be seen in "Love's Labor's Lost." The poem is also printed in "England's Helicon," a miscellany of poetry, first published in 1600, where "W. Shakespeare" is appended to it.—<sup>g</sup> In "England's Helicon," 1600, this poem immediately follows "On a day (alack the day!)" but it is there entitled, "The unknown Shepherd's Complaint," and it is subscribed *Ignoto*. Hence, we may suppose that the compiler of that collection knew that it was not by Shakespeare, although it had been attributed to him in "The Passionate Pilgrim," of the year preceding.

<sup>a</sup> "Pleasance," i. e., gayety.—<sup>b</sup> *Seld* for *seldom*.—<sup>c</sup> "Nill I," i. e., I will not.

My rams speed not,

All is amiss :

Love is dying,

Faith's defying,

Heart's denying,

Causers of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,

All my lady's love is lost (God wot) :

Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,

There a nay is plac'd without remove.

One silly cross

Wrought all my loss :

O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame !

For now I see

Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,

All fears scorn I,

Love hath forlorn me,

Living in thrall :

Heart is bleeding,

All help needing,

O cruel speeding !

\*Fraughted with gall !

My shepherd's pipe can sound no <sup>b</sup> deal,

My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;

My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,

Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;

My sighs so deep,

Procure to weep,

In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.

How sighs resound

Through heartless ground,

[fight !

Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody

Clear wells spring not,

Sweet birds sing not,

Green plants bring not

Forth their dye ;

Herds stand weeping,

Flocks all sleeping,

Nymphs back peeping

Fearfully :

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,

All our merry meetings on the plains,

All our evening sport from us is fled ;

All our love is lost, for love is dead.

Farewell, sweet lass,

Thy like ne'er was

For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan

Poor Coridon

Must live alone,

Other help for him I see that there is none.

#### XIX.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,

And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,

Let reason rule things worthy blame,

As well as partial fancy like :

Take counsel of some wiser head,

Neither too young, nor yet unwee'd.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,

Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,

Lest she some subtle practice smell ;

A cripple soon can find a halt :

But plainly say thou lov'st her well,

And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,

Her cloudy looks will clear ere night ;

And then too late she will repent

That thus dissembled her delight ;

And twice desire, ere it be day,

That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,

And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,

Her feeble force will yield at length,

When craft hath taught her thus to say,—

"Had women been so strong as men,

In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways :

Spare not to spend, and chiefly there

Where thy desert may merit praise,

By ringing in thy lady's ear :

The strongest castle, tower, and town,

The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,

And in thy suit be humble, true ;

Unless thy lady prove unjust,

Seek never thou to choose a new.

When time shall serve, be thou not slack

To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,

Dissembled with an outward show,

The tricks and toys that in them lurk,

The cock that treads them shall not know.

Have you not heard it said full oft,

A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?

Think, women still to strive with men

To sin, and never for to saint :

There is no heaven ; be holy then,

When time with age shall them attain

Were kisses all the joys in bed,

One woman would another wed.

But soft ! enough,—too much, I fear ;

Lest that my mistress hear my song,

She will not stick to warm my ear,

To teach my tongue to be so long :

Yet will she blush, here be it said,

To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

#### XX.<sup>c</sup>

Live with me and be my love,

And we will all the pleasures prove,

That hills and valleys, dales and fields,

And the craggy mountain yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,

And see the shepherds feed their flocks

By shallow rivers, to whose falls

Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,

With a thousand fragrant posies ;

A cap of flowers, and a kirtle

Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,

With coral clasps and amber studs ;

And if these pleasures may thee move,

Then, live with me and be my love.

#### LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,

And truth in every shepherd's tongue,

These pretty pleasures might me move,

To live with thee and be thy love.

\* "Fraughted," i. e., filled.—<sup>b</sup> "No deal," i. e., no part.

<sup>c</sup> This poem, here incomplete, and what is called "Love's Answer," still more imperfect, belong to Christopher Marlowe and Sir Walter Raleigh : the first is assigned by name to Marlowe, in "England's Helicon," 1600, and the last appears in the same collection, under the name of *Ignoto*, which was a signature sometimes adopted by Sir Walter Raleigh.

XXI.<sup>a</sup>

As it fell upon a day  
In the merry month of May,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade,  
Which a grove of myrtles made,  
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,  
Trees did grow and plants did spring;  
Every thing did banish moan,  
Save the nightingale alone:  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity.  
Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;  
Tereu, Tereu! by and by;  
That to hear her so complain  
Scarce I could from tears refrain,  
For her griefs, so lively shown,  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,  
None takes pity on thy pain:  
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,  
Ruthless bears they will not cheer thee.  
King Pandion he is dead,  
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead,  
All thy fellow birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing.

XXII.<sup>b</sup>

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,  
Thou and I were both beguil'd:  
Every one that flatters thee  
Is no friend in misery.  
Words are easy, like the wind;  
Faithful friends are hard to find:  
Every man will be thy friend,  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful they will him call,  
And with such like flattering,  
Pity but he were a king.  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice:  
If to women he be bent,  
They have him at commandement;  
But if fortune once do frown,  
Then, farewell his great renown:  
They that fawn'd on him before  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed  
He will help thee in thy need:  
If thou sorrow, he will weep;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:  
Thus of every grief in heart,  
He with thee does bear a part.  
These are certain signs to know  
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.<sup>c</sup>

Let the bird of loudest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree,  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

<sup>a</sup> This poem is contained in R. Barnfield's "Encomion of Lady Pecunia," 1595, and reprinted as his, in 1605.—<sup>b</sup> This is the last poem in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599. It is a separate production, both in subject and place, with a division between it and Barnfield's poem, which precedes it.—<sup>c</sup> This poem is printed, as we have given it, with the name of Shakespeare, in Robert Chester's "Love's Martyr, or Rosalind's Complaint," 1601.

But thou shrieking harbinger,  
Foul <sup>d</sup> pre-currer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle, feather'd king:  
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,  
That defunctive music can,  
Be the death-divining swan,  
Lest the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,  
That thy sable gender mak'st  
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:  
Love and constancy is dead;  
Phœnix and the turtle fled  
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one;  
Two distincts, division none:  
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;  
Distance, and no space was seen  
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:  
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the Phœnix' sight:  
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,  
That the self was not the same;  
Single nature's double name  
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together;  
To themselves yet either neither,  
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cry'd, how true a twain  
Seemeth this concordant one!  
Love hath reason, reason none,  
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this <sup>e</sup> threne,  
To the Phœnix and the dove,  
Co-supremes and stars of love,  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

<sup>f</sup>THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the Phœnix' nest;  
And the turtle's loyal breast  
To eternity doth rest.

Leaving no posterity:  
'T was not their infirmity,  
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;  
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;  
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

WM. SHAKE-SPEARE.

<sup>d</sup> "Pre-currer," i. e., forerunner.—<sup>e</sup> "Threne," i. e., lamentation.—<sup>f</sup> "Threnos," i. e., song of lamentation.





# NOTES TO THE EMENDATIONS.

The figures to the right of the columns indicate the pages of the book, and the parallel figures correspond with those in the text. The abbreviation "f. e." is used to designate *former editions*.

## THE TEMPEST.

- PAGE
- 1.—1. "right," in f. e. "rightful."
  2. "a Ship at Sea," in f. e. "the Sea, with a Ship."
  3. "heard," not in f. e.
  4. "as on shipboard," &c. not in f. e.
  5. "from the cabin," not in f. e.
  6. "a," not in f. e.
  - 2.—1. "heat," in f. e. "cheek."
  2. "robe," in f. e. "mantle."
  3. "provision," in f. e. "provision."
  4. "Sits down," not in f. e.
  5. "thou," in f. e. "and."
  6. "And," in f. e. "A."
  - 3.—1. "loaded," in f. e. "lorded."
  2. "to untruth," in f. e. "unto truth."
  3. "practise," in f. e. "purpose."
  4. "Puts on," &c. not in f. e.
  - 4.—1. "all," in f. e. "are."
  2. "float," in f. e. "fote."
  3. "a," in f. e. "the."
  - 5.—1. "a like," in f. e. "like a."
  2. "[Waking]," not in f. e.
  3. "can't here first," in f. e. "camest first."
  4. "Music above," not in f. e.
  - 6.—1. "[Seeing her]," not in f. e.
  2. "[Kneels]," not in f. e.
  3. "[Rises]," not in f. e.
  4. "master," in f. e. "masters."
  - 7.—1. "Which, or he," in f. e. "Which of them, he."
  2. "as," in f. e. "at."
  3. "should," in f. e. "she'd."
  - 8.—1. "needle-seed," in f. e. "nettle-seed."
  2. "above," not in f. e.
  3. f. e. add "Exit ARIEL."
  4. "for," in f. e. "from."
  - 9.—1. "what's," in f. e. "what."
  2. ARIEL descends *invisible*, in f. e.
  3. "thus," in f. e. "this."
  4. "not," in f. e. "not."
  5. "[Seeing CALIBAN]," not in f. e.
  - 10.—1. "drench," in f. e. "dregs."
  2. "[CALIBAN drinks]," not in f. e.
  3. "[Kneels]," not in f. e.
  4. "[CALIBAN lies down]," not in f. e.
  - 11.—1. "scumels," in f. e. "sea-mells."
  2. "trencher," in f. e. "trenchering."
  3. "blest," in f. e. "least."
  4. "behind," in f. e. "at a distance."
  5. "[Aside]," not in f. e.
  6. "[To herself]," not in f. e.
  7. "aught," in f. e. "what."
  8. "[Aside]," not in f. e.
  - 12.—1. "[Kneels]," not in f. e.
  2. "[Rises]," not in f. e.
  3. "[CALIBAN kneels]," not in f. e.
  4. "then," in f. e. "there."
  - 13.—1. "gestures," in f. e. "gesture."
  2. "sounds," in f. e. "sound."
  3. in f. e. "[Seeing ALON, SEB., &c. draw their swords]," is here inserted.
  4. "[ALON, SEB., &c.]" not in f. e.
  - 14.—1. "[Above]," in f. e. "[Aside]."
  2. "lilled," in f. e. "lilled."
  3. "brown," in f. e. "broon."
  - 15.—1. "[Fades a descending slowly]," not in f. e.
  2. "short-graz'd," in f. e. "short-grass'd."
  3. in f. e. *Ceres* here takes up the song.
  4. "Rain," in f. e. "Spring."
  5. "sedge," in f. e. "sedged."
  - 16.—1. "skins," in f. e. "shins."
  2. f. e. have but this: "PROSPERO and ARIEL remain unseen."
  3. "[Seeing]," &c. not in f. e.
  4. "Ortes," &c. not in f. e.
  - 17.—1. "green-sward," in f. e. "green-sour."

- PAGE
- 17.—2. "Noble," in f. e. "Holy."
  3. "dow," in f. e. "show."
  4. "servant," in f. e. "sir."
  5. "e'er," in f. e. "or."
  6. in f. e. the period after "couch" is omitted.
  7. "[Attired]," &c. not in f. e.
  8. "devil," in f. e. "trifle."
  9. "thy," in f. e. "my."
  10. "faults," in f. e. "fault."
  - 18.—1. "PROSPERO draws a curtain," in f. e. "The entrance of the cell opens."
  - 19.—1. "with all," in f. e. "without."
  2. f. e. add "Exeunt."
  3. "Exeunt omnes," not in f. e.

## THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

- PAGE
- 20.—1. "THE," not in f. e.
  2. "The two Gentlemen," in f. e.
  3. "Gentlemen of Verona."
  3. "of," in f. e. "for."
  4. "the like," in f. e. "Servant."
  5. f. e. add, "in Milan."
  6. "with Valentine," not in f. e.
  7. "JULIA, beloved of," in f. e. "JULIA, a lady of Verona, beloved by."
  8. "SILVIA, beloved of," in f. e. "SILVIA, the Duke's Daughter, beloved by."
  9. "but," in f. e. "for."
  - 21.—1. "[Giving]," &c. not in f. e.
  2. "better," not in f. e.
  3. "to her," not in f. e.
  4. "you her," in f. e. "your."
  5. "Exit," not in f. e.
  6. "Exit," in f. e. "Exeunt."
  7. "Mercutio," in f. e. "Mercatio."
  8. "a loving," in f. e. "on lovely."
  - 22.—1. "Gives a letter," not in f. e.
  2. "Gives it back," not in f. e.
  3. "Drops the letter," &c. not in f. e.
  4. "[Snatching]," &c. not in f. e.
  5. "and throws it down," not in f. e.
  6. "pleas'd better," in f. e. "best pleas'd."
  7. "name," in f. e. "names."
  8. "unto," in f. e. "to."
  9. "see what sights you think," in f. e. "say what sights you see."
  - 23.—1. "not seeing," &c. not in f. e.
  2. "Kissing," &c. not in f. e.
  3. "and," in f. e. "to."
  4. "[Putting it up]," not in f. e.
  5. "Valentino," in f. e. "Valentius."
  6. "hath," in f. e. "had."
  7. "go," not in f. e.
  8. "be," not in f. e.
  - 24.—1. "Giving a paper," not in f. e.
  2. "Giving it back," not in f. e.
  - 25.—1. f. e. insert here: "Giving a ring."
  2. "[Exchange rings]," not in f. e.
  3. "his," in f. e. "a."
  4. "wild," in f. e. "wood."
  5. "twill," in f. e. "I'll."
  - 26.—1. "wealth," in f. e. "worth."
  2. "you out," in f. e. "out you."
  3. "Re-enter," in f. e. "Enter."
  4. "summer-smelling," in f. e. "summer-swellling."
  - 27.—1. "own, or Valentino's," in f. e. "eye, or Valentinus'."
  2. "so," not in f. e.
  3. "I have," in f. e. "thou hast."
  4. "to," in f. e. "in."
  - 28.—1. "wide," in f. e. "wild."
  2. "loving," in f. e. "longing."
  - 29.—1. "in his cloak," not in f. e.
  2. "lady in Milano," in f. e. "lady, sir, in Milano."

- PAGE
- 29.—3. "Ladder," &c. not in f. e.
  - 31.—1. "slip," in f. e. "sleep."
  2. "running," not in f. e.
  3. f. e. add: "PROTEUS behind."
  4. "Enter PROTEUS," not in f. e.
  5. "sure," in f. e. "some."
  - 32.—1. "wean," in f. e. "weed."
  2. "when," in f. e. "where."
  3. "strict," in f. e. "such."
  4. "They," &c. not in f. e.
  - 33.—1. "cava," in f. e. "crews."
  2. "as free," in f. e. "is she."
  3. "[Music]," &c. not in f. e.
  4. "not," not in f. e.
  - 34.—1. "not," not in f. e.
  2. "abhor," in f. e. "abhor'd."
  3. this line is not in f. e.
  4. "do," not in f. e.
  - 35.—1. "cur," not in f. e.
  2. "a hangman boy," in f. e. "the hangman's boys."
  3. "so please you to," in f. e. "please you."
  4. 5. 6. "[Giving]," &c. not in f. e.
  - 36.—1. "green as grass," in f. e. "grey as glass."
  2. "large," not in f. e.
  3. "angrily," not in f. e.
  4. "her," in f. e. "it."
  5. "in haste," not in f. e.
  6. "[Drawing]," &c. not in f. e.
  7. "These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods," in f. e. "This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods."
  - 37.—1. "too," in f. e. "so."
  2. "[Shows]," not in f. e.
  3. "my rude," in f. e. "are my."
  4. "[Withdraws]," in f. e. "[Steps aside]."
  5. "having," in f. e. "I have."
  6. "[Coming forward]," not in f. e.
  7. "dared I to," in f. e. "I dare not."
  8. "my foes," in f. e. "foes, that."
  9. "desperate guilt at once," in f. e. "guilt."
  10. "This," in f. e. "Why this."
  11. "[Discovering herself]," not in f. e.
  - 38.—1. "Milano," in f. e. "Verona."
  2. "conclude," in f. e. "include."
  3. "stripling," not in f. e.
  4. "Valentine," not in f. e.
  5. "love's discoverer," in f. e. "loves discovered."
  6. "Our day of marriage shall be yours no less," in f. e. "That done, our day of marriage shall be yours."

## THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

- PAGE
- 39.—1. "THE," not in f. e.
  2. "JOHN," not in f. e.
  3. "ANNE," in f. e. "MRS. ANNE."
  - 40.—1. f. e. insert here, "Enter PAGE."
  2. "[Above]," &c. not in f. e.
  3. "Enter PAGE," not in f. e.
  4. "Cotsall," in f. e. "Cotsall."
  - 41.—1. "and Mistress FORD," &c. in f. e. "Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE following."
  2. "[Following]," &c. not in f. e.
  3. "demand," in f. e. "command."
  4. "Dogs bark," not in f. e.
  - 42.—1. "minim's," in f. e. "minute's."
  2. "craves," in f. e. "carves."
  3. "well," in f. e. "will."
  4. "a legion," in f. e. "legions."
  5. "beauty," in f. e. "bounty."
  6. "the," in f. e. "this."
  7. f. e. insert here: "thim my head."
  8. "stars," in f. e. "star."

- PAGE  
43.—1. "running," not in f. e.  
2. "Enter RUGBY," not in f. e.  
3. "Going to it," not in f. e.  
4. "Dragging," in f. e. "pulling."  
44.—1. "I," in f. e. "we."  
2. "physician," in f. e. "precisian."  
3. "giving a letter," not in f. e.  
4. "Mrs. Page reads," not in f. e.  
45.—1. "stain," in f. e. "strain."  
2. "Wyam," in f. e. "Pistol."  
2. f. e. add, "and SHALLOW."  
3. "Enter SHALLOW," not in f. e.  
4. "go on here?" in f. e. "go, Myn-heers?"  
46.—1. "see them," not in f. e.  
2. "adellity," in f. e. "frailty."  
3. f. e. contain an additional line: "I will retort the sum in equipage."  
4. "couch-fellow," in f. e. "coach-fellow."  
5. "you," not in f. e.  
6. "of a," in f. e. "this."  
47.—1. "half, or all," in f. e. "all, or half."  
2. "suit," in f. e. "soul."  
48.—1. "Runs," &c., not in f. e.  
49.—1. "curds and creams," in f. e. "cried game."  
2. "with a book," not in f. e.  
3. "pit-way, the park-way," in f. e. "petty-ward, the park-ward, every way."  
4. 5. "Stings," not in f. e.  
50.—1. "hands, celestial and terrestrial," in f. e. "hand, celestial."  
2. "your," not in f. e.  
3. "him," in f. e. "he."  
4. "ten," not in f. e.  
51.—1. "By the Lord," not in f. e.  
52.—1. "and falls over," not in f. e.  
53.—1. "talk," in f. e. "converse."  
2. "Stands back," not in f. e.  
54.—1. "me," in f. e. "one."  
55.—1. "get," in f. e. "let."  
2. "and," in f. e. "of."  
3. "this," in f. e. "this his."  
4. "in flight," not in f. e.  
56.—1. "villains," in f. e. "villain."  
2. "out," &c., in f. e. "out of the basket."  
3. "All clothes," &c., not in f. e.  
57.—1. "nay," in f. e. "no."  
2. "see," in f. e. "say."  
3. "soudly," in f. e. "sound."  
58.—1. "him," in f. e. "he."  
2. "Pat. You," in f. e. "Sim. I."  
3. "and," in f. e. "or."  
4. "by," not in f. e.  
59.—1. "enough," in f. e. "enough to say my prayers."  
60.—1. "Evangelist," in f. e. "Hugh."  
2. "when thou leapt," in f. e. "shalt thou leap."  
3. "To himself," not in f. e.  
4. "Rouse," in f. e. "raise."  
5. "that," in f. e. "as."  
61.—1. "Look hand," &c., in f. e. "Pray your look hand."  
2. "To himself," not in f. e.  
3. "by one," not in f. e.  
4. "CHORUS," not in f. e.  
5. "match'd," in f. e. "watch'd."  
6. "hog pudding," in f. e. "hodge-pudding."  
7. "crying," not in f. e.  
62.—1. "They kneel," not in f. e.  
2. "guile," in f. e. "title."

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

- 63.—1. f. e. add "in the Duke's absence."  
2. "apt," in f. e. "put."  
3. But add to your sufficiency your worth," in f. e. "But that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able."  
64.—1. "Giving it," not in f. e.  
2. "Tendering," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "Giving it," not in f. e.  
65.—1. "bawdy," not in f. e.  
2. "CLAUDIO and Officers," in f. e. "CLAUDIO, JULIUS, and Officers; LUCIO and two Gentlemen."  
3. "Enter LUCIO," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "escape," in f. e. "scope."  
5. "pronunciation," in f. e. "denunciation."  
6. "procreation," in f. e. "propagation."  
7. "in time the rod's More mock'd," &c., in f. e. "in time the rod becomes more mock'd," &c.  
2. "due," in f. e. "the."  
3. "in the sight, To draw on slander," &c., in f. e. "in the fight, To do in slander," &c.  
4. "Lucio calls," not in f. e.  
5. "acorn," in f. e. "story."  
6. "seeding," in f. e. "seedness."

- PAGE  
66.—7. "who's," in f. e. "is."  
67.—1. "a," in f. e. "the."  
2. "breaks of ice," in f. e. "brakes of vice."  
68.—1. "unto," in f. e. "into."  
2. "windows," in f. e. "winter."  
3. "lordship," in f. e. "worship."  
69.—1. "day," in f. e. "day."  
70.—1. "God," in f. e. "top."  
2. "one," not in f. e.  
3. "new," in f. e. "now."  
4. "ere," in f. e. "where."  
5. "but tyrannous," in f. e. "but it is tyrannous."  
6. "You cannot . . . with yourself," in f. e. "We cannot . . . with ourself."  
7. "circles," in f. e. "shekels."  
8. "Going," not in f. e.  
9. "offals," in f. e. "evils."  
71.—1. "Even," in f. e. "Ever."  
2. "as a," in f. e. "habited like a."  
3. "serve," in f. e. "spare."  
4. "intention," in f. e. "invention."  
5. "sear," in f. e. "sear'd."  
6. "path," in f. e. "part."  
72.—1. "inshell'd," in f. e. "enshield."  
2. "force," in f. e. "loss."  
3. "May vouch," in f. e. "My vouch."  
73.—1. "do," in f. e. "dost."  
2. "boasted," in f. e. "blessed."  
3. "would'st," in f. e. "should'st."  
4. "priestly," in f. e. "precise."  
5. "priestly garb" in f. e. "precise guards."  
74.—1. "chief," in f. e. "cheap."  
2. "as," in f. e. "a."  
75.—1. "usances," in f. e. "usuries."  
2. "troth," in f. e. "trot."  
77.—1. the due of," not in f. e.  
2. "virtue to," in f. e. "and virtue."  
3. "Masking," in f. e. "Making."  
4. "But my kisses bring again, Seals of love, but seal'd in vain," in f. e. "But my kisses bring again, bring again, Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, seal'd in vain."  
5. "Run with base, false, and most contrarious quests," in f. e. "Run with these false and most contrarious requests."  
6. "dreams," in f. e. "dream."  
78.—1. "field's," in f. e. "filth."  
79.—1. "resisting," in f. e. "unsisting."  
79.—1. "giving a paper," not in f. e.  
80.—1. "grovelling beast," in f. e. "gravel heart"  
2. "manifest," in f. e. "manifested."  
3. "Catching her," not in f. e.  
4. "Perjurious," in f. e. "Injurious."  
5. "to you," not in f. e.  
81.—1. "confined," in f. e. "combind."  
2. 3. "Going," not in f. e.  
4. "an hour," in f. e. "in an hour."  
5. "rich," in f. e. "of."  
6. "them," in f. e. "letters."  
7. "Unto," in f. e. "To."  
82.—1. "Kneeling," not in f. e.  
2. "Rising," not in f. e.  
3. "Kneeling again," not in f. e.  
4. "Rising," not in f. e.  
5. "strangely," in f. e. "strange."  
6. "Most strangely, yet," in f. e. "Most strange, but yet."  
7. "incredulity," in f. e. "inequality."  
8. "Now," not in f. e.  
83.—1. "truth," in f. e. "trust."  
2. "Kneeling," not in f. e.  
84.—1. "Exit DUKE," not in f. e.  
2. f. e. insert here ["Exit DUKE]."  
3. "then," in f. e. "and."  
4. "reject," in f. e. "retort."  
5. "your," in f. e. "his."  
6. "gloze," in f. e. "close."  
85.—1. "Putting off the DUKE's disguises," in f. e. "Putting off the Friar's hood, and discovers the DUKE."  
2. "All start," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "demonstrance," in f. e. "remonstrance."  
4. "all," not in f. e.  
5. "I'll lend you all," &c., in f. e. "I'll lend you; all," &c.  
6. "They rise," not in f. e.  
86.—1. "muffled," not in f. e.  
2. "him," in f. e. "CLAUDIO."  
3. "CLAUDIO," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "well," not in f. e.  
5. "Curtain drawn," in f. e. "Exeunt."

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

- 87.—1. f. e. add "but unknown to each other."  
2. f. e. add "and Conjuror."  
3. f. e. add "an Abbess at Ephesus."

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87.—4. "Servant to Adriana," in f. e. "her servant."  
5. "at Syracusan," in f. e. "at any Syracusan."  
6. "fortune," in f. e. "nature."  
88.—1. "gently," in f. e. "gladly."  
2. "were," in f. e. "was."  
3. "And by misfortune," in f. e. "That by misfortunes."  
4. "he labor'd of all," in f. e. "I labor'd of a."  
5. "hope," in f. e. "help."  
6. "now," not in f. e.  
7. "then," in f. e. "that."  
8. "shaking money-bag," not in f. e.  
89.—1. "would," in f. e. "will."  
2. "running," not in f. e.  
3. "liberties," in f. e. "liberties."  
90.—1. 2. "doubly," in f. e. "doubtfully."  
91.—1. "and," in f. e. "co."  
2. "trimming," in f. e. "tiring."  
3. f. e. add "to thee."  
4. "thus," in f. e. "then."  
5. "unstead'd," in f. e. "dustain'd."  
92.—1. "means," in f. e. "moves."  
2. "draws," in f. e. "drives."  
3. "proffer'd," in f. e. "offer'd."  
4. "elves and," in f. e. "elvish."  
5. "my," in f. e. "the."  
6. "us," in f. e. "us all."  
7. "my," in f. e. "the."  
8. for certain," not in f. e.  
9. "Calling," not in f. e.  
10. "a face," in f. e. "an ass."  
11. "trow," in f. e. "hope."  
93.—1. "unkind debate," in f. e. "Antipholus."  
2. "incline," in f. e. "decline."  
94.—1. "running," in f. e. "hastily."  
2. "Polar," in f. e. "Poland."  
95.—1. "from the Courtessan's," not in f. e.  
2. "these," in f. e. "her."  
3. "me," not in f. e.  
4. "for," in f. e. "thee."  
96.—1. "merry," in f. e. "merrily?"  
2. "running," not in f. e.  
3. "swift," in f. e. "sweet."  
4. "fell," not in f. e.  
5. "Who knows no touch of mercy, cannot feel," not in f. e.  
6. "fury," in f. e. "fairly."  
7. "and," in f. e. "of."  
8. "any," in f. e. "an."  
9. "wearing the chain," not in f. e.  
97.—1. "thou," in f. e. "then."  
98.—1. "rigor," in f. e. "vigor."  
2. "now," not in f. e.  
3. "those," in f. e. "these."  
4. "spake," in f. e. "speak."  
5. "with," in f. e. "to."  
99.—1. "at," not in f. e.  
2. "solemn," in f. e. "sorry."  
100.—1. "strange," in f. e. "strong."  
2. "They," in f. e. "There."  
101.—1. "my voice, split," in f. e. "and splitted."  
2. 3. "high," in f. e. "her."  
4. "all," in f. e. "are."  
5. "at," in f. e. "hill."  
102.—1. ["Exeunt ANT. S. and E., ADM., and LUC." in f. e. "Exeunt all except the two Dromio brothers."]

## MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

- 103.—1. f. e. add "favorite to DON PEDRO."  
2. f. e. add "favored likewise by DON PEDRO."  
3. "A Gentleman," not in f. e.  
4. "Watchmen," &c., in f. e. "Messengers, Watchmen," &c.  
104.—1. f. e. add "were."  
2. "That," in f. e. "This."  
105.—1. "first," not in f. e.  
106.—1. "ground," in f. e. "grant."  
2. "till," not in f. e.  
107.—1. "a-pace," not in f. e.  
2. "Bene," in f. e. "Balth."  
108.—1. "then," in f. e. "therefore."  
2. "Angrily," not in f. e.  
3. "importable," in f. e. "impossible."  
4. "lent," in f. e. "left."  
5. "Have you," in f. e. "You have."  
109.—1. "as jealous a," in f. e. "that jealous."  
2. "our," in f. e. "my."  
110.—1. "proofs," in f. e. "truth."  
2. "a Boy," &c., not in f. e.  
3. ["Retire behind the trees," in f. e. "Withdraws."  
4. "hid-fox," in f. e. "kid-fox."  
5. "Musicians," in f. e. "music."  
6. ["Behind," in f. e. "Aside."  
7. "Or," in f. e. "Of."  
8. "frauds of men were," &c., in f. e. "fraud of men was," &c.



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- 110.—9. "Behind," in f. e. "[Aside]"  
 111.—1. 2. "Behind," in f. e. "[Aside]"  
 3. "full," not in f. e.  
 4. "sheets," in f. e. "sheet."  
 5. "cries," in f. e. "curses."  
 6. "alms-deed," in f. e. "alms."  
 112.—1. "in his age, that he cannot endure in his youth," in f. e. "in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age."  
 2. "not," not in f. e.  
 3. "stealing in," not in f. e.  
 4. "Aloud," not in f. e.  
 113.—1. "in a day," in f. e. "every day."  
 2. "but in the lack," in f. e. "behind the lack."  
 114.—1. "Behind and," not in f. e.  
 115.—1. "Coming forward," not in f. e.  
 2. "set with pearls down the sleeves," in f. e. "set with pearls, down sleeves"  
 117.—1. "Thou," in f. e. "Thus."  
 2. "hazard," in f. e. "rearward."  
 3. "frown?" in f. e. "frame?"  
 118.—1. "soul-tainted," in f. e. "foul tainted."  
 2. "cross," in f. e. "course."  
 3. "observation," in f. e. "observations."  
 4. "reverend calling," in f. e. "reverence, calling."  
 5. "blighting," in f. e. "biting."  
 6. "fraud and," in f. e. "frame of."  
 7. "cause," in f. e. "kind."  
 8. "lost and lack'd," in f. e. "lack'd and lost."  
 119.—1. "courtesy," in f. e. "courtesies."  
 2. "bound," in f. e. "in the hands—"  
 3. "Bora. Hands off, coxcomb!" in f. e. "Con. Off, coxcomb!"  
 120.—1. "eases," in f. e. "losses."  
 2. "to me," not in f. e.  
 3. "Call sorry joy: cry hem," &c., in f. e. "Cry—sorrow wag! and hem," &c.  
 4. "you," in f. e. "yet."  
 5. "an," not in f. e.  
 121.—1. "capers," in f. e. "a capon."  
 122.—1. "cause," in f. e. "bid."  
 123.—1. "bright," in f. e. "knight."  
 2. "oe," in f. e. "they."  
 3. "his way can tell," in f. e. "his several way."  
 4. "weed," in f. e. "weeds."  
 5. "speed," in f. e. "speeds."  
 124.—1. "belied," in f. e. "deft'd"  
 2. "Why, no more," &c., in f. e. "Why no; no more," &c.  
 3. "Troth, no more," &c., in f. e. "Troth, no; no more," &c.  
 4. "swore," in f. e. "did swear."  
 5. "It is no matter," in f. e. "This no such matter."  
 6. "of all the Actors," in f. e. "Exeunt."

## LOVE'S LABORS' LOST.

- 125.—1. "a Spaniard," in f. e. "a fantastical Spaniard."  
 2. "[Showing it]," not in f. e.  
 3. "oaths, and keep them," in f. e. "oath, and keep it."  
 4. "this," in f. e. "these."  
 126.—1. "this," in f. e. "thus."  
 2. "by," in f. e. "to."  
 3. "house-top to unlock the gate," in f. e. "house to unlock the little gate."  
 4. "to what I swore," in f. e. "what I have sworn."  
 5. "garrulity?" in f. e. "gentility?"  
 6. "rather," in f. e. "hither."  
 7. "plead," in f. e. "speak."  
 8. "world-new fashions flaunted," in f. e. "world's new fashion plant-ed."  
 127.—1. "hearing," in f. e. "having."  
 2. "climb in the," &c., in f. e. "climb in the," &c.  
 3. "vessel," in f. e. "vassal."  
 4. "Dull," not in f. e.  
 128.—1. "poetical," in f. e. "pathetical."  
 129.—1. "armiger," in f. e. "manager."  
 2. "sonnet-maker," in f. e. "sonnets."  
 3. "dearest," in f. e. "dearest."  
 130.—1. "[Reads]," not in f. e.  
 2. "free," in f. e. "fair."  
 3. "[Stands back]," in f. e. "[Retiring]."  
 4. 5. "[Coming forward]," not in f. e.  
 131.—1. "[Coming forward]," not in f. e.  
 2. "Song. See," &c., not in f. e.  
 3. "(Amato bene)," not in f. e.  
 4. "pain," in f. e. "penny."  
 132.—1. "messenger," in f. e. "message."  
 2. "fair," in f. e. "free."  
 3. "Moist-eyed," in f. e. "Most rude."  
 4. "them all," in f. e. "the male."

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- 133.—5. 6. "making," in f. e. "adding."  
 7. "A good Fenway. Moth. Ending," &c., in f. e. "Moth. A good Fen-way; ending," &c.  
 8. "marry," not in f. e.  
 9. "be," not in f. e.  
 10. "free," not in f. e.  
 11. "[Giving a letter]," not in f. e.  
 12. "[Exit]," not in f. e.  
 13. f. e. insert here, "[Exit Moth.]"  
 14. "[Showing it]," not in f. e.  
 133.—1. "witty," in f. e. "whitely."  
 2. "faith," in f. e. "fair."  
 3. "[Giving it]," not in f. e.  
 4. "[Handing it]," &c., not in f. e.  
 134.—1. "Looking babies in her eyes," &c.: this line not in f. e.  
 2. "small," not in f. e.  
 3. "not to think," not in f. e.  
 4. "Which we, having taste and feeling, are," in f. e. "(Which we of taste and feeling are)."  
 5. "set," in f. e. "see."  
 135.—1. "[Doctend]," in f. e. "Dictynna."  
 2. "[Reads]," not in f. e.  
 3. "[Aside]," not in f. e.  
 4. "Imitating," in f. e. "Imitari."  
 5. "trained," in f. e. "tired."  
 136.—1. "dew of night," in f. e. "night of dew,"  
 2. f. e. insert here, "[Steps aside]."  
 3. "in the tree," not in f. e.  
 4. "us!" not in f. e.  
 5. "By earth, she is most corporal," in f. e. "By earth, she is not— corporal."  
 6. "Stoops," in f. e. "Stoop."  
 137.—1. "great," not in f. e.  
 2. "lasting," in f. e. "fasting."  
 3. "[Going]," not in f. e.  
 4. "peasant," in f. e. "present."  
 5. "[Feeling it]," not in f. e.  
 6. "yet," in f. e. "not."  
 138.—1. "shade," in f. e. "scowl."  
 2. "best," in f. e. "crest."  
 3. "these," in f. e. "the."  
 4. "learning," in f. e. "beauty."  
 5. "humanity," in f. e. "humility."  
 139.—1. "one of insanity," in f. e. "me of insanity."  
 2. "large house," in f. e. "charge-house."  
 140.—1. "for," not in f. e.  
 2. "to," not in f. e.  
 3. "with presents," not in f. e.  
 4. "R," in f. e. "B."  
 141.—1. "potently," in f. e. "portent-like."  
 2. "encounters," in f. e. "encounters."  
 3. "the breach," in f. e. "their breath."  
 4. "sudden," in f. e. "solemn."  
 5. "love-suit," in f. e. "love-feat."  
 142.—1. "kill'd by pure flout!" in f. e. "kingly-poor flout!"  
 143.—1. "he," in f. e. "it."  
 2. "these," in f. e. "the."  
 144.—1. "pursent," in f. e. "perfect."  
 145.—1. f. e. insert here, "[Seats brought for the KING, PRINCESS, etc. Pageant of the Nine Worthies."]  
 2. "King," in f. e. "Prin."  
 146.—1. "gift," in f. e. "gift."  
 2. f. e. insert here, "[BIRON whispers COSTARD.]"  
 3. "Re-enter COSTARD," &c., not in f. e.  
 4. "nimble," in f. e. "humble."  
 5. "parting time expressly forms," in f. e. "parts of time extremely form."  
 6. "dull," in f. e. "double."  
 7. "strangeness," in f. e. "strains."  
 8. "so base," in f. e. "a sin."  
 147.—1. "challenge by," in f. e. "challenge me by."  
 2. "had," in f. e. "have."  
 3. "exercise," in f. e. "execute."  
 4. "dire," in f. e. "dear."  
 5. "them," in f. e. "then."

## MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

- 149.—1. f. e. add, "betrothed to Theseus."  
 2. f. e. insert here, "daughter to Egeus."  
 3. f. e. add, "a fairy."  
 4. f. e. add, "performed by the Clowns."  
 5. "revelry," in f. e. "revelling."  
 150.—1. "harshness," in f. e. "harshness."  
 2. "to," not in f. e.  
 3. "men," in f. e. "friends."  
 151.—1. "Your words I'd catch," in f. e. "Yours would I catch."  
 2. "His fault, fair Helena, is none of mine," in f. e. "His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine."

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- 151.—3. "must," in f. e. "do."  
 4. "dear recompence," in f. e. "a dear expense."  
 5. "ago on to appoint," in f. e. "grow to a point."  
 152.—1. "stones," in f. e. "storms."  
 2. "Take pains; be perfect; adieu," in f. e. "these words are attributed to Bottom."  
 3. "at opposite doors," in f. e. "from opposite sides."  
 4. "all," in f. e. "tall."  
 5. "cups," in f. e. "spots."  
 6. "Fairy," not in f. e.  
 7. "Faries," in f. e. "Fairy."  
 153.—1. "art," in f. e. "heart."  
 2. "Thy," in f. e. "The."  
 3. "ripe," in f. e. "rich."  
 4. "is seen," in f. e. "it sees."  
 5. "I'd," in f. e. "I'll."  
 6. "[Retiring]," not in f. e.  
 154.—1. "bowers," in f. e. "flowers."  
 2. "now your," in f. e. "in our."  
 3. "[Anointing]," in f. e. "[Squeezing the flower on]"  
 155.—1. "confidence," in f. e. "conference."  
 2. "[Anointing]" &c., not in f. e.  
 3. "their," in f. e. "your."  
 4. f. e. insert here, "[Staring]."  
 5. "[Waiting]," not in f. e.  
 6. "TITANIA," in f. e. "the queen of fairies."  
 156.—1. "lime," in f. e. "loam."  
 2. "and," in f. e. "or."  
 3. "have," in f. e. "of."  
 4. "on," not in f. e.  
 5. "in confusion," not in f. e.  
 6. 7. "Frightened," not in f. e.  
 157.—1. "their," in f. e. "The."  
 2. 3. "of you," in f. e. "you of."  
 4. "of," not in f. e.  
 5. "yet," in f. e. "not."  
 6. "[They stand]," &c., not in f. e.  
 158.—1. "in a mispris'd flood," in f. e. "on a mispris'd mood."  
 2. "[Coming forward]," not in f. e.  
 3. "[Anointing]," &c., not in f. e.  
 4. "They stand," &c., not in f. e.  
 5. "impress," in f. e. "princess."  
 6. "in," in f. e. "of."  
 159.—1. "childhood's," in f. e. "childhood."  
 2. "loving," in f. e. "lovely."  
 3. "and," in f. e. "have."  
 4. "[Holding him]," not in f. e.  
 5. "No, no, he'll," in f. e. "No, no sir."  
 6. "means," in f. e. "news."  
 160.—1. "[Coming forward]," not in f. e.  
 161.—1. "[Sleeps]," in f. e. "[Lies down]."  
 2. "[Anointing]," in f. e. "[Squeezing the juice on]"  
 3. "see," not in f. e.  
 4. "a while," in f. e. "all ways."  
 5. "[Anointing her eyes]," in f. e. "[Touching her eyes with an herb]."  
 162.—1. "shouts," in f. e. "shout."  
 2. "die," in f. e. "a."  
 3. "Thisby's," in f. e. "her."  
 163.—1. "seething," in f. e. "strange."  
 2. "this," in f. e. "there."  
 164.—1. "his," not in f. e.  
 2. "the PRESENTER," not in f. e.  
 3. "Pres," in f. e. "PROL."  
 4. "gentle," in f. e. "trusty."  
 5. "PRES," in f. e. "PROL."  
 6. "cranny," in f. e. "cranny'd."  
 165.—1. "wall," in f. e. "mural."  
 2. "lion," in f. e. "lion."  
 3. "your," in f. e. "my."  
 4. "not," in f. e. "no."  
 5. "[Seeing Taisse's mantle]," not in f. e.  
 6. "on," in f. e. "and."  
 7. "[Slaps himself]," not in f. e.  
 8. "[Exit Moonshine]," not in f. e.  
 9. f. e. add, "[Exit Moonshine]."  
 166.—1. "This lily lip," in f. e. "This cherry lip."  
 2. "These lily lips," in f. e. "These lily nose."  
 3. "with a broom," &c., not in f. e.  
 4. "in f. e. this song is attributed to Oberon."  
 5. "it safely," in f. e. "in safety."

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

- 67.—1. "THE," not in f. e.  
 68.—1. "twould," in f. e. "would."  
 2. "It is that—any thing now," in f. e. "Is that any thing now?"  
 3. "wasteful," in f. e. "wilful."  
 169.—1. "appropriation," in f. e. "appropriation."

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169.—2. "homes," in f. e. "home."  
170.—1. "land thieves, and water thieves," in f. e. "water thieves, and land thieves."  
2. "Are you yet possess'd How much he would?" in f. e. "Is he yet possess'd How much you would?"  
3. "inferred," in f. e. "inserted."  
4. "On," in f. e. "In."  
171.—1. "friend," in f. e. "friends."  
2. "Flourish," in f. e. "Flourish of."  
3. "burning," in f. e. "burnish'd."  
172.—1. "contagious," in f. e. "courageous."  
2. "Going out," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "Rising," not in f. e.  
4. "fructify," in f. e. "frutify."  
174.—1. "Safe blind, safe find," in f. e. "Past blind, fast find."  
2. "as a boy," in f. e. "in boy's clothes."  
3. "garnish of a lovely boy," in f. e. "lovely garnish of a boy."  
175.—1. "to them below," not in f. e.  
2. "Curtains drawn aside," not in f. e.  
3. "har," not in f. e.  
4. "opens," in f. e. "unlocks."  
5. "Curtains drawn," not in f. e.  
6. "And jewels too!" in f. e. "And jewels; two stones."  
176.—1. "apply," in f. e. "employ."  
2. "Flourish," in f. e. "Flourish of."  
3. "Curtains withdrawn," not in f. e.  
4. "prize not," in f. e. "prizes not to."  
5. "He opens the," &c., not in f. e.  
6. "go," in f. e. "goes."  
7. "Curtains drawn," not in f. e.  
8. "Cupid's quick," in f. e. "Quick Cupid's."  
177.—1. "Salar," in f. e. "Salan."  
2. "was wont," in f. e. "used."  
3. "then," in f. e. "thou."  
178.—1. f. e. add, "The caskets set out."  
2. "pause," in f. e. "peize."  
3. "Curtains drawn," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "he," not in f. e.  
5. f. e. insert here, "SONG."  
6. "guiling," in f. e. "guiled."  
7. "Indian: beauty, in a word," in f. e. "Indian beauty; in," &c.  
8. "[He opens," in f. e. "[Opening."  
179.—1. "unfurnish'd," in f. e. "unfurnish'd."  
2. "Happiest of all, in that," &c., in f. e. "Happiest of all is, that," &c.  
3. "[Giving it," not in f. e.  
4. "tongue," in f. e. "roof."  
5. "reads," in f. e. "opens the letter."  
180.—1. "unwearied," in f. e. "unwearied."  
2. "my," not in f. e.  
3. "sacred," in f. e. "secret."  
182.—1. "mean it, then, In reason," &c., in f. e. "mean it, It is reason," &c.  
2. "bitten," in f. e. "are bitten."  
3. "Or e'en," in f. e. "You may."  
4. "When you behold," &c., in f. e. "Why he hath made," &c.  
183.—1. "Presenting," in f. e. "[Presents."  
2. "Shylock wehela," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "Showering it," not in f. e.  
184.—1. "Producing scales," not in f. e.  
2. "lover," in f. e. "love."  
3. "Shooting the," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "his," in f. e. "this."  
5. "balance," in f. e. "substance."  
185.—1. "winning," not in f. e.  
186.—1. "Lorenzo," in f. e. "Lorenzo?"  
2. "Music again," not in f. e.  
3. "now," in f. e. "how."  
187.—1. "to," not in f. e.  
2. "retain," in f. e. "contain."  
188.—1. "when," in f. e. "where."

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

- 189.—1. "Senior," not in f. e.  
2. "his Brother, usurper," &c., in f. e. "Brother to the Duke, and usurper," &c.  
3. "exiled Duke," in f. e. "Duke in his banishment."  
4. f. e. add, "attending upon Frederick."  
5. "exiled," in f. e. "banished."  
6. "the usurping Duke," in f. e. "Frederick."  
7. "Lords; Pages, Foresters, and Attendants," in f. e. "Lords belonging to the two Dukes; pages, foresters, and other attendants."  
8. "afterwards," in f. e. "afterwards partly."  
9. "and," in f. e. "and partly."  
10. "fashion: he bequeathed me," &c., in f. e. "fashion bequeathed me," &c.

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189.—1. "[ADAM retires," not in f. e.  
190.—1. "[Shaking him]," not in f. e.  
2. "old," not in f. e.  
3. "new," not in f. e.  
191.—1. "ill-favored," in f. e. "ill-favor'd."  
2. "Rose," in f. e. "Cel."  
3. "Spot," in f. e. "Sport."  
192.—1. "with our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment," &c., in f. e. "with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment," &c.  
2. f. e. add, "from her neck."  
193.—1. "father's child," in f. e. "child's father."  
2. "fastest," in f. e. "safest."  
3. "inseparate," in f. e. "inseparable."  
194.—1. "charge," in f. e. "change."  
2. "worse," in f. e. "worse a."  
3. "or," in f. e. "as."  
4. "hath," in f. e. "had."  
195.—1. "beneath," in f. e. "within."  
2. "diverted, proud," in f. e. "diverted blood."  
3. "favor," in f. e. "service."  
196.—1. "Love, love!" in f. e. "Jove, Jove!"  
2. "And begins to fall with me," not in f. e.  
197.—1. "comforted," in f. e. "comfortable."  
2. "But," in f. e. "Not."  
3. "very means of wear do ebb?" in f. e. "weary very means do ebb?"  
198.—1. "commend," in f. e. "command."  
2. "[Confers with ORLANDO," not in f. e.  
3. "seen," in f. e. "see."  
4. "hanging a paper on a tree," in f. e. "with a paper."  
201.—1. "stands he," in f. e. "stays it."  
202.—1. "it," not in f. e.  
2. "might," in f. e. "may."  
3. "Are horns given to poor men alone," in f. e. "Horns! Even so—Poor men alone."  
203.—1. "wend," in f. e. "wind."  
2. "bind," in f. e. "with."  
3. "kills," in f. e. "dies."  
4. "palpable," in f. e. "capable."  
205.—1. "thank my honesty rather than my wit," in f. e. "think my honesty ranker than my wit."  
2. "out," not in f. e.  
3. "cornerers," in f. e. "chroniclers."  
4. "accusing," in f. e. "occasion."  
206.—1. "you," not in f. e.  
2. f. e. insert here, "Then sing him home."  
3. "[Then sing him home," not in f. e.  
4. "and gone," in f. e. "and is gone."  
5. "Ros. reads it," not in f. e.  
207.—1. "Raising her," not in f. e.  
209.—1. "obedience," in f. e. "observance."  
2. "Touch," in f. e. "Touchstone's words are attributed to Audrey."  
3. "only the," in f. e. "the only."  
4. "our," in f. e. "a."  
5. "untimable," in f. e. "untunable."  
6. "to," in f. e. "they."  
7. "heard," in f. e. "urg'd."  
8. "even so," not in f. e.  
9. "the," not in f. e.  
210.—1. "lied," in f. e. "lie."  
2. "thus we," in f. e. "these things."  
4. "in," in f. e. "of."

## TAMING OF THE SHREW.

- 212.—1. "CHRISTOPHERO SLY, a Tinker," in f. e. "CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken Tinker."  
2. "and Servants," in f. e. "and other Servants attending on the Lord."  
3. f. e. add, "in love with Bianca."  
4. f. e. add, "a sutor to Katharina."  
5. "The Pedant," in f. e. "Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio."  
6. f. e. add, "the Shrew."  
7. f. e. add, "her Sister."  
8. "CHRISTOPHERO," not in f. e.  
9. "Jeronimy," in f. e. "S. Jeronimy," and "says Jeronimy."  
10. "headborough," in f. e. "third borough."  
11. "[Lies down," &c., in f. e. "[Lies down on the ground," &c.  
213.—1. "When he says what he is say," &c., in f. e. "And, when he says he is,—say," &c.  
2. "humble," not in f. e.  
3. "free or sir," not in f. e.  
4. "their," in f. e. "the."  
5. "evil," in f. e. "idle."  
214.—1. "Warwickshire," in f. e. "sheer."  
2. "3," in f. e. "2."  
3. "hedges," in f. e. "sedges."

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214.—4. "wits," in f. e. "wit."  
5. "not," in f. e. "no."  
6. "about," in f. e. "above."  
7. "We shall ne'er be younger, and let the world slide," in f. e. "And let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger."  
215.—1. "now were," in f. e. "thou wert."  
2. "[They stand back]," not in f. e.  
3. f. e. add, "LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside."  
4. "gracious," not in f. e.  
5. "mood," in f. e. "mould."  
6. "This," in f. e. "Their."  
216.—1. "Agenor's race," in f. e. "Agenor had."  
2. "scarce," in f. e. "hardly."  
3. "masters," in f. e. "schoolmasters."  
4. "Be brief, then, sir," in f. e. "In brief, sir."  
5. "wound'ring," in f. e. "wounded."  
217.—1. "GRUMIO falls down," not in f. e.  
2. "[Rising]," not in f. e.  
3. "mo," in f. e. "out."  
4. "even," in f. e. "a."  
218.—1. "master," in f. e. "schoolmaster."  
2. "to hear," in f. e. "to the ear."  
219.—1. "gards," in f. e. "goods."  
2. "[Holding her]," not in f. e.  
3. "woman's," in f. e. "wondrous."  
220.—1. "to bear," in f. e. "as."  
2. "out," in f. e. "it."  
221.—1. "[Holding her," not in f. e.  
2. "moon," in f. e. "morn."  
3. "pact," in f. e. "part."  
222.—1. "winning," in f. e. "wooing."  
2. "Tut, wrangling pedant! Javouch, this is," in f. e. "But, wrangling pedant, this is."  
3. "[Aside," not in f. e.  
223.—1. "new," in f. e. "odd."  
2. "news, and such old news," in f. e. "old news, and such news."  
3. "is," in f. e. "it."  
4. "heaped," in f. e. "hipped."  
5. "the amours or forty fancies," in f. e. "the humor of forty fancies."  
6. "strangely apparelled," not in f. e.  
7. "much," not in f. e.  
224.—1. "loving," in f. e. "lovely."  
2. "But, to our love," in f. e. "But, sir, to love."  
3. "not," not in f. e.  
225.—1. "thysell," in f. e. "myself."  
226.—1. "[All servants," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "the," not in f. e.  
3. "[Kicks," in f. e. "[Strikes."  
4. "Meat served in," not in f. e.  
5. "all about," in f. e. "at them," and "about the stage."  
6. "running," not in f. e.  
7. "those," in f. e. "these."  
227.—1. "marry her, though she entreat," in f. e. "marry with her, though she would entreat."  
2. "her?" not in f. e.  
3. "ambler," in f. e. "angel."  
4. "so like to Vincentio," in f. e. "like to Sir Vincentio."  
228.—1. "that," in f. e. "then."  
229.—1. "booted and," not in f. e.  
2. "happily," not in f. e.  
3. "hold," in f. e. "know."  
230.—1. "while," not in f. e.  
2. "one," in f. e. "ou."  
3. "will," in f. e. "so."  
231.—1. "handled," in f. e. "haled."  
232.—1. "gone," in f. e. "done."  
2. "Here's," in f. e. "Ha'."  
3. "several," not in f. e.  
233.—1. "Cost me one hundred," in f. e. "Hath cost me an hundred."  
2. "most," in f. e. "to be most."

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

- 234.—1. "French Envoy, serving with Bertram," in f. e. "Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war."  
2. "French Gentleman, also serving with Bertram," not in f. e.  
3. "RINALDO, Steward to the Countess of Roussillon."  
4. "Clown in her household," in f. e. "Steward, } servants, the Count-Crown, }  
5. "almost," in f. e. "was almost."  
235.—1. "only," not in f. e.  
2. "my," in f. e. "our."  
3. "within two years it will make itself two," in f. e. "within ten years it will make itself ten."

236.-4.

"do," not in f. e.

5.

"with," not in f. e.

236.-2.

"make," in f. e. "makes."

3.

"nature fortune," in f. e. "fortune nature."

237.-1.

"quoth she, the cause," in f. e. "the cause, quoth she."

2.

"good sooth it were," not in f. e.

3.

"With that," &c., in f. e. this line is repeated.

4.

"Among mine," &c., in f. e. this line is repeated.

5.

"and mending of the sex," not in f. e.

6.

"born—but one every," in f. e.

238.-1.

f. e. insert here, "Enter HELENA."

2.

"Search we out faults, for," &c., in f. e. "Such were our faults; or," &c.

3.

"[Kneeling," not in f. e.

4.

"[Rising," not in f. e.

5.

"manifest," in f. e. "manifest."

239.-1.

"unto," in f. e. "into."

2.

"of," in f. e. "for."

3.

"here," in f. e. "here's."

4.

"[Rising," not in f. e.

5.

"aye," in f. e. "my."

6.

"upraise," in f. e. "araise."

7.

"To," in f. e. "and."

240.-2.

"in," not in f. e.

241.-1.

"In," in f. e. "A."

242.-1.

"sovereign's," in f. e. "sovereign."

2.

"with," in f. e. "writ."

3.

"steam," in f. e. "stream."

4.

"MEXTRAM draws," not in f. e.

5.

"defend," in f. e. "defeat."

243.-1.

"condition," in f. e. "commission."

2.

"wars!" in f. e. "war!"

244.-1.

"Par. Go to," &c. This speech is not in f. e.

245.-1.

"Where are my other men?" &c. In f. e. these words are attributed to Bertram.

2.

"his," in f. e. "the."

3.

"and two," in f. e. "and the two."

246.-1.

"as," in f. e. "are."

2.

"Which" moves him much to leave," in f. e. "Which holds him much to have."

3.

"volant," in f. e. "violent."

4.

"wound," in f. e. "move."

5.

"ravening," in f. e. "ravin."

247.-1.

"or," in f. e. "in."

248.-1.

"off," not in f. e.

2.

"ores," in f. e. "ore."

249.-1.

"is go straight," in f. e. "is to know straight."

2.

"[They stand back," not in f. e.

250.-1.

"stone," in f. e. "stern."

2.

"suit," in f. e. "war."

3.

"twere," in f. e. "were."

4.

"none," in f. e. "done."

251.-1.

"most," in f. e. "most."

2.

"companion," in f. e. "company."

3.

"judgment," in f. e. "judgments."

4.

"stranger," in f. e. "stronger."

5.

"and," in f. e. "was."

6.

"medal," in f. e. "model."

252.-1.

"my," in f. e. "the."

2.

"All's one to him," in f. e. these words are attributed to Bertram.

3.

"where," in f. e. "when."

253.-1.

"world," in f. e. "word."

2.

"reviles," in f. e. "revives."

254.-1.

"pot-herbs," in f. e. "salad-herbs."

2.

"the," in f. e. "e."

3.

"place," in f. e. "pace."

4.

"a Gentleman, a Stranger," in f. e. "a gentle Astringer."

5.

"[Giving it to him," not in f. e.

255.-1.

"ill-favored," not in f. e.

256.-1.

"Come on," &c.; in f. e. *Lafoue's* speech commences here; the first two lines are attributed to the Countess.

2.

"The last time ere she took," in f. e. "The last that e'er I took."

3.

"with 't," in f. e. "with."

4.

"the Gentleman, a Stranger," in f. e. "a Gentleman, (the Astringer)."

257.-1.

"[Kneeling," not in f. e.

2.

"county," in f. e. "count."

3.

"[Rising," not in f. e.

4.

"so," in f. e. "for."

5.

"infinite cunning," in f. e. "insult coming."

258.-1.

"[Kneeling," not in f. e.

2.

"[Rising," not in f. e.

3.

EPILOGUE BY THE KING, in f. e. "Advancing."

259.-2.

"Attendants," in f. e. "other attendants."

3.

"Music playing," in f. e. "Musicians attending."

4.

"[Music ceases," not in f. e.

261.-1.

"her," not in f. e.

2.

"hadst thou an," in f. e. "hadst thou had an."

3.

"[Dances, &c.," not in f. e.

4.

"dun-colored," in f. e. "damask-colored."

5.

"[Sir AND.] &c., not in f. e."

6.

"[Curio, Gec., retire]," not in f. e.

262.-1.

"O," in f. e. "a."

2.

"to be," not in f. e.

3.

"here comes," in f. e. "here he comes."

263.-1.

"or," in f. e. "and."

2.

"I am at," in f. e. "I was."

3.

"I see what," in f. e. "I see you what."

264.-1.

"Should," in f. e. "Could."

2.

"[Offering," &c., not in f. e.

3.

"with self-estimation wander so far to believe," in f. e. "with such estimable wonder overfar believe."

265.-1.

"no," in f. e. "the."

265.-1.

"made," in f. e. "made of, such."

2.

"Does not our life," in f. e. "Do not our lives."

3.

"lemon," in f. e. "leman."

4.

"impetico thy gratuity," in f. e. "impetico thy gratuity."

5.

"if one Knight give away," &c., in f. e. "if one Knight give a," &c.

6.

*Sir Andrew's* speech is then interrupted by the Clown.

7.

"O! stay, for here," in f. e. "O stay and hear."

8.

"a," not in f. e.

9.

"the," in f. e. "thee."

266.-1.

"[Singing," not in f. e.

2.

"[Singing," not in f. e.

3.

"that," in f. e. "the."

4.

"letter," in f. e. "letters."

5.

"It comes," in f. e. "they come."

6.

"[Music]"

7.

"tunes," in f. e. "times."

8.

"again," not in f. e.

9.

"[To VIOLA," not in f. e.

267.-1.

"won," in f. e. "worn."

2.

"[Giving him money," not in f. e.

3.

"I give thee now leave," in f. e. "I give thee now leave."

268.-1.

"[Drops," in f. e. "throws down."

2.

"honor," in f. e. "humor."

3.

"by th' ears," in f. e. "with cars."

4.

"not," not in f. e.

269.-1.

"Tartarus," in f. e. "Tartar."

2.

"playing on pipe and labor," not in f. e.

3.

"lives," in f. e. "lies."

4.

"[Giving money," not in f. e.

5.

"[Giving more," not in f. e.

270.-1.

"Not," in f. e. "And."

2.

"[Writing," &c., not in f. e.

3.

"shamefac'd," in f. e. "shameful."

4.

"my," in f. e. "thy."

271.-1.

"sir," not in f. e.

2.

"And thanks, still thanks; and very oft," in f. e. "And thanks, and ever thanks; often," &c.

3.

"wealth," in f. e. "worth."

4.

"country's," in f. e. "count his."

272.-1.

"[MUSIC," not in f. e.

2.

and MARIA, not in f. e.

3.

"ha, ha!" in f. e. "ho, ho!"

4.

"hath it," in f. e. "is."

5.

"privacy," in f. e. "private."

273.-1.

"to," not in f. e.

2.

"to," not in f. e.

3.

"a," not in f. e.

274.-1.

"strip," in f. e. "or strip."

2.

"hanging back," not in f. e.

3.

"unwillingly," not in f. e.

4.

"[They draw," &c., in f. e. "[Drawing]" is twice inserted.

5.

"[Drawing," in f. e. "Droves,"

6.

"veritable," in f. e. "venerable."

275.-1.

"lubberly world," in f. e. "lubber, the world."

2.

"[Breaking away," not in f. e.

3.

"[They draw," &c., in f. e. "[Drawing]"

4.

"[Putting it on]," not in f. e.

5.

"[Opening a door," not in f. e.

6.

"[Closing the door," not in f. e.

7.

"all," not in f. e.

8.

"[Opening the door," not in f. e.

9.

"[Speaking as," &c., not in f. e.

276.-1.

"[Singing]," not in f. e.

2.

"[Singing]," not in f. e.

3.

"[Singing]," not in f. e.

4.

"[Singing]," not in f. e.

5.

"[Singing]," not in f. e.

6.

"[Singing]," not in f. e.

7.

"[Singing]," not in f. e.

8.

"[Singing]," not in f. e.

9.

"[Singing]," not in f. e.

277.-1.

"and thus despatch affairs," in f. e. "affairs, and their despatch."

2.

"[Giving money," not in f. e.

277.-3.

"triplet," in f. e. "triplez."

278.

"and," in f. e. "of."

278.

"all wrong," not in f. e.

279.-1.

"captain's," in f. e. "captain."

2.

"true," in f. e. "drew."

3.

"distracting," in f. e. "extracting."

4.

"alliance and," in f. e. "alliance on't."

5.

"with straw about him," &c., not in f. e.

280.-1.

"thou," in f. e. "then."

2.

"preimpos'd," in f. e. "presupposed."

3.

"soul," in f. e. "fool."

4.

"thrust," in f. e. "thrown."

5.

"to pipe," &c., not in f. e.

6.

"I," not in f. e.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

281.-1.

"THE," not in f. e.

2.

"young Prince of Sicilia," in f. e. "his Son."

3.

f. e. insert after DION, "Another Sicilian Lord."

4.

f. e. add, "An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius."

5.

"Prince of Bohemia," in f. e. "his Son."

6.

"the," in f. e. "as."

7.

"EMILIA, a Lady attending the Queen," in f. e.

8.

"EMILIA, a Lady, attending Two other Ladies, the Queen."

9.

"Satyrs," in f. e. "Satyrs for a dance."

10.

"so," not in f. e.

282.-1.

"may there blow," in f. e. "that may blow."

2.

"early," in f. e. "truly."

3.

f. e. add "so."

4.

"[He walks apart," not in f. e.

5.

"[Coming forward," not in f. e.

283.-1.

"clear," in f. e. "heat."

2.

"good," in f. e. "goal."

3.

"bounty's," in f. e. "bounty."

4.

"our dead," in f. e. "o'er-died."

5.

"[Holding," not in f. e.

6.

"[Aside," not in f. e.

7.

"[To them," not in f. e.

284.-1.

"a," in f. e. "her."

2.

"Sure," in f. e. "Sir."

285.-1.

"I," in f. e. "me."

2.

"this though," not in f. e. "his thought."

286.-1.

"heaven," in f. e. "and."

2.

"dream," in f. e. "theme."

3.

"[Aside," not in f. e.

4.

"drink a part," in f. e. "drink, depart."

5.

"To them," not in f. e.

287.-1.

"me table," in f. e. "my tables."

2.

"landback," in f. e. "land-damn."

288.-1.

"unsane," in f. e. "unsafe."

2.

"are," in f. e. "is."

3.

"behind," not in f. e.

289.-1.

"[Coming forward," not in f. e.

290.-1.

"Am I a feather," in f. e. "I am a feather."

2.

"[Taking it up," not in f. e.

3.

"to her trial," not in f. e.

4.

"stray'd," in f. e. "strain'd."

291.-1.

"Officers," in f. e. "several Officers."

2.

"in haste," in f. e. "hastily."

292.-1.

f. e. insert here, "[HERMIONE faints]."

2.

"What flaying? burning, boiling," in f. e. "What flaying? boiling."

3.

"repetition," in f. e. "my petition."

293.-1.

"o'er-running," in f. e. "becom-ing."

2.

"wend," in f. e. "weep."

3.

"[Thunder," not in f. e.

4.

"[Babe," in f. e. "Child,"

294.-1.

"missingly," in f. e. "missingly."

2.

"[Tune," not in f. e.

3.

"griggling," in f. e. "pugging."

4.

"[2 Tune," not in f. e.

5.

"[3 Tune," not in f. e.

295.-1.

"[Cuts his purse]," in f. e. "[Picks his pocket]."

2.

in f. e. this stage direction is placed at the end of the following speech

3.

*A Soliloquy*

4.

"enrolled," in f. e. "unrolled."

5.

"Sure," in f. e. "Sir."

6.

"so worn," in f. e. "sworn."

296.-1.

"any," in f. e. "a."

2.

"girl," in f. e. "gentle."

3.

"so," not in f. e.

4.

"says," in f. e. "seems."

5.

"That wakes her blood;—look on't," in f. e. "That makes her blood look out."

6.

"breeding," in f. e. "feeding."

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

299.-1.

"Brother," &c., in f. e. "a young gentleman, brother," &c.



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297.—5. "jape," in f. e. "gap."  
6. "embroidered," in f. e. "unbraided."  
7. "whisper," in f. e. "whistle."  
8. "Charm," in f. e. "Clamor."  
298.—1. "Whither," in f. e. "Where, it."  
2. "Eminent Crown," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "Exit after them," in f. e. "[Eminent Crown, A TOLYOUS, DORGAS and MOPSA,  
4. "handled," in f. e. "handed."  
5. "sense," in f. e. "force."  
299.—1. "[Joining their hands," not in f. e.  
2. "dispose," in f. e. "dispute."  
3. "Per," in f. e. "Shep."  
300.—1. "[They talk apart," not in f. e.  
2. "serious," in f. e. "curious."  
3. "appear," in f. e. "appear."  
4. "true," in f. e. "mine."  
5. "apart," in f. e. "aside."  
301.—1. "[Giving money," not in f. e.  
2. "Gives it," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "talk," in f. e. "converse."  
302.—1. "there," in f. e. "then."  
2. "luck," in f. e. "back."  
304.—1. "noble," in f. e. "holy."  
305.—1. "show," in f. e. "do."  
2. "her," not in f. e.  
3. "heavily," in f. e. "bravely."  
306.—1. "in new apparel," not in f. e.  
2. "[Trumpets]," not in f. e.  
3. "Music playing—A pause," not in f. e.  
4. "[Kneeling," not in f. e.  
5. "thus," in f. e. "then."  
6. "[Offers to draw," not in f. e.  
7. "I am but dead," &c. This line is not in f. e.  
307.—1. "[Offers again," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "[She stays him," not in f. e.  
3. "slovely," not in f. e.  
4. "and take her hand," in f. e. "and take her by the hand."

## KING JOHN.

- 306.—1. f. e. add, "afterwards King Henry III."  
2. f. e. add, "son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of KING JOHN."  
3. f. e. add, "chief justiciary of England."  
4. f. e. add, "son of Sir ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE."  
5. f. e. add, "his half-brother, bastard son to King Richard the First."  
6. f. e. add, "a Prophet."  
7. f. e. add, "to KING JOHN."  
8. f. e. add, "and niece to KING JOHN."  
9. f. e. add, "Mother to the Bastard, and ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, the King."  
10. "and Attendants," in f. e. "and other Attendants."  
309.—1. "sudden," in f. e. "sullen."  
310.—1. "[Bast, kennels," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "ah," in f. e. "a."  
3. "a," in f. e. "the."  
4. "Could not get me," in f. e. "Could he get me?"  
311.—1. "his," in f. e. "their."  
2. "unstrained," in f. e. "unstained."  
3. "indiscreetly," in f. e. "indirectly."  
4. "as," in f. e. "an."  
5. f. e. add, "within."  
6. "her," in f. e. "his."  
7. "[Pointing to ARTHUR," not in f. e.  
312.—1. "[Weeping," not in f. e.  
2. "shall heaven," in f. e. "heaven shall."  
3. "thy," in f. e. "This is thy."  
4. "on," in f. e. "in."  
5. "Come fore," in f. e. "Confronts."  
313.—1. 2. "[Aside," not in f. e.  
3. "any," in f. e. "a."  
4. "fire-kindled," in f. e. "fiery-kindled."  
5. "fear," in f. e. "fears."  
314.—1. "nice," in f. e. "near."  
2. "behold," in f. e. "beheld."  
315.—1. "[They join hands," not in f. e.  
2. "widow'd," in f. e. "widow."  
3. "poised," in f. e. "peised."  
4. "aim," in f. e. "aid."  
5. "no," in f. e. "the."  
6. "unsightly," in f. e. "and sightless."  
316.—1. "faint in," in f. e. "painted."  
2. "heaven," in f. e. "him."  
317.—1. "uptrimmed," in f. e. "untrimmed."  
2. "caged," in f. e. "chafed."  
3. "but," in f. e. "not."  
4. "lights," in f. e. "light."  
5. "[Kneeling," not in f. e.  
318.—1. "[Kneeling," not in f. e.

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318.—2. "fiery," in f. e. "airy."  
3. "their," not in f. e.  
4. "[She talks apart with ARTHUR," in f. e. "[She takes ARTHUR aside."  
5. "ear," in f. e. "race."  
6. "tingling," in f. e. "tickling."  
7. "the broad," in f. e. "brooded."  
319.—1. "convented," in f. e. "convicted."  
2. "from forth," in f. e. "forth from."  
3. "what," in f. e. "a."  
4. "widow's," in f. e. "modern."  
5. "lovers," in f. e. "loves."  
6. "[Tearing her hair," in f. e. "[Tearing off her head-dress."  
320.—1. "one," in f. e. "an."  
2. "should be merry," in f. e. "should be as merry."  
321.—1. "this," in f. e. "his."  
2. "[Taking it," not in f. e.  
3. "extend," in f. e. "extends."  
322.—1. "thus lessening my fear," in f. e. "(when lesser is my fear)."  
2. "they," in f. e. "them."  
3. "should," in f. e. "then."  
4. "then," in f. e. "should."  
5. "yours," in f. e. "you."  
6. "talks apart with," in f. e. "whispers."  
323.—1. "into," in f. e. "within."  
2. "Or," in f. e. "a."  
3. "sign," in f. e. "sin."  
4. "missive," in f. e. "with me."  
324.—1. "sin-betained," in f. e. "thin betained."  
2. "head," in f. e. "hand."  
3. "but," in f. e. "of."  
4. "[Pointing to," &c., not in f. e.  
5. "HUBERT," &c., not in f. e.  
325.—1. "HUBERT," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "blank," in f. e. "sad."  
3. "meet," in f. e. "be."  
4. "Courage," in f. e. "Forage."  
5. "offers," in f. e. "orders."  
6. "thought," in f. e. "spot."  
326.—1. "of warm," in f. e. "warm of."  
2. "of," in f. e. "and."  
3. "crowding of your nation's cook," in f. e. "crying of your nation's crow."  
327.—1. "Untread the road-way," in f. e. "Untread the rude eye."  
2. "Bright," in f. e. "Right."  
3. "supplies," in f. e. "supply."  
328.—1. "unvisited," in f. e. "insensible."  
2. "model," in f. e. "module."  
329.—1. "own," not in f. e.

## THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

- 330.—1. f. e. add, (including "Uncles to EDWARD OF LANCASTER," the King).  
2. "HENRY BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford," in f. e. "HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, son to JOHN OF GAUNT; afterwards King Henry IV."  
3. "THOMAS," not in f. e.  
4. "Gardeners," in f. e. "two Gardeners."  
5. "Full," not in f. e.  
331.—1. "wrath or," in f. e. "other."  
2. "clear," in f. e. "dear."  
332.—1. "they see," in f. e. "he sees."  
2. "farewell," not in f. e.  
3. "desperate," in f. e. "desolate."  
334.—1. "[They kiss," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "fare," in f. e. "far."  
335.—1. "my tongue," in f. e. "that my tongue."  
2. "now," not in f. e.  
3. "my liege," not in f. e.  
4. "may," in f. e. "must."  
336.—1. "urg'd," in f. e. "rag'd."  
337.—1. "wives," in f. e. "lives."  
338.—1. "our," in f. e. "as."  
2. "unthinking," in f. e. "in thinking."  
3. "wee," in f. e. "grief."  
4. "guess," in f. e. "grieve."  
5. "what," in f. e. "that."  
6. "part-armed," not in f. e.  
339.—1. "near," not in f. e.  
2. "been," in f. e. "done."  
3. "company," in f. e. "noble company."  
340.—1. "despoiling," in f. e. "despoised."  
2. "wrongers," in f. e. "wronge, and."  
3. "farewell," in f. e. "fare you well."  
4. "my lords," not in f. e.  
341.—1. "[Bussy," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "my," not in f. e.  
3. "good," not in f. e.  
4. "hand," in f. e. "hands."  
342.—1. "or," in f. e. "and."

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342.—2. "clasp their feeble," in f. e. "clasp their female."  
3. "armor," in f. e. "arms."  
343.—1. "storm," in f. e. "harm."  
2. "faithful," in f. e. "fearful."  
344.—1. "as a," in f. e. "as I am a."  
2. "[Unbuttoning," not in f. e.  
3. "Make," in f. e. "Makes."  
345.—1. "What," in f. e. "O What."  
2. "At the," in f. e. "We, at."  
3. "We," in f. e. "of."  
5. f. e. add, "Officers behind, with BAGOT."  
6. "Enter," &c., not in f. e.  
346.—1. "to," not in f. e.  
2. "he," in f. e. "he himself."  
3. "And look for little," in f. e. "And little look for."  
347.—1. "[Crown brought," not in f. e.  
348.—1. "this," not in f. e.  
2. "[They embrace," not in f. e.  
349.—1. "shortest," in f. e. "short'st of,"  
2. "being," in f. e. "be."  
3. "then," not in f. e.  
4. "he's enter'd," in f. e. "that he is enter'd."  
350.—1. "and locks it," &c., not in f. e.  
351.—1. "[Rises," not in f. e.  
2. "where else," in f. e. "where'er."  
3. "be," in f. e. "not in f. e."  
4. "so," in f. e. "if."  
5. "mine," in f. e. "too."  
6. "small," not in f. e.  
7. "for," in f. e. "sir."  
352.—1. "proud," in f. e. "proudly."  
2. "with the bodies," not in f. e.  
3. "with you," not in f. e.  
4. "Bishop of Carlisle, this shall be your doom," in f. e. "Carlisle, this is your doom."  
5. "mourning," in f. e. "mournings."

## FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

- 353.—1. f. e. add, "Sons to the King."  
2. f. e. add, "Friends to the King."  
3. "SIR MICHAEL," &c., not in f. e.  
4. f. e. add, "and sister to Mortimer."  
5. f. e. add, "and wife to Mortimer."  
6. "Carriers," in f. e. "two Carriers."  
354.—1. "the bold," not in f. e.  
2. "Faith, 'tis a conquest," &c., in f. e. "In faith it is a conquest, &c."  
355.—1. "and it is," in f. e. "that were it not."  
356.—1. "good," not in f. e.  
2. "Lord," not in f. e.  
357.—1. "foes," in f. e. "fears."  
2. "[Offers to go," not in f. e.  
3. "tarnish'd," in f. e. "banish'd."  
358.—1. "his," not in f. e.  
2. "the," in f. e. "your."  
359.—1. "sanguinity," in f. e. "tranquillity."  
2. "ones—yes," in f. e. "oneyers."  
360.—1. "we'll," in f. e. "we."  
2. "occurents," in f. e. "currents."  
3. "best," in f. e. "haste."  
361.—1. "to the park, Kate," not in f. e.  
362.—1. "[Drawing it," not in f. e.  
363.—1. "[to POINS," not in f. e.  
364.—1. "so," in f. e. "yet."  
365.—1. "a," not in f. e.  
2. "scap'd," not in f. e.  
366.—1. "in," in f. e. "to."  
2. "scap'd," in f. e. "escapes."  
3. "all straight and evenly," in f. e. "straight and even."  
4. "Pill," not in f. e.  
5. "young," not in f. e.  
6. "the," in f. e. "you are."  
367.—1. "my wilful lord, you are to blame," in f. e. "my lord, you are too wilful blame."  
2. "and," not in f. e.  
3. "welling," in f. e. "swelling."  
4. "If thou melt, then will she e'en run mad," in f. e. "If you melt, then will she run mad."  
5. "to," not in f. e.  
6. "yours," in f. e. "you."  
7. "As," in f. e. "And as."  
8. "protests," in f. e. "protest."  
9. "on," in f. e. "come."  
10. "we'll seal and part," in f. e. "we'll but seal, and then."  
368.—1. "discarded state," in f. e. "carded state."  
2. "favor," in f. e. "favors."  
369.—1. "is," in f. e. "hath."  
2. "not," not in f. e.  
371.—1. "now," not in f. e.  
2. "should," in f. e. "shall."  
3. "intendeth," in f. e. "intended."

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- 572.—1. "inquired," in f. e. "inquire."  
 2. "old piced," in f. e. "old faced."  
 3. "a," not in f. e.  
 573.—1. "with," in f. e. "and."  
 574.—1. "say," not in f. e.  
 2. "articulate," in f. e. "articulated."  
 3. "case," in f. e. "cause."  
 575.—1. "then," in f. e. "there."  
 2. "Fore heaven and," in f. e. "For heaven to."  
 576.—1. "where'er," in f. e. "whither."  
 2. "masking," in f. e. "marching."  
 577.—1. "dragging out Percy's," in f. e. "bearing off the."  
 578.—1. "Which not to be avoided falls," in f. e. "Since not to be avoided, it falls."  
 2. "put in act without delay," in f. e. "give away immediately."

## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

- 579.—1. f. e. add, "afterwards King Henry V."  
 2. f. e. add, "afterwards (2d Henry V.) Duke of Bedford."  
 3. f. e. add, "afterwards created (2d Henry V.) Duke of Gloster."  
 4. "Opposites," in f. e. "Enemies."  
 5. "Retainers," in f. e. "Domestics."  
 6. "a," not in f. e.  
 7. f. e. add, "Attendants on PRINCE HENRY."  
 8. "the Presenter," not in f. e.  
 9. "Attendants," in f. e. "other Attendants."  
 580.—1. f. e. add, "The Porter before the gate."  
 2. "Enter Warder," &c., not in f. e.  
 3. "Ward," in f. e. the abbreviation used here is "Port."  
 4. "Exit Warder," not in f. e.  
 5. "the," in f. e. "I."  
 581.—1. "ragged'st," in f. e. "ragged'st."  
 2. "archbishop," in f. e. "bishop."  
 583.—1. "for ever," in f. e. "ever."  
 2. "diseases," in f. e. "degress."  
 3. "it," in f. e. "I."  
 4. "know," in f. e. "known."  
 584.—1. "act, and cause," in f. e. "action, a cause."  
 2. "last," in f. e. "least."  
 3. "The plot, the situation," in f. e. "The plot of situation."  
 4. "consult," in f. e. "consent."  
 5. "a careful leader," &c. This line is not in f. e.  
 6. "on," in f. e. "in."  
 7. "score," in f. e. "one" and "loan."  
 585.—1. "this," in f. e. "the."  
 2. "[C. J. reads," not in f. e.  
 586.—1. "red," not in f. e.  
 587.—1. "but," not in f. e.  
 2. "[Giving money," not in f. e.  
 588.—1. "sex," in f. e. "sect."  
 2. "pure," in f. e. "poor."  
 589.—1. "fates," in f. e. "fators."  
 2. "il sperare me contento," in f. e. "il sperare me contento."  
 390.—1. "clasp," in f. e. "kissing."  
 2. "irrecoverably," in f. e. "irrecoverable."  
 3. "souls," in f. e. "soul."  
 391.—1. "She comes blubbered," in f. e. "[DOLL comes along blubbering."  
 2. "high," in f. e. "the."  
 3. "shrouds," in f. e. "clouds."  
 392.—1. "like," in f. e. "look."  
 394.—1. "Let's away," in f. e. "Let us sway."  
 2. "rage," in f. e. "rage."  
 395.—1. "glaives," in f. e. "greaves," "graves."  
 2. "report," in f. e. "a point."  
 3. "chair," in f. e. "there," "sphere."  
 4. "an," in f. e. "our."  
 5. "And when that," in f. e. "And then, when."  
 396.—1. "her man," in f. e. "him on."  
 2. "seal," in f. e. "zeal."  
 3. "griefs," in f. e. "grief."  
 397.—1. 2, 3. "[Drinks," not in f. e.  
 4. "your," in f. e. "our."  
 5. "dale,—a dale," in f. e. "place,—a place."  
 399.—1. "[Giv'g," &c., not in f. e.  
 2. "rude," in f. e. "true."  
 3. "[Giv'g," &c., not in f. e.  
 4. "[Falls back," in f. e. "[Swoons."  
 400.—1. "ringol," in f. e. "rigol."  
 2. "sickness hands," in f. e. "sickness bath."  
 3. "weight," in f. e. "might."  
 401.—1. "purchase," in f. e. "purchas'd."  
 2. "my," in f. e. "thy."  
 3. "some," in f. e. "them."

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- 404.—1. "this pleasant day," in f. e. "these pleasant days."  
 405.—1, 2. "Pist," in f. e. "Shal."  
 3. "disperare me," in f. e. "sperome."  
 4. "BYON THAT CAN DANCE," in f. e. "SPOKEN BY A DANCER."  
 406.—1. "[End with," &c., not in f. e.

## KING HENRY V.

- 407.—1. f. e. add, "against the King."  
 2. f. e. add, "in the same."  
 3. f. e. add, "formerly servants to Falstaff, now soldiers in the same."  
 4. "to England," in f. e. "to the King of England."  
 5. f. e. add, "Katharine."  
 6. "Mrs. QUICKLY," in f. e. "QUICKLY, PISTOL's wife."  
 7. "The SCENE in England, and in France," in f. e. "The SCENE, at the beginning of the play, lies in ENGLAND; but, afterwards, wholly in FRANCE."  
 8. "CHORUS," not in f. e.  
 9. "as Prologue," not in f. e.  
 408.—1. "possessions," in f. e. "possession."  
 409.—1. "found," in f. e. "fine."  
 2. "spiritually," in f. e. "spiritually."  
 410.—1. "greedy," in f. e. "giddy."  
 2. "train," in f. e. "fame."  
 3. "not," in f. e. "but."  
 4. "art," in f. e. "act."  
 5. "state," in f. e. "sorts."  
 6. "unite," in f. e. "meet in one town."  
 7. "a," not in f. e.  
 8. "Edward third," in f. e. "king Edward the third."  
 9. "[Showing it," not in f. e.  
 10. "[Opening it," not in f. e.  
 411.—1. "soul," in f. e. "sail."  
 2. "here," in f. e. "that."  
 3. "seasonable," in f. e. "reasonable."  
 4. "strive," in f. e. "thrive."  
 5. "and so," not in f. e.  
 6. "smiles," in f. e. "smiles."  
 7. "bewn," in f. e. "drawn."  
 8. "[Draws," &c., not in f. e.  
 412.—1. f. e. add, "[Sheathing his sword."  
 2. f. e. add, "[Pistol and Nym draw."  
 3. "[Pistol," &c., not in f. e.  
 4. "[Draw again," &c., in f. e. "[Draws."  
 5. "[Sheathes," &c., not in f. e.  
 6. "[They," &c., not in f. e.  
 7. "there's not a subject," in f. e. "there's not, I think, a subject."  
 413.—1. "our," in f. e. "his."  
 2. "my lord," not in f. e.  
 3. "You," in f. e. "Sir, you."  
 4. "state," in f. e. "late."  
 5. "[They read," &c., not in f. e.  
 6. "course," in f. e. "cause."  
 414.—1. "fine," in f. e. "fner."  
 2. "on a table of green frieze," in f. e. "and a babbled of green fields."  
 415.—1. "[Flourish," not in f. e.  
 416.—1. "Blown," in f. e. "Borne."  
 2. "To all and some," not in f. e.  
 3. "feel the same," in f. e. "drop and die."  
 4. "now," in f. e. "hie."  
 5. "And," not in f. e.  
 6. "[FLELLEN drives out NYM, PISTOL and BARDOLPH," in f. e. "[Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH, followed by FLELLEN."  
 7. f. e. add, "Boy."  
 417.—1. "wars," in f. e. "war."  
 2. "his Train and Forces," in f. e. "and his Train."  
 3. f. e. add, "The English forces below."  
 418.—1. "[Gates opened," not in f. e.  
 2. "states," in f. e. "seats."  
 3. "And," in f. e. "And of."  
 2. "making the sign," not in f. e.  
 3. "new-coined," in f. e. "new-tuned."  
 4. "sick and tattered," not in f. e.  
 420.—1. "[Giv'g," &c., not in f. e.  
 2. "sir," in f. e. "hair."  
 421.—1. "mornings nam'd," in f. e. "morn'ing name."  
 422.—1. "Enter JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS," in f. e. "Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS."  
 424.—1. "but adulation," in f. e. "of adoration name."  
 2. "distasteful," in f. e. "distressful."  
 3. "Hath," in f. e. "Had."  
 4. "battles," in f. e. "battle."

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- 424.—5. "hands," in f. e. "hand."  
 425.—1. "all," not in f. e.  
 2. "rebounding," in f. e. "abounding."  
 3. "reflex," in f. e. "relapse."  
 426.—1. "for," in f. e. "or."  
 2. "here," in f. e. "again."  
 3. "song," in f. e. "saying."  
 4. "they," in f. e. "he."  
 5. "Retreat sounded," in f. e. "Alarmums."  
 6. "Let us not fly—in!" in f. e. "Let us die in honor."  
 427.—1. "Loading," in f. e. "Larding."  
 2. "and Prisoners," not in f. e.  
 3. "look," in f. e. "book."  
 428.—1. "majesty," in f. e. "majestias."  
 429.—1. "had," not in f. e.  
 2. "[Reads," not in f. e.  
 3. "[Kneeling," not in f. e.  
 4. "[Rising," not in f. e.  
 5. "all," in f. e. "to."  
 6. "for," in f. e. "of."  
 431.—1. "plenty," in f. e. "plenties."  
 2. "lift," in f. e. "lift."  
 3. "all," in f. e. "as."  
 4. "or," in f. e. "our."  
 5. "advantage," in f. e. "advantageable."  
 432.—1. "untempting," in f. e. "untempering."  
 433.—1. "not," in f. e. "never."  
 2. "[Sennet," not in f. e.  
 3. "as Epilogue," not in f. e.
- FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.
- 434.—1. "DUKE OF EXETER," in f. e. "THOMAS BEAUFORT, duke of Exeter, great uncle to the king."  
 2. "Bishop of Winchester," in f. e. "great uncle to the king, bishop of Winchester, and afterwards cardinal."  
 3. f. e. add, "afterwards duke."  
 4. "Duke of York," in f. e. "eldest son of Richard, late earl of Cambridge; afterwards duke of York."  
 5. "TALBOT," in f. e. "LORD TALBOT."  
 6. "and King," in f. e. "and titular King."  
 7. f. e. add, "afterwards married to King Henry."  
 435.—1. "Cassiope," not in f. e.  
 2. "Bew," in f. e. "slew."  
 3. "rearward," in f. e. "vaward."  
 436.—1. "cause," in f. e. "make."  
 2. "The whilles," in f. e. "Other whilles."  
 3. "forborne," in f. e. "forlorn."  
 4. "hee," in f. e. "fly."  
 5. "[They retire," not in f. e.  
 6. "gracious Lady," in f. e. "Lady gracious."  
 437.—1. "Or, I renounce all confidence in you," in f. e. "Or, I renounce all confidence."  
 2. "no," in f. e. "a."  
 3. "[They talk," &c., not in f. e.  
 4. "To him," not in f. e.  
 5. "fortunes," in f. e. "fortune."  
 6. "reverent," in f. e. "reverently."  
 7. "now," not in f. e.  
 8. "so!" not in f. e.  
 9. "We'll burst them open, if," in f. e. "Or we'll burst them open, if, that."  
 10. "and," in f. e. "attended by."  
 11. "be," in f. e. "to be."  
 12. "was," not in f. e.  
 438.—1. "as thou," in f. e. "as'er thou."  
 2. "off," not in f. e.  
 3. "of," not in f. e.  
 439.—1. "what dastard," in f. e. "what these dastard."  
 2. "treacherous," in f. e. "timorous."  
 440.—1. "Frenchmen," in f. e. "The French."  
 441.—1. "lady," not in f. e.  
 442.—1. "and," in f. e. "that."  
 2. "braves," in f. e. "bears."  
 3. "Ah!" in f. e. "Ay."  
 4. "Ten," in f. e. "A."  
 5. "hind," not in f. e.  
 6. "a cage," in f. e. "an age."  
 443.—1. "Exit Keeper," not in f. e.  
 2. "and Keeper," not in f. e.  
 3. "cheek," in f. e. "cheeks."  
 4. "my will," in f. e. "my will, in f. e. "my ill th' advantage."  
 444.—1. "prefer," in f. e. "prefer'd."  
 2. "proud," in f. e. "or perverse."  
 3. "[Arise," in f. e. "is, inserted at the end of the speech."  
 4. "and some Citizens," in f. e. "attended."

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- 444.—5. "bishops," in f. e. "bishop,"  
6. "pates," in f. e. "pate."  
7. f. e. add, "I say!"  
8. "preserve," in f. e. "prefer."  
9. "Yeld, lord protector; and yeld,"  
    &c., in f. e. "Yeld, my lord pro-  
    tector; yeld" &c.  
10. "[Winchester," &c., not in f. e.  
445.—1. "[Gives," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "Ottens," not in f. e.  
3. "honor'd," in f. e. "humble."  
4. "[Opening," in f. e. "[Opens."  
446.—1. "hells," in f. e. "all."  
2. "be speaker," in f. e. "be the  
    speaker."  
3. "double," in f. e. "a double."  
4. "matchless," in f. e. "martial."  
447.—1. "her cities and her towns," in f. e.  
    "the cities and the towns."  
2. "lovely," in f. e. "lowly."  
3. "[Aside," not in f. e.  
4. "his," in f. e. "my."  
5. "that," in f. e. "your."  
6. "[Sound," &c., not in f. e.  
448.—1. "[Gives it," not in f. e.  
2. "his," in f. e. "this."  
3. "worst," in f. e. "most."  
4. "Portend," in f. e. "Pretend."  
5. "thy," in f. e. "your."  
6. "royal," in f. e. "noble."  
7. "still," in f. e. "shall."  
449.—1. "fly," in f. e. "bow."  
2. "Soldier," in f. e. "Servant."  
3. "Sold," in f. e. "Sern."  
4. "Soldiers," in f. e. "Soldiers and  
    Servant."  
452.—1. "Of the still bleeding," in f. e.  
    "Of the most bloody."  
2. "hath," in f. e. "hath obtain'd."  
3. "But tell me briefly whom thou  
    seekest now," in f. e. "But tell  
    me whom thou seek'st."  
4. "realms," in f. e. "realm."  
5. "that I bear them forth," in f. e.  
    "that I may bear them hence."  
6. "very," in f. e. "to keep."  
7. "keep," not in f. e.  
8. "do what," in f. e. "do with'em  
    what."  
9. "much," in f. e. "our."  
10. "kin," in f. e. "kint."  
11. "[Gives it," not in f. e.  
12. "[Exit," not in f. e.  
453.—1. "[Exit," in f. e. "[Exeunt."  
2. "go," in f. e. "pass."  
3. "stream," in f. e. "streams."  
4. "mocks the sense of touch," in f. e.  
    "makes the senses rough."  
454.—1. "[Aside," in f. e., is at the end of  
    the speech.  
2. "[Aside," not in f. e.  
3. "pray tell me," not in f. e.  
4. "then ween," in f. e. "suppose."  
5. "A queen in bondage," in f. e.  
    "To be queen in bondage."  
6. "true," in f. e. "free."  
7. "give consent," in f. e. "am con-  
    tent."  
8. "down," not in f. e.  
9. "Mid," in f. e. "Mad."  
455.—1. "prison'd," in f. e. "poison'd."  
2. "comparisons," in f. e. "compari-  
    son."  
456.—1. "interchange," in f. e. "enter-  
    tain."  
2. "The," not in f. e.

## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

- 457.—1. f. e. add, "great uncle to the king."  
2. "and his Son," in f. e. "Young  
    Clifford, his Son."  
3. f. e. insert here, "A Herald."  
4. "Priests," in f. e. "two Priests."  
5. f. e. add, "a rebel."  
6. "Cade's," in f. e. "his."  
7. "Herald," not in f. e.  
8. "in various," in f. e. "dispersedly  
    in various."  
458.—1. "[Praising," not in f. e.  
2. "[Cur. [Reacts] Item," &c., in f. e.  
    "Win. Item."  
3. "thee," not in f. e.  
459.—1. "to," in f. e. "the."  
2. "did Warwick," in f. e. "Warwick  
    did."  
3. "helpless," in f. e. "hapless."  
460.—1. "thou," in f. e. "thee."  
2. "Suffolk's," in f. e. "Suffolk."  
3. "sequel," in f. e. "the quill."  
461.—1. "we will weed all the realm," in  
    f. e. "we'll weed them all at last."  
2. "[Aside," not in f. e.  
462.—1. "gracious," not in f. e.  
2. "this," not in f. e.  
3. "and silence," in f. e. "the silent."  
4. "ope," in f. e. "up."

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- 462.—5. "BOLINGBROKE reads," in f. e.  
    "BOLINGBROKE or SOUTHWELL  
    reads."  
6. "Foul," in f. e. "False."  
463.—1. "so," not in f. e.  
2. "And with such holiness you well  
    can," in f. e. "With such holiness  
    can you."  
3. "tell," in f. e. "and tell."  
4. "the," in f. e. "a great."  
5. "though," in f. e. "although."  
6. "Sander," in f. e. "Simcox."  
464.—1. "[Pointing," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "his," in f. e. "that."  
3. "[Giving," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "the," not in f. e.  
465.—1. "very," not in f. e.  
2. "sin," in f. e. "sins."  
3. "is," in f. e. "are."  
4. "be protected," in f. e. "be to be  
    protected."  
5. "by peers," not in f. e.  
6. "To think I fain would keep it  
    makes me laugh," not in f. e.  
7. "proudest," in f. e. "youngest."  
8. "lists," in f. e. "the lists."  
466.—1. "both," not in f. e.  
2. "and," not in f. e.  
467.—1. "so," in f. e. "too."  
2. "lords," in f. e. "lord."  
3. "allegations," in f. e. "allegation."  
468.—1. "What's the news," in f. e. "What  
    news."  
2. "easily," in f. e. "easy."  
3. "suspect," in f. e. "suspects,"  
    "suspense."  
4. "[Rising," not in f. e.  
469.—1. "Fair," in f. e. "Free."  
2. "most," in f. e. "more."  
3. "lord Suffolk," in f. e. "my lord  
    of Suffolk."  
4. "resolutely," in f. e. "tis resolu-  
    tely."  
5. "order," in f. e. "orders."  
470.—1. "march," in f. e. "morrish."  
2. "then," in f. e. "the."  
3. "running over the Stage," in f. e.  
    "hastily."  
471.—1. "ungentle," in f. e. "gentle."  
2. "rain," in f. e. "drain."  
3. "And," in f. e. "smart."  
472.—1. "sharp," in f. e. "eart."  
473.—1. "to," in f. e. "no."  
2. "casket," in f. e. "cask."  
3. "king," in f. e. "sovereign."  
4. "if it," in f. e. "if."  
5. "[Cur. dies," not in f. e.  
474.—1. "Can," in f. e. "The."  
2. "foul-tongu'd slave?" in f. e. "for-  
    lorn swain?"  
3. "Are," in f. e. "Is."  
475.—1. f. e. insert here, "[Aside."  
476.—1. "[Rises," not in f. e.  
2. "All," in f. e. "And."  
3. "years," not in f. e.  
4. "[Putting on STAFFORD'S armor,"  
    not in f. e.  
5. 6. "[Aside," not in f. e.  
477.—1. "Lamenting still, and mourning,"  
    in f. e. "Still lamenting, and  
    mourning for."  
2. "rebellion never thrives," in f. e.  
    "for I must hence again."  
478.—1. "worthy," in f. e. "wealthy."  
2. "help," in f. e. "pap."  
3. "[Join them together," not in f. e.  
4. "repent," in f. e. "relent."  
5. "rebel," in f. e. "rabble."  
479.—1. "united," in f. e. "a mighty."  
2. "Irish," not in f. e.  
3. "then," not in f. e.  
4. "o'er," in f. e. "on."  
480.—1. "fine," in f. e. "fine."  
2. "squire," in f. e. "an esquire."  
3. "The," not in f. e.  
4. "Irish," not in f. e.  
5. "[Aside," not in f. e.  
6. f. e. insert here, "[Aside."  
481.—1. "[Rising," not in f. e.  
2. "tell-looking," in f. e. "fell-lurk-  
    ing."  
3. "having," in f. e. "being."  
482.—1. "[Bying," in f. e. "[retreating."  
483.—1. "Old," in f. e. "Of."  
2. "bruise," in f. e. "brush."  
3. "bloom," in f. e. "brow."

## THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

- 484.—1. "on King," &c., in f. e. "Lords on  
    King," &c.  
2. "the rest," in f. e. "all the rest."  
3. "dangerously," in f. e. "dangero-  
    us."  
485.—1. "you," in f. e. "and you both."  
486.—1. "my," in f. e. "thy."  
2. "[To YORK," not in f. e.

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- 487.—1. "Intends," in f. e. "Intend"  
488.—1. "[Throwing it," not in f. e.  
489.—1. "the rose's hues," not in f. e.  
2. "[Throwing," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "heavens figure," in f. e. "heaven  
    figures."  
490.—1. "are," in f. e. "is."  
491.—1. "in," in f. e. "with."  
2. "carriage," in f. e. "courage."  
492.—1. "a welcome," in f. e. "else a."  
2. "bellies," in f. e. "belly."  
493.—1. 2. "[Kneeling," not in f. e.  
3. "[Biting," not in f. e.  
4. "wore," in f. e. "wear."  
5. "months," in f. e. "years."  
6. "to," in f. e. "doth."  
7. "bearing the body," in f. e. "with  
    the body in his arms."  
494.—1. "a," in f. e. "our."  
2. "E'en," in f. e. "Sad."  
3. f. e. add, "and dies."  
4. "[Soldiers," in f. e. "[Attendants,"  
495.—1. "[They pull him," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "as a churchman," not in f. e.  
3. "ought," in f. e. "w'out."  
4. "[Coming forward," not in f. e.  
496.—1. "in state, crowned," not in f. e.  
2. "back," in f. e. "apart."  
3. "[Aside," not in f. e.  
497.—1. "[GLOSTER and," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "send," in f. e. "set."  
498.—1. "all," in f. e. "e."  
2. "The," in f. e. "Our."  
3. "thee," in f. e. "thy."  
4. "apart," in f. e. "aloof."  
499.—1. "warlike," not in f. e.  
501.—1. "[Aside," not in f. e.  
2. "English forces," in f. e. "other  
    Soldiers."  
502.—1. "forcibly," not in f. e.  
2. "Hastings," in f. e. "Lord Hast-  
    ings."  
3. "then," in f. e. "than."  
4. "Henry," in f. e. "RICHMOND," in f. e.  
    "RICHMOND."  
503.—1. "foreign," not in f. e.  
2. "Knocks," not in f. e.  
3. "he," not in f. e.  
504.—1. "mind," in f. e. "meed."  
2. "bitter-flowing," in f. e. "water-  
    flowing."  
507.—1. "[K. EDWARD sits," not in f. e.  
2. "sequel," in f. e. "equal."  
508.—1. "King HENRY is discovered read-  
    ing. Enter GLOSTER and the  
    Lieutenant," in f. e. "King  
    HENRY is discovered sitting with  
    a book in his hand, the Lieuten-  
    ant attending. Enter GLOSTER."  
2. "tune," in f. e. "time."  
509.—1. "a Nurse," not in f. e.  
2. "CLARENCE, HASTINGS, and oth-  
    ers," in f. e. "CLARENCE, GLOS-  
    TER, HASTINGS, and others near  
    him."  
3. "redoubted," in f. e. "undoubted."  
4. "Enter GLOSTER," &c., not in f. e.  
5. "Aside," not in f. e.  
6. "Kissing," &c., not in f. e.  
7. "Kissing," &c., not in f. e.

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING  
RICHARD III.

- 510.—1. f. e. add, "afterwards King ED-  
    WARD V."  
2. f. e. add, "afterwards King RICE-  
    ARD III."  
3. f. e. add, "afterwards King HENRY  
    VII."  
4. f. e. add, "son to King HENRY VI;  
    afterwards married to the Duke  
    of Gloster."  
5. "thus of," in f. e. "of this."  
511.—1. "same," not in f. e.  
2. "And the," in f. e. "And that the."  
3. "[Embracing him," not in f. e.  
512.—1. "posthaste," in f. e. "posthorse."  
513.—1. "falls," in f. e. "lets fall."  
2. "[Picking up," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "[Speaking," &c., not in f. e.  
4. "suppliant," in f. e. "servant."  
514.—1. f. e. insert here an additional line,  
    "Glo. Sirs, take up the corse."  
2. "stamping angrily, with," not in  
    f. e.  
515.—1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. "[Aside," not in f. e.  
8. "[Coming forward. They all start,"  
    in f. e. "[Advancing."  
516.—1. "The stain of nature, and the scorn  
    of hell," in f. e. "The slave of  
    nature, and the son of hell."  
2. "bottle," in f. e. "bottled."  
3. "[Aside," in f. e., is at the close of  
    the next line.  
517.—1. "[Sitting down," not in f. e.



- 517.-2. ["CLARENCE sleeps," in f. e. "CLAR. reposes himself on a chair,"
- 518.-1. "compassionate," in f. e. "holy,"
- 519.-1. "so pity me," not in f. e.
2. "at," in f. e. "in."
3. "To," in f. e. "By."
- 520.-1. ["Aside," not in f. e.
2. ["Kneels," not in f. e.
3. "prithae," not in f. e.
4. "weep so? and oft beat," &c., in f. e. "weep so oft beat," &c., in f. e.
5. "light," in f. e. "night."
- 521.-1. ["Kneels," not in f. e.
2. "With," in f. e. "That."
- 522.-1. "with you?" not in f. e.
2. "Too," in f. e. "And."
- 523.-1. "strict and abstinent," in f. e. "senseless-obstinate."
2. "goodness of his age," in f. e. "grossness of this age."
3. "Therefore," in f. e. "And, therefore."
4. "It is," not in f. e.
5. "o'er me as a kinsman," in f. e. "in me, as in a kinsman."
- 524.-1. "sharply pointed," in f. e. "sharp provided."
2. "your grace to pass," in f. e. "you pass."
3. "lord," in f. e. "my lord."
- 525.-1. ["Throwing," in f. e. ["Throwing him,"
2. "me," in f. e. "I."
- 526.-1. "and in haste," not in f. e.
2. "on a Spear," not in f. e.
- 527.-1. "hear," in f. e. "heard."
2. "with a writing," not in f. e.
3. "or," in f. e. "in."
4. "dis-resemblance," in f. e. "his resemblance."
- 528.-1. ["Knocking heard," not in f. e.
2. "sore," in f. e. "sure."
3. "with a book," not in f. e.
4. "ornament," in f. e. "ornaments."
- 529.-1. "Zounds," in f. e. "Come."
2. "Glo. O I do not swear," &c. This line is not in f. e.
3. f. e. add, "and Citizens."
4. "him," in f. e. "them."
5. f. e. add, "and the rest."
6. "in," in f. e. "On."
- 530.-1. "her," not in f. e.
- 531.-1. f. e. add, "boy,"
2. "with you," not in f. e.
3. ["Kneeling," not in f. e.
4. "TYRREL rises, and RICHARD whispers," in f. e. ["Whispers,"
5. "are," in f. e. "is."
6. "angrily," not in f. e.
7. "blooded," in f. e. "bloody."
- 532.-1. "Richard," in f. e. "Richmond."
2. "in haste," not in f. e.
3. 4, 5. ["Aside," not in f. e.
6. "by," in f. e. "with."
- 533.-1. "bear," in f. e. "hear."
2. "once," in f. e. "have."
- 534.-1. "honor," in f. e. "fortune."
2. "engraven," in f. e. "engrave."
3. "Treads," in f. e. "Leads."
- 535.-1. "lengthen," in f. e. "lengthens."
2. "with," in f. e. "by."
3. "of state and times," in f. e. "and state of times."
4. "fond," in f. e. "found."
5. "I'll," in f. e. "I."
6. "Richard," not in f. e.
7. "in haste," not in f. e.
- 536.-1. ["Kneeling," not in f. e.
2. "Rising," not in f. e.
3. "and mark," not in f. e.
- 537.-1. ["Showing," &c., not in f. e.
2. "reckless," in f. e. "wretched."
- 538.-1. "Wine brought," not in f. e.
2. "pray," not in f. e.
3. ["Kneeling," not in f. e.
4. "Rising," not in f. e.
5. "Lies down and sleeps," in f. e. ["Sleeps."
6. "thou," not in f. e.
7. "pointless," not in f. e.
8. "so," not in f. e.
9. "powerless arm," in f. e. "edgeless sword."
- 539.-1. "foul," not in f. e.
2. "cheerfully," in f. e. "and cheerfully."
3. "Calendar brought," not in f. e.
- 540.-1. "them," not in f. e.
2. "Paper," in f. e. "Scroll."
3. "distrain," in f. e. "restrain."
4. "Rebate," in f. e. "Abate."

## KING HENRY VIII.

- 541.-1. "Charles V.," in f. e. "the emperor Charles V."

- 541.-2. f. e. add, "afterwards divorced."
3. f. e. add, "afterwards queen."
- 542.-1. "Who did guide," in f. e. the speech of Buckingham commences here.
2. "him, and which buys," in f. e. "for him, which buys."
3. "the consummation," in f. e. "communication."
- 543.-1. "brood," in f. e. "book."
- 544.-1. "And," in f. e. "One."
2. "WOLSEY," in f. e. "Cardinal WOLSEY."
3. "Secretary," not in f. e.
4. "ties," in f. e. "sides."
5. "belike," in f. e. "alike."
6. "Their," in f. e. "This."
- 545.-1. "trembling," in f. e. "trembling."
2. "From this to ruminate on it," in f. e. "For him to ruminate on this."
- 546.-1. "a daring," not in f. e.
2. "Or," in f. e. "And."
3. "have," in f. e. "has."
4. "sway," in f. e. "way."
- 547.-1. "how," not in f. e.
2. "me," not in f. e.
3. "whispers," in f. e. "goes to."
4. "Kisses her," not in f. e.
- 549.-1. "when," in f. e. "where."
- 550.-1. "Curtain drawn," in f. e. "NORFOLK opens a folding door."
2. ["Raising his book," not in f. e.
3. ["Kneeling," &c., not in f. e.
4. "crush," in f. e. "quarrel."
- 551.-1. "improve," in f. e. "approve."
2. "elate," in f. e. "salute."
- 552.-1. "knife," in f. e. "kind."
2. "defer," in f. e. "desire."
- 553.-1. "nobly," in f. e. "noble."
2. ["Aloud," not in f. e.
- 555.-1. "may all," in f. e. "all may."
- 556.-1. "than," in f. e. "that."
2. ["They stand," &c., not in f. e.
3. ["Retires, musing," not in f. e.
4. ["Coming," &c., not in f. e.
5. ["Anaselly," not in f. e.
6. "labor," in f. e. "leisure."
- 557.-1. ["Aside," not in f. e.
2. "Behind," not in f. e.
3. "ill'd," in f. e. "ill'd."
4. ["Opens the Paper," &c., not in f. e.
5. ["Sinks in," &c., not in f. e.
6. ["Rising," not in f. e.
- 559.-1. "So," in f. e. "And so."
- 560.-1. ["Sits down," not in f. e.
- 561.-1. "man," in f. e. "that."
2. ["Waking," not in f. e.
3. "coldness?" in f. e. "cold?"
4. ["Kneeling," not in f. e.
5. "Aside," not in f. e.
6. ["Kneeling," not in f. e.
7. "in," in f. e. "you."
8. ["Kneeling," not in f. e.
9. ["Rising," not in f. e.
10. "ground," in f. e. "good."
11. "in haste," not in f. e.
12. "Aside," not in f. e.
13. f. e. insert here, ["Aside,"
3. "culpable," in f. e. "capable."
4. "strives," in f. e. "stirs."
- 565.-1. "Enter Guard," in f. e. this direction is put before Crammer's speech.
2. ["CRAMMER sits," not in f. e.
3. "the," not in f. e.
4. ["They embrace," &c., not in f. e.
- 566.-1. "brother's love," in f. e. "brother-love."
2. ["Embrace again," not in f. e.
3. ["Tumult within," not in f. e.
4. "queen," in f. e. "chime."
5. "crown," in f. e. "cow."
6. ["Noise," not in f. e.
7. ["Shouts," not in f. e.
8. ["Tumult," &c., not in f. e.
9. "fair?" in f. e. "fair here?"
10. ["Trumpets," not in f. e.
11. ["Tumult," &c., not in f. e.
12. "pole," in f. e. "pales."
- 567.-1. f. e. add, ["The King kisses the child."
2. "CRAN. rises," not in f. e.
3. ["Kissing," &c., not in f. e.

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

- 568.-1. "THE PROLOGUE (in *Armor*)," in f. e. "PROLOGUE."
- 569.-1. "thus," in f. e. "of the."
- 570.-1. "thus," in f. e. "this."
- 571.-1. "ENEAS," &c., in f. e. this direction is put before Cressida's speech.
2. "his," not in f. e.
3. "Soldiers," in f. e. "Forces."
- 572.-1. 2. "upon," not in f. e.
3. "still," in f. e. "ut."
4. "wrecks," in f. e. "works."

- 572.-5. "call," in f. e. "think."
6. "Replies," in f. e. "Returns."
- 573.-1. "right," in f. e. "just."
2. "all grace extract," in f. e. "of grace exact."
- 574.-1. ["A Tucket," in f. e. ["Tucket sounds."
2. "What," in f. e. "But what."
3. "came," in f. e. "come."
4. "couple," in f. e. "compass."
5. "grown," in f. e. "blown."
6. "Why, 'tis," in f. e. "Yes, it is."
- 575.-1. "reputation," in f. e. "imputation."
2. "Now I begin," &c., in f. e. "Now, Ulysses, I begin," &c.
3. "orations," in f. e. "evasions."
- 576.-1. f. e. add, "ACHILLES interposes."
2. "he were," in f. e. "a were."
- 577.-1. "eld," in f. e. "old."
2. "poise," in f. e. "pass."
- 578.-1. ["Kneels," not in f. e.
2. ["Rises," not in f. e.
3. "must," in f. e. "mayest."
4. "thy Creator," in f. e. "the prover."
5. "We sent," in f. e. "He sent."
6. "Re-enter PATROCLUS," in f. e. this direction precedes NESTOR's speech.
- 580.-1. "her," in f. e. "she."
2. "dispraiser," in f. e. "disposer."
- 581.-1. "dispraiser's," in f. e. "disposer's."
2. "a," in f. e. "the."
3. in f. e. this speech of Pandarus is a continuation of that of Paris.
4. in f. e. this speech and the following are united, and attributed to Pandarus.
5. ["Unveiling her," not in f. e.
- 582.-1. ["Kissing her," not in f. e.
2. "self she resides," in f. e. "of self resides."
3. "flame," in f. e. "flames."
- 583.-1. ["TROILUS," &c., not in f. e.
2. ["Exeunt," not in f. e.
3. "Appeal," in f. e. "Appear."
4. "above," in f. e. "to come."
5. ["Looking up," &c., not in f. e.
- 584.-1. "mirror'd," in f. e. "married."
2. "edge," in f. e. "hedge."
3. "Let," in f. e. "O I let."
4. "pace," in f. e. "place."
5. "crudities," in f. e. "cradles."
6. "Swift," in f. e. "Swiss."
- 585.-1. "fierce pursuit," &c., in f. e. "force, pursuit," &c.
- 586.-1. "each," in f. e. "the."
2. "not," in f. e. "to."
3. ["Opening it," not in f. e.
4. "Enter TROILUS," in f. e. "As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROILUS."
5. "secret laws," in f. e. "secrets."
- 587.-1. ["Embracing him," not in f. e.
2. "O heart," not in f. e.
3. "silence," in f. e. "friendship."
4. "one," in f. e. "a."
- 588.-1. "godly," in f. e. "godly."
2. "chainful," in f. e. "changeful."
3. "thy last," in f. e. "my lust."
4. "sounded," in f. e. "heard."
5. "day," in f. e. "days."
- 6, 7, 8. ["Kissing her," not in f. e.
9. ["Putting," &c., not in f. e.
- 10, 11. ["Kissing her," not in f. e.
- 589.-1. "occasion," in f. e. "a coasting."
2. "uternance," in f. e. "utermost."
3. "breach," in f. e. "breath."
4. "subjects," in f. e. "objects."
5. ["They embrace," not in f. e.
- 590.-1. "portly," in f. e. "pertly."
2. "then," in f. e. "thou."
- 591.-1. "car," in f. e. "core."
2. "discolorers," in f. e. "discoveries."
- 592.-1. "And any man may find her key," in f. e. "And any man may sing her."
2. "lord," in f. e. "la."
3. ["Giving it," not in f. e.
4. "It is," not in f. e.
5. ["They strive," not in f. e.
6. "given," in f. e. "bound."
- 593.-1. ["Coming forward," not in f. e.
2. "For us to give much count to," in f. e. "For we would give much to so count."
- 594.-1. "distraction," in f. e. "destruction."
2. ["Going," not in f. e.
3. "Enter PANDARUS," in f. e. "As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS."
4. "come," not in f. e.
5. ["Giving it," not in f. e.
6. "sirs," in f. e. "errors."
7. "sleeveless," in f. e. "s'other."
8. ["Stands back," not in f. e.
- 595.-1. "sleeveless?" in f. e. "sleeve?"

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595.—2. "[*Dragging*," in f. e. "not in f. e."  
3. "the," in f. e. "thy."  
4. "*goodly*," in f. e. "*sumptuous*."  
596.—1. "*lays down his SWORD*," in f. e. "*hangs his shield behind him*."  
2. "*'s slain*," in f. e. "*'falls*."  
3. "*[Voices]*," not in f. e.  
4. "*Trojan Forces*," in f. e. "*Trojans*."  
5. "*'frenzy's*," in f. e. "*'frenzy*."  
6. "*Trojan Forces*," in f. e. "*Trojans*."  
7. "*brothel-lackey*?" in f. e. "*broken-lackey*?"  
8. "*[Left alone]*," &c., not in f. e.

## CORIOLANUS.

- 597.—1. "abjectness," in f. e. "object."  
598.—1. "partly to be," in f. e. "to be partly."  
2. "disgraces," in f. e. "disgrace."  
3. "the senate, brain," in f. e. "to the seat of the brain."  
4. "ranks," in f. e. "cranks."  
599.—1. "ye," in f. e. "thee."  
2. "exaltation," in f. e. "emulation."  
3. "Would," in f. e. "I would."  
600.—1. "*[Giving it]*," not in f. e.  
2. "see," in f. e. "see the."  
601.—1. f. e. add, "*To them a Messenger*."  
2. "*Enter a*," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "Unheard of," in f. e. "you heard of."  
4. "port," in f. e. "pot."  
602.—1. "*The Gates open*," not in f. e.  
2. "ye," in f. e. "the."  
3. "it," not in f. e.  
4. "purposes," in f. e. "purpose."  
5. "Those," in f. e. "Their."  
603.—1. "march before," in f. e. "to march."  
2. "I," in f. e. "four."  
3. "I," in f. e. "and."  
604.—1. "Let it be made a coverture," in f. e. "Let them be made an overture."  
2. "Embargements," in f. e. "Embarguements."  
605.—1. "without," in f. e. "with not."  
2. "thirst," in f. e. "first."  
3. "you," not in f. e.  
4. "adjoin," in f. e. "rejoice."  
5. "pleading," in f. e. "bleeding."  
6. "*stand back*," in f. e. "*retire to the back of the scene*."  
7. "*[Throving up]*," &c., not in f. e.  
8. "empiric physie," in f. e. "empiricuit."  
606.—1. "*[Rising]*," not in f. e.  
2. "change," in f. e. "change."  
3. "cheers," in f. e. "chats."  
4. "at," in f. e. "as."  
5. "the," in f. e. "their."  
6. "touch," in f. e. "teach."  
607.—1. "treatise," in f. e. "treaty."  
2. "prest," in f. e. "bless'd."  
608.—1. "tuned," in f. e. "tamed."  
2. "*[To Stenius]*," not in f. e.  
609.—1. "brothers," in f. e. "brother."  
2. "stale," in f. e. "seal."  
3. "woolless toge," in f. e. "wolfish gown."  
4. "for," not in f. e.  
611.—1. "leave," in f. e. "here."  
2. "monster," in f. e. "monsters."  
3. "impotence: if none, revoke," in f. e. "ignorance: if none, awake."  
4. "bounty," in f. e. "lenity."  
5. "their," in f. e. "our."  
6. "motive," in f. e. "native."  
7. "bisson multitude," in f. e. "bo-som multiplied."  
612.—1. "*Sen*," in f. e. "*All Sen*."  
2. "*Re-enter the Edile with others, and a Rabble*," &c., in f. e. "*Enter Ediles with a Rabble*," &c.  
613.—1. "deserving," in f. e. "deserved."  
2. f. e. insert here, "*Enter VOLUMINIA*."  
614.—1. "*Enter VOLUMINIA*," not in f. e.  
2. f. e. insert, "*[To VOLUMINIA]*."  
3. "O, son, son, son!" in f. e. "O, sir, sir, sir!"  
4. "To brook," &c. This line is not in f. e.  
5. "steep o' the heart," in f. e. "steep to the herd."  
6. "Now's," in f. e. "Now."  
615.—1. "ow'st," in f. e. "owe."  
2. "their," in f. e. "the."  
3. "mouth," in f. e. "worth."  
616.—1. "carriage," in f. e. "courage."  
2. "minded," in f. e. "wounded."  
617.—1. "Curs," in f. e. "Cats."  
2. "approved," in f. e. "appeared."  
618.—1. "house," in f. e. "hours."

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618.—2. "*[Beats him]*," in f. e. "*[Beats him away]*."  
619.—1. "o'er-bear," in f. e. "o'er-beat."  
2. "on," in f. e. "of."  
620.—1. "dejectitude," in f. e. "directitude."  
2. "want," in f. e. "vent."  
3. "Good-den," in f. e. "Good-e'en."  
4. "come in," in f. e. "coming."  
5. "God," in f. e. "Good."  
621.—1. "You, and your handy crafts have," in f. e. "You, and your crafts! you have."  
2. "Though," in f. e. "Although."  
622.—1. "Live," in f. e. "Lie."  
2. "in," in f. e. "unto."  
3. "cheer," in f. e. "chair."  
4. "suffer," in f. e. "fouler."  
5. "To one," in f. e. "Which was."  
6. "least," in f. e. "less."  
7. "of blood," in f. e. "of our blood."  
8. "You," in f. e. "I."  
9. "The Volscian Camp," in f. e. "An advanced post of the Volscian Camp."  
623.—1. "magnified," in f. e. "verified."  
2. "queasy," in f. e. "pasy."  
3. "*Paper*," in f. e. "*tetter*."  
624.—1. "mistaking," in f. e. "mistaken."  
2. "*[Rising]*," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "curdled," in f. e. "curded."  
4. "wo," in f. e. "you."  
5. "*Takes his seat*," not in f. e.  
6. "so," in f. e. "to."  
7. "enemies," in f. e. "enmity's."  
8. "*[Aside]*," not in f. e.  
625.—1. "each," in f. e. "the."  
2. "*All kneel*," not in f. e.  
3. "*He holds VOLUMINIA by the hand, long, and self-struggling*," in f. e. "*[Holding VOLUMINIA by the hands, silent]*."  
4. "O mother, mother!" in f. e. these words precede the stage direction.  
5. "*[Aside]*," not in f. e.  
6. "firmer," in f. e. "former."  
7. f. e. insert, "*[Aside]*."  
8. "hum," in f. e. "hum."  
9. "*[Shouts]*," not in f. e.  
10. f. e. add, "*[Shouting within]*."  
626.—1. "the," in f. e. "their."  
2. "*Enter Conspirators*," in f. e. "*Enter three or four Conspirators*."  
3. "force," in f. e. "free."  
4. "ear," in f. e. "end."  
627.—1. "*while they pass round the Stage*," in f. e. "sounded."

## TITUS ANDRONICUS.

- 628.—1. "*Capitol*," in f. e. "*Senate*."  
2. "I am the first-born son, of him the last," in f. e. "I am his first-born son, that was the last."  
3. "conscience," in f. e. "contenance."  
629.—1. "my," in f. e. "the."  
2. "brazen," not in f. e.  
3. f. e. add, "*and TITUS speaks*."  
4. "hast thou of mine," in f. e. "of mine hast thou."  
5. "their," in f. e. "the."  
6. "dust," in f. e. "gone."  
630.—1. "*[Kneeling]*," not in f. e.  
2. "no," in f. e. "are no."  
3. "*[Rising]*," not in f. e.  
4. "Be chosen with acclamations," in f. e. "Be chosen with proclamations."  
5. "abroach," in f. e. "abroad."  
6. "obtain," in f. e. "obtain and ask."  
7. "*Shouts*," not in f. e.  
8. "*[Aside]*," not in f. e.  
9. "*[To her]*," not in f. e.  
631.—1. "not himself," in f. e. "not with himself."  
2. "awhile," not in f. e.  
632.—1. "*[Aside]*," &c., not in f. e.  
2. "you," in f. e. "us."  
3. "*They kneel*," not in f. e.  
4. "*They stand up*," not in f. e.  
5. "*Trumpets*," not in f. e.  
6. "will," in f. e. "wit."  
7. "was," in f. e. "is."  
633.—1. "and," in f. e. "of."  
2. "dreadless," in f. e. "dreadful."  
3. "gay," in f. e. "grey."  
4. "wide," in f. e. "green."  
5. "sing a hunter's round," in f. e. "ring a hunter's peal."  
6. "sound," in f. e. "noise."  
7. "and so will I," in f. e. "as it is ours."

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634.—1. "brought comfort and delight," in f. e. "new comfort hath inspired."  
2. "*they sing: 'The hunt is up'*," not in f. e.  
3. "promontory's," in f. e. "promontory."  
4. "coiled," in f. e. "rolled."  
5. "Whom," in f. e. "Who."  
6. "my," in f. e. "our."  
7. "dine," in f. e. "drive."  
8. "barely," in f. e. "body."  
635.—1. "painted, for she braves your might," in f. e. "painted hope braves your mightiness."  
2. "her," in f. e. "thy."  
3. "claws," in f. e. "paws."  
4. "away," in f. e. "away with her."  
5. "*[Kneeling]*," not in f. e.  
6. "*Rising*," not in f. e.  
7. "onesome," in f. e. "loathsome."  
8. "*[Under the stage]*," not in f. e.  
9. "the," in f. e. "this."  
636.—1. "this," in f. e. "their."  
2. "their," in f. e. "the."  
3. "cut out thy tongue," in f. e. "that cut thy tongue."  
4. "*Wind Forth*," not in f. e.  
5. "have," in f. e. "half."  
6. "roseate," in f. e. "rosed."  
7. "Tereus, cousin, hast thou met," in f. e. "Tereus hast thou met withal."  
8. "in mistrely," not in f. e.  
637.—1. "angish for my soul's," &c., in f. e. "anguor and my soul's," &c.  
2. "with more," in f. e. "more with."  
3. "or if they did mark," in f. e. "oh, if they did hear."  
4. "yet plead I must, And bootless unto them," not in f. e.  
5. "*[Rising]*," not in f. e.  
6. "Rich," in f. e. "Sweet."  
7. "old and young," in f. e. "every ear."  
8. "living," in f. e. "lively."  
638.—1. "as," in f. e. "like."  
2. "I'll send my hand to him," in f. e. "I'll send the emperor my hand."  
3. "it," in f. e. "the axe."  
4. "*[Aside]*," in f. e. this direction is at the end of Aaron's speech.  
5. "*with his Sword*," not in f. e.  
6. "*Re-enter LUCIUS with an Axe*," in f. e. "*Enter LUCIUS*."  
639.—1. "one," in f. e. "a."  
2. "tis true," in f. e. "you do."  
640.—1. "to," in f. e. "for."  
2. "where," not in f. e.  
3. "*They kneel*," not in f. e.  
4. "*They rise*," not in f. e.  
5. "to do it," not in f. e.  
641.—1. "ye," in f. e. "the."  
2. "*[Aside]*," not in f. e.  
3. "them," in f. e. "the."  
4. "*[To them]*," not in f. e.  
5. "Hath," in f. e. "Had."  
6. f. e. insert here, "*[Aside]*."  
7. "*[Rising]*," in f. e. "*with*."  
8. "*[Shouting it]*," not in f. e.  
9. "burdens," in f. e. "breeders."  
10. "Zounds," in f. e. "Out."  
11. "a man," in f. e. "of age."  
12. "*To the Nurse*," not in f. e.  
642.—1. "*at a distance*," in f. e. "*on the ground*."  
2. "*she screams*," not in f. e.  
3. "Not far hence Mult lives," in f. e. "Not far hence Multeus lives."  
4. "make no long delays," in f. e. "take no longer days."  
5. "may," in f. e. "please."  
6. "drive," in f. e. "feed."  
7. "*with the Child*," not in f. e.  
8. "catch," in f. e. "find."  
643.—1. "aim'd," in f. e. "aim."  
2. "his," in f. e. "your."  
3. "*that had been shot*," in f. e. "*that TITUS shot*."  
4. "the mightful gods no less," in f. e. "as do the mightful gods."  
5. "froaks," in f. e. "wroaks."  
6. "state," in f. e. "senate."  
7. "*Taken his seat*," not in f. e.  
8. "The life-blood on't," in f. e. "Thy life-blood out."  
9. "even," in f. e. "dew."  
10. "for want of better," in f. e. "here."  
11. "friend," not in f. e.  
12. "brought my neck," in f. e. "brought up a neck."  
644.—1. "very," not in f. e.  
2. "And wish'd," in f. e. "And they have wish'd."  
3. "our," in f. e. "your."



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- 644.—4. "in's flame," in f. e. "in it."  
 5. "food," in f. e. "feed."  
 6. "fore him," in f. e. "to him."  
 7. "[Speaking," &c., not in f. e.  
 8. "disputiously," in f. e. "yet piteously."  
 9. "in," in f. e. "by."  
 645.—1. "Whom," in f. e. "Who."  
 2. "Cut her hands off," in f. e. "And cut her hands."  
 3. "ofttimes," not in f. e.  
 4. "as *Revenge, Rapine, and Murder*," not in f. e.  
 5. "[Showing," &c., not in f. e.  
 6. "Old," not in f. e.  
 646.—1. "Provide two," in f. e. "Provide thee two."  
 2. "below," not in f. e.  
 3. "to them," not in f. e.  
 4. "[Exit," in f. e. "[Exit TAM."  
 5. "Caius," not in f. e.  
 647.—1. "and she catches the Blood," not in f. e.  
 2. "Trumpets sound," not in f. e.  
 3. "and," not in f. e.  
 4. "flee," in f. e. "die."  
 648.—1. in f. e. the remainder of this speech is attributed to a *Senator*.  
 2. f. e. insert here, "[To LUCIUS]."  
 3. "And," in f. e. "Damm'd."  
 4. "lingering," in f. e. "slaughtering."  
 5. "style," in f. e. "task."  
 6. "bier," in f. e. "trunk."  
 7. "all that he can have," in f. e. "and take leave of him."  
 8. "ravenous," in f. e. "heinous."

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

- 649.—1. "Musicians," in f. e. "Three Musicians."  
 650.—1. "with his," not in f. e.  
 2. "[Draws," not in f. e.  
 651.—1. "the," in f. e. "an."  
 2. "Benvolio," not in f. e.  
 3. "pu'd," in f. e. "purg'd."  
 4. "is't," in f. e. "is."  
 5. "encharm'd," in f. e. "unharm'd."  
 652.—1. "married," in f. e. "made"  
 2. "up," not in f. e.  
 3. "help," in f. e. "help."  
 4. "[Going," not in f. e.  
 653.—1. "preceded by a Drum," not in f. e.  
 2. "Ben," in f. e. "Mer."  
 3. "hits," in f. e. "sits."  
 654.—1. "Pick'd," in f. e. "Prick'd."  
 2. "milkmaid," in f. e. "maid."  
 3. "counsellors," in f. e. "courtiers."  
 4. "tide," in f. e. "face."  
 5. "breath," in f. e. "breast."  
 6. f. e. add, "behind."  
 7. "[To ROMEO," &c., not in f. e.  
 8. "[Pointing," &c., not in f. e.  
 9. "[Exit Boy]," not in f. e.  
 655.—1. "Go to," in f. e. these words are transposed to the end of the line.  
 2. "[Kissing her," &c., not in f. e.  
 3. "[JULIET retires," not in f. e.  
 4. "[Going," not in f. e.  
 5. "[Exit," in f. e. "[Exeunt all but JULIET and NURSE]."  
 6. "The Guests," &c., not in f. e.  
 7. "[Going," &c., not in f. e.  
 8. "[Exeunt," &c., not in f. e.  
 656.—1. "true," in f. e. "trim."  
 2. "An open-et cetera," &c.; this line and the following one are not in f. e.  
 3. "white," in f. e. "sick."  
 4. "lacy-passing," in f. e. "lacy-pacing."  
 5. "[Starting," &c., not in f. e.  
 657.—1. "[Going," in f. e. "[Retiring."  
 658.—1. "act," in f. e. "part."  
 2. "unbusied," in f. e. "unbruised."  
 3. "a," in f. e. "the."  
 659.—1. "[Singing," not in f. e.  
 2. "wicked," in f. e. "weak."  
 660.—1. "[Giving her," &c., not in f. e.  
 2. "seem as dead," in f. e. "many feign as they were dead."  
 3. "dull," in f. e. "pale."  
 4. "straightway at my news," in f. e. "straight at any news."  
 661.—1. "sum the sum of half my wealth," in f. e. "sum up half my sum of wealth."  
 2. "[Striking," &c., not in f. e.  
 3. "And," in f. e. "Or."  
 4. "exceed," in f. e. "excuse."  
 5. "as *TREAT*," &c., not in f. e.  
 6. "[ROMEO," &c., not in f. e.  
 662.—1. "You," in f. e. "Up."  
 2. "Who," in f. e. "Benvolio, who."  
 3. "home," not in f. e.

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- 662.—4. "enemies," in f. e. "unawares,"  
 "run-away's."  
 663.—1. "with a *Ladder of Cords*," in f. e. "with *Cords*."  
 2. "or," in f. e. "of."  
 3. "pour," in f. e. "bower."  
 4. "[Talking," &c., not in f. e.  
 664.—1. "parted," in f. e. "vanish'd."  
 2. "that," in f. e. "what."  
 3. "[Telling," not in f. e.  
 4. "[Romeo groans," not in f. e.  
 5. "[Rising," &c., not in f. e.  
 665.—1. "agreed," in f. e. "decreed."  
 2. "Here is a ring," in f. e. "Here, sir, a ring."  
 3. "in," in f. e. "to."  
 4. "bow," in f. e. "brow."  
 666.—1. "every hour in the day," in f. e. "every day in the hour."  
 2. "would'st," in f. e. "could'st."  
 3. "him," in f. e. "he."  
 4. "La. Cap.," in f. e. the speech of this lady commences at the following line.  
 667.—1. "Alack!" in f. e. "Alack! alack."  
 2. "way," in f. e. "sway."  
 668.—1. "O," in f. e. "Ah!"  
 2. "count," in f. e. "county."  
 3. "[Showing it," not in f. e.  
 4. "[Offers," &c., not in f. e.  
 5. "[Kneeling," not in f. e.  
 6. "becoming," in f. e. "becomed."  
 669.—1. "I warrant," in f. e. "I warrant her, she—"  
 670.—1. "[Drawing," &c., not in f. e.  
 2. "my," in f. e. "an."  
 671.—1, 2. "Thou protest!" in f. e. "Pretty!"  
 3. f. e. add, "singing."  
 4. "death," in f. e. "truth," "eye."  
 5. "on," in f. e. "upon."  
 6. "[Exit," &c., not in f. e.  
 7. "[Giving it," not in f. e.  
 f. e. add, "these."  
 672.—1. "[Giving," &c., not in f. e.  
 2. "stay," in f. e. "stand."  
 3. "[Giving," &c., not in f. e.  
 4. "[Exit," in f. e. "[Retires."  
 5. "the Monument," in f. e. "the door of the Monument."  
 7. "commiseration," in f. e. "thy commiseration."  
 8. "[Taking it," not in f. e.  
 9. "I will believe," in f. e. "Shall I believe."  
 673.—1. "near JULIET," not in f. e.  
 2. "and BALTHASAR following," not in f. e.  
 3. "[Exit," not in f. e.  
 4. "rest," in f. e. "rust."  
 5. "outcry," in f. e. "outrage."  
 674.—1. "Do," in f. e. "Doth."  
 2. "waked," in f. e. "wakes."  
 3. "the," in f. e. "his."  
 4. "[They shake," &c., not in f. e.  
 5. "fair," in f. e. "true."

## TIMON OF ATHENS.

- 675.—1. "Three flattering Lords," in f. e. "Lords and flatterers of Timon."  
 2. "Captain," in f. e. "General."  
 3. "Servants of Varro, Ventidius, and Isidore," in f. e. "Two servants of Varro, and the servant of Isidore."  
 4. "Lords," in f. e. "Other Lords."  
 5. "[Showing it," not in f. e.  
 6. "issues," in f. e. "oozes."  
 676.—1. "[Showing it," not in f. e.  
 2. "verse," in f. e. "wax."  
 3. "To show lord Timon that: mean eyes," &c., in f. e. "To show lord Timon, that mean eyes," &c.  
 4. "most needs," in f. e. "must need."  
 677.—1. "so hungry a wish," in f. e. "no angry wit."  
 678.—1. "unpassable," in f. e. "unpeaceable."  
 2. f. e. insert here, "[They all stand ceremoniously looking at TIMON]."  
 3. "fire," in f. e. "sinner."  
 4. "do," in f. e. "dich."  
 679.—1. "ever," in f. e. "even."  
 680.—1. "A stable of horses," in f. e. "And able horses."  
 2. "no reserve; no care," in f. e. "nor resumes no care."  
 3. "Was surely so," in f. e. "Was to be so."  
 681.—1. "as from hunting," not in f. e.  
 2. "my good," in f. e. "good my."  
 3. "merrily," in f. e. "merry."  
 4. "after him," not in f. e.  
 682.—1. "yet now's a time too late," in f. e. "(too late) yet now's a time."

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- 682.—2. "nook," in f. e. "cock."  
 3. "Timon's," in f. e. "Timon."  
 683.—1. "[Giving money," not in f. e.  
 2. "his hundred," in f. e. "this hour."  
 3. "five hundred," in f. e. "so many."  
 4. "five," in f. e. "fifty-five."  
 5. "I, I say," in f. e. "I say."  
 684.—1. "port," in f. e. "spirit."  
 685.—1. "be," in f. e. "it."  
 2. "faint," in f. e. "fate."  
 3. "approve," in f. e. "behave."  
 4. "mov'd," in f. e. "prov'd."  
 686.—1. "say," in f. e. "I say."  
 2. "Were there no foes, that were't self enough," in f. e. "If there were no foes, that were enough."  
 3. "willingly," in f. e. "willing."  
 687.—1. "[To the *Servants*," not in f. e.  
 2. "Will show," in f. e. "will—and so—"  
 3. "foes," in f. e. "fees."  
 4. "lag," in f. e. "lag."  
 5. "let," in f. e. "yet."  
 6. "[Blasting away," &c., not in f. e.  
 688.—1. "as," in f. e. "or."  
 2. "and revive," not in f. e.  
 3. "all state comprehends," in f. e. "all what state compounds."  
 4. "with a *Spade*," not in f. e.  
 5. "deny," in f. e. "deny't," "denude."  
 6. "[Finding gold," not in f. e.  
 7. "idol," in f. e. "idle."  
 689.—1. "had," not in f. e.  
 2. "abjects," in f. e. "objects."  
 3. "[Throwing it," not in f. e.  
 4. "abhor'd," in f. e. "a bawd."  
 5. "[Throwing it," not in f. e.  
 690.—1. "meadows," in f. e. "marrows."  
 2. "dugs," in f. e. "drugs."  
 691.—1. "Id," in f. e. "Pil."  
 2. "him," not in f. e.  
 692.—1, 2. "[Throwing," &c., not in f. e.  
 3. "no," in f. e. "a bawd."  
 4. "Is't," in f. e. "If."  
 5. "as," in f. e. "and as."  
 6. "when," in f. e. "where."  
 7. "[Giving gold," not in f. e.  
 693.—1. "[Exit FLAVIUS; and TIMON into his Cave," in f. e. "[Exeunt *severally*."  
 2. "purse," in f. e. "purposes."  
 3. "we," in f. e. "they."  
 4. "behind," not in f. e.  
 5. "black-clover'd," in f. e. "black-corner'd."  
 694.—1. "and," in f. e. "with."  
 2. "embosht," in f. e. "embossed."  
 695.—1. "is't not severe," in f. e. "it is not square."  
 2. "by," in f. e. "to."

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

- 697.—1. "body," in f. e. "rabble."  
 698.—1. in f. e. with *Trumpets and other Music*.  
 699.—1. f. e. insert here, "[Shout]."  
 2. "such," in f. e. "these."  
 700.—1. "shouted," in f. e. "hooted."  
 701.—1. "seasons," in f. e. "reasons."  
 702.—1. "[Giving him," &c., not in f. e.  
 2. "paper," in f. e. "letter."  
 703.—1. "He takes," &c., not in f. e.  
 2. "crave," in f. e. "carve."  
 3. "mark," in f. e. "make."  
 704.—1. "heavy honey-dew," in f. e. "honey-heavy dew."  
 2. "[Kneeling," not in f. e.  
 3. "[Raising her," not in f. e.  
 4. "let that," in f. e. "that that."  
 705.—1. "are," in f. e. "were."  
 2. "[Kneeling," not in f. e.  
 3. "[Raising her," not in f. e.  
 4. "Of," in f. e. "And."  
 706.—1. "stricken," in f. e. "struck."  
 2. "the," not in f. e.  
 3. "That touches us? ourself," &c., in f. e. "What touches us ourself," &c.  
 707.—1. "Cæsar," in f. e. this speech is attributed to *Cæsar*.  
 2. "crouchings," in f. e. "couchings."  
 3. "Low-crouched," in f. e. "Low-crook'd."  
 4. "last," in f. e. "at last."  
 5. "[Kneeling," not in f. e.  
 708.—1. "Enter," in f. e. "Re-enter."  
 2. "[Kneeling," &c., not in f. e.  
 3. "Rising," not in f. e.  
 4. "death hour," in f. e. "death's hour."  
 5. "welcome," in f. e. "malice."



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708.—6. "[One after,]" &c., not in f. e.  
7. "[Turning to the,]" &c., not in f. e.  
8. "death," in f. e. "lethe."  
9. "[Apart,]" in f. e. "[Aside,]"  
10. "due," in f. e. "true."  
11. "joins," in f. e. "limbs."  
709.—1. "All," in f. e. "Cit."  
2. f. e. insert here, "[Several speaking at once,]"  
3. "All," in f. e. "Cit."  
710.—1. "[They are,]" &c., not in f. e.  
711.—1. "them," in f. e. "him."  
2. "unlike," in f. e. "unluckily."  
3. "forcing out CINNA," not in f. e.  
4. "on," in f. e. "in."  
712.—1. "[One after the,]" &c., not in f. e.  
2. "abler," in f. e. "noble."  
3. "older," in f. e. "elder."  
713.—1. "did," in f. e. "do."  
714.—1. "new-hearted," in f. e. "new-added."  
2. "Lucius falls asleep," not in f. e.  
3. "to read," not in f. e.  
715.—1. "is," in f. e. "are."  
2. "word of traitor," in f. e. "sword of traitors."  
3. "forward," in f. e. "former."  
4. "[LUCILIUS stands back,]" not in f. e.  
716.—1. "term," in f. e. "time."  
2. "those," in f. e. "some."  
3. "began," in f. e. "began."  
717.—1. "Love Alarums," not in f. e.  
2. "[Shaking hands,]" &c., not in f. e.  
718.—1. "generous," in f. e. "general."  
2. "Of," in f. e. "And."

## MACBETH.

- 719.—1. "Sennet," in f. e. "Alarums."  
2. "thy," in f. e. "the."  
720.—1. "haste," in f. e. "a haste."  
2. "comes," in f. e. "seems."  
3. "to show," not in f. e.  
721.—1. "[Aside,]" not in f. e.  
2. "trusted," in f. e. "trusted."  
3. 4. "[Aside,]" not in f. e.  
5. "where," in f. e. "whose."  
6. "Give your," in f. e. "Give me your."  
7. "[To BANQUO,]" not in f. e.  
722.—1. "[Embrace,]" not in f. e.  
2. "wind," in f. e. "wing."  
3. "more," in f. e. "mine."  
4. "[Embrace,]" not in f. e.  
5. "with a letter," in f. e. "reading a letter."  
6. "[Reads,]" not in f. e.  
7. "blankets," in f. e. "blanket."  
8. "[They embrace,]" not in f. e.  
723.—1. f. e. insert here "Hautboys."  
2. "thus," in f. e. "this."  
3. "boast," in f. e. "beast."  
724.—1. "sleeper," in f. e. "sleep."  
725.—1. "[Showing,]" in f. e. "[Looking on,]"  
2. "in his night-gown," not in f. e.  
726.—1. "unready," not in f. e.  
2. "are," in f. e. "is."  
3. "[Lady MACBETH sneezes,]" not in f. e.  
727.—1. "show," in f. e. "shine."  
2. f. e. add, "sounded."  
3. "Lay," in f. e. "Let."  
728.—1. "quill," in f. e. "bill."  
2. "wearyed," in f. e. "weary."  
3. "[Exeunt Murderers,]" not in f. e.  
4. "eternal," not in f. e.  
729.—1. "thy," in f. e. "the."  
2. "here," in f. e. "near."  
3. f. e. insert here, "[Enter first Murderer,]" &c., not in f. e.  
4. "Enter first Murderer," &c., not in f. e.  
5. "him," in f. e. "he."  
6. "[Pointing to the Ghost,]" not in f. e.  
7. "[Coming to MACBETH,]" &c., not in f. e.  
730.—1. "[Going back,]" &c., not in f. e.  
2. f. e. insert here, "Ghost Rises."  
3. "Re-enter Ghost," not in f. e.  
4. "exhibit," in f. e. "inhabit" and "inhibit."  
731.—1. "Pill," in f. e. "I."  
2. "Witches," not in f. e.  
3. "cold," in f. e. "the cold" and "coldest."  
4. "other," in f. e. "three other."  
5. "[Exit HECATE,]" not in f. e.  
732.—1. "bleaded," in f. e. "bladed."  
2. "o'er," in f. e. "on."  
3. "stoop," in f. e. "slope."  
4. "Rebellion's," in f. e. "Rebolutions."  
5. "[The couldron descends, Hautboys sound,]" in f. e. "[Hautboys,]"  
6. "first and last," in f. e. "last."

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732.—7. "art," in f. e. "is."  
8. "flights," in f. e. "sights."  
733.—1. "know't," in f. e. "know."  
2. "I shall," in f. e. "shall."  
734.—1. "[Shooting a Paper,]" not in f. e.  
2. "ripen'd," in f. e. "open'd."  
3. "Enjoy," in f. e. "Convey."  
4. "foison," in f. e. "foisons."  
5. "heart," in f. e. "art."  
735.—1. "like," in f. e. "as."  
736.—1. "[Taking out,]" &c., not in f. e.  
2. "[Writing,]" not in f. e.  
3. "untough," in f. e. "unrough."  
4. "course," in f. e. "cause."  
737.—1. "[Exit Serv,]" not in f. e.  
2. "chair," in f. e. "cheer."  
3. "May," in f. e. "way."  
4. "grief," in f. e. "stuff."  
5. "unto," in f. e. "to."  
6. "gotten," in f. e. "given."  
7. "far'd," in f. e. "forc'd."  
8. "[A cry within,]" &c., in f. e. this direction succeeds the following line.  
9. "[Exit,]" not in f. e.  
10. "feast," in f. e. "fears."  
11. "quail'd," in f. e. "cool'd."  
12. "Re-enter SERVON," not in f. e.  
13. "should," in f. e. "shall."  
738.—1. "be," in f. e. "being."  
739.—1. "And God," &c., in f. e. "And so God, &c."  
2. "Pike," in f. e. "pole."  
3. "[Sticking the Pike,]" &c., not in f. e.

## HAMLET.

- 740.—1. "his Son," in f. e. "Son to Polonius."  
2. "Ambassadors," in f. e. "An Ambassador."  
3. "Two Clowns, Grave-diggers," not in f. e.  
4. "Players, Sailors," &c., in f. e. "Players, Clowns (Grave-diggers), Sailors," &c.  
5. "Attendants," in f. e. "other Attendants."  
6. "new," in f. e. "now."  
741.—1. "armed," not in f. e.  
2. f. e. insert asterisk, denoting that one or more lines are supposed to be lost.  
742.—1. "Sennet," not in f. e.  
2. "The King takes his Seat," not in f. e.  
3. "bathe," in f. e. "bear."  
4. "[Giving them,]" not in f. e.  
5. "night-like," in f. e. "nighted."  
743.—1. "whom?" in f. e. "who?"  
2. "vast," in f. e. "waste" and "waist."  
3. "bechill'd," in f. e. "distill'd."  
744.—1. "choice," in f. e. "chief."  
2. "Running," in f. e. "Wronging."  
3. "bawds," in f. e. "bonds."  
4. "squander," in f. e. "slander."  
5. "so now," not in f. e.  
6. "ill," in f. e. "base."  
7. "armed as before," not in f. e.  
8. "[Pause,]" not in f. e.  
746.—1. "[They struggle,]" not in f. e.  
2. "Heaven's," in f. e. "Heaven."  
3. "lasting fires," in f. e. "fast in fires."  
747.—1. "despoiled," in f. e. "despatched."  
2. "blossom," in f. e. "blossoms."  
3. "Hold, heart," in f. e. "Hold, hold, my heart."  
4. "and perdidious," not in f. e.  
5. "We will," in f. e. these words form part of the preceding speech of Horatio.  
749.—1. "By heaven," in f. e. "It seems."  
2. "day, night," &c., in f. e. "night, day," &c.  
750.—1. "[Reads,]" not in f. e.  
2. "we all," in f. e. "all we."  
3. "for," in f. e. "four."  
4. "[Aside,]" not in f. e.  
5. "To him," not in f. e.  
751.—1. "ROS. smiles," not in f. e.  
752.—1. "What treasure," in f. e. "What treasure."  
2. "there was no salt," in f. e. "there were no sallets."  
753.—1. "passionate the gods," in f. e. "passion in the gods."  
2. "transgression," in f. e. "oppression."  
754.—1. "to," in f. e. "of."  
2. "Monet OPHELIA behind, reading," not in f. e.  
3. "[Coming forward,]" not in f. e.  
4. "I," in f. e. "you."  
755.—1. "back," in f. e. "back."  
2. "unready," not in f. e.

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756.—1. "Sennet," not in f. e.  
2. f. e. insert here, "A Flourish."  
757.—1. "The Player-King and Player Queen," in f. e. "a King and a Queen."  
2. "car," in f. e. "cart."  
3. "Enactors," in f. e. "Enactures."  
4. "her vow," in f. e. "it now."  
758.—1. "raised," in f. e. "razed."  
2. "the," in f. e. "my."  
3. "Enter one with a Recorder," in f. e. "Enter the Players with Recorders."  
4. "recorder," in f. e. "recorders."  
759.—1. "very many," in f. e. "many many."  
2. "purs," in f. e. "prize."  
3. "[Exeunt,]" in f. e. "[Retires and kneels,]"  
4. "behind, his Sword drawn," not in f. e.  
5. f. e. insert here, "The King rises and advances."  
6. "[Sings,]" not in f. e.  
7. "sconce," in f. e. "silence."  
8. "[Exit POLONIUS behind the Arras,]" in f. e. "[POLONIUS hides himself,]"  
9. "send," in f. e. "set."  
760.—1. "[Coming forward,]" not in f. e.  
2. "seeing the body of POLONIUS," in f. e. "[To POLONIUS,]"  
3. "stoop," in f. e. "step."  
4. "unarmed," not in f. e.  
5. "fume," in f. e. "time."  
761.—1. "most was," in f. e. "was most."  
762.—1. "palated," in f. e. "politic."  
2. "see," in f. e. "set."  
3. "hopes," in f. e. "haps."  
763.—1. "Queen, HORATIO, and a Gentleman," in f. e. "Queen and HORATIO."  
2. "Gent," in f. e. "Hor."  
3. "distracted," not in f. e.  
4. "green grass," in f. e. "grass."  
764.—1. f. e. insert here, "Enter a Gentleman."  
2. "Enter a Gentleman," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "king," in f. e. "lord."  
4. "with his sword drawn," in f. e. "armed."  
765.—1. "still distracted," not in f. e.  
2. "[Sings,]" not in f. e.  
3. "Gone to his death-bed," in f. e. "Go to thy death-bed."  
766.—1. "was white," in f. e. "was as white."  
2. "dancing distractedly," not in f. e.  
3. "criminal," in f. e. "criminal."  
767.—1. "Who was," in f. e. "Whose worth."  
2. "Sole," in f. e. "Stood."  
3. "This report," in f. e. "Sir, this report."  
768.—1. "reduc'd," in f. e. "indu'd."  
769.—1. "on one side," not in f. e.  
2. "sad," in f. e. "a."  
3. "[They strive,]" not in f. e.  
4. "storm," in f. e. "fast."  
5. "I'll do't," not in f. e.  
6. "King," in f. e. "Queen."  
7. "Queen," not in f. e.  
770.—1. "own," in f. e. "know."  
2. "fell," in f. e. "pall."  
3. "unfold," in f. e. "unseal."  
4. "[Giving it,]" not in f. e.  
5. "a," in f. e. "the."  
6. "thrown out," in f. e. these words are transposed to the beginning of the line.  
7. "his own," in f. e. "this arm."  
8. "court," in f. e. "count."  
772.—1. "[Poets brought,]" not in f. e.  
2. "he is better," in f. e. "he's better."  
3. "Here is a napkin, rub thy brows, my son," in f. e. "Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows."  
4. "[She drinks,]" not in f. e.  
5. "[Taking the Cup,]" not in f. e.  
6. "[Struggling: HAMLET gets the Cup,]" not in f. e.  
773.—1. "scene," in f. e. "same."

## KING LEAR.

- 774.—1. "of Lear's Train," in f. e. "attending on the King."  
775.—1. "I love," &c., in f. e. "Sir, I love," &c.  
2. "sphere," in f. e. "square."  
3. "plenteous," in f. e. "richer."  
4. "And as my patron," in f. e. "As my great patron."  
776.—1. "recrant," in f. e. "miscreant."

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776.—2. "if the seventh day," in f. e. "if, on the tenth day."  
3. "blest," in f. e. "best."  
4. "nor other foulness," in f. e. "murder or foulness."  
5. "stoop," in f. e. "step."  
777.—1. "Ye," in f. e. "The."  
2. "As," in f. e. "At."  
3. "the Bastard," not in f. e.  
4. "on," in f. e. "in."  
5. "Reads the Letter," not in f. e.  
6. "Hiding," in f. e. "[Putting up," stars," in f. e. "a star."  
779.—1. "Exit Knight," not in f. e.  
2. "Re-enter Knight," not in f. e.  
3. "stricken," in f. e. "struck."  
780.—1. "coxcomb," in f. e. "coxcombs."  
2. "And well may fear," in f. e. "And know not how."  
3. "Singing," not in f. e.  
4. "know," in f. e. "trous."  
781.—1. "worship," in f. e. "worships."  
2. "in fury," not in f. e.  
782.—1. "Canst thou," in f. e. "Thou canst."  
2. "in haste," in f. e. "p the haste."  
783.—1. "whether," in f. e. "when."  
2. "dispatch'd," in f. e. "dispatch."  
3. "although," in f. e. "ay, though."  
4. "your heir," not in f. e.  
5. "Was he," &c., in f. e. "Was he not," &c.  
6. "yes," not in f. e.  
7. "As," not in f. e.  
8. "thought fit," in f. e. "thought it fit."  
9. "our," in f. e. "your."  
10. "Finsbury," in f. e. "Lipsbury."  
784.—1. "at," in f. e. "you."  
2. "stand on any shoulders," in f. e. "stands on any shoulder."  
785.—1. "Waking," not in f. e.  
2. "salutation," in f. e. "salutations."  
3. "it follows," not in f. e.  
4. "dear," not in f. e.  
786.—1. "fool turns knave," in f. e. "knave turns fool."  
2. "knaves no fool," in f. e. "fool no knave."  
3. "[Pointing to KENT," in f. e. "[Looking on KENT."  
4. "knapp'd," in f. e. "rapp'd."  
5. "thee," in f. e. "me."  
6. "mouth," in f. e. "house."  
7. "Rising," not in f. e.  
8. "tender-hearted," in f. e. "tender-hefted" and "tender-hefted."  
9. "thou hast," in f. e. "hast thou."  
787.—1. "howl," in f. e. "owl."  
2. "their," in f. e. "your."  
3. "but," in f. e. "that."  
4. "He," in f. e. "And."  
788.—1. "spectators," in f. e. "speculations."  
2. "flourishings," in f. e. "furnishings."  
789.—1. "perjure," not in f. e.  
790.—1. "swamp," in f. e. "ford."  
2. "[Strikes," not in f. e.  
3. "of," in f. e. "on."  
4. "Keep thy word; do justice," in f. e. "Keep thy word justly."  
5. "on's," in f. e. "of us."  
6. "[Tearing," in f. e. "[Tearing off."  
7. "[They talk apart," not in f. e.  
792.—1. "disposure," in f. e. "displeasure."  
2. "[They bind him," not in f. e.  
793.—1. "[They tear out one Eye," not in f. e.  
2. "[Tearing out his other Eye," not in f. e.  
3. "Yes, better thus, unknown," &c., in f. e. "Yet, better thus, and known," &c.  
4. "wants," in f. e. "means."  
794.—1. "braves," in f. e. "slaves."  
2. "chance," in f. e. "favor."  
3. "[Giving it," not in f. e.  
795.—1. "May," in f. e. "way" and "day."  
2. "French," not in f. e.  
796.—1. "Horribly," in f. e. "Horrible."  
2. "[Helping him up," not in f. e.  
3. "Straw and flowers," in f. e. "wildflowers."  
797.—1. "mimics," in f. e. "minces."  
2. "This a good plot," in f. e. "This a good block."  
3. "speaking in," in f. e. "speaking of."  
798.—1. "[Drawing," not in f. e.  
2. "unextinguish'd blaze," in f. e. "undistinguish'd space."  
3. "main," in f. e. "made."  
799.—1. "[Going," not in f. e.  
600.—1. "[Showing a Paper," not in f. e.  
2. "[Embracing her," not in f. e.

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801.—1. "[Drawing," not in f. e.  
2. "skill, youth, and emulence," in f. e. "youth, place, and emulence."  
3. "laws," in f. e. "law."  
4. "[She snatches," &c., not in f. e.  
802.—1. "[Taking off his Helmet," not in f. e.  
2. "shine," in f. e. "stone."  
803.—1. "light," in f. e. "sight."  
2. "To you your rights," in f. e. "You, to your rights."  
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.  
804.—1. "Governor," in f. e. "former Governor."  
2. "of Venice," not in f. e.  
3. "in choler," not in f. e.  
4. "favor," in f. e. "letter."  
805.—1. "terms," in f. e. "term."  
2. "learn'd in forms and usages," in f. e. "trimm'd in forms and visages."  
3. "clamorous," in f. e. "timorous."  
4. "Laying," in f. e. "Tying."  
5. "On an extravagant and wheedling," in f. e. "In an extravagant and wheedling."  
806.—1. "my," in f. e. "the."  
2. "The senate sent above," in f. e. "The senate hath sent about."  
807.—1. "in state," in f. e. "at a table."  
2. "with the same," in f. e. "where the aim."  
3. "its," in f. e. "your."  
808.—1. "more evidence and overt test," in f. e. "more certain and more overt test."  
2. "had," in f. e. "have."  
3. "On," in f. e. "Upon."  
4. "say," in f. e. "lay."  
809.—1. "pieced," in f. e. "pierced."  
2. "most," not in f. e.  
3. "a prosperous," in f. e. "your prosperous" and "a gracious."  
4. "the young affects of heat," in f. e. "beat, the young affects."  
5. "counsels," in f. e. "good souls."  
6. "When," in f. e. "For."  
810.—1. "supersupple," in f. e. "super-subtle."  
2. "Florentine," in f. e. "Veronese."  
811.—1. "on't several Islanders," not in f. e.  
2. "They loved," not in f. e.  
3. "just," in f. e. "leave" and "list."  
4. "helps," in f. e. "help'd."  
812.—1. "censurer?" in f. e. "counsellor?"  
2. "Talks apart," &c., not in f. e.  
3. "makes," in f. e. "make."  
813.—1. "branch," in f. e. "trunk."  
2. "attended," in f. e. "and Attendants."  
3. "elves," in f. e. "lads."  
814.—1. "Englishman," in f. e. "English."  
815.—1. "them," in f. e. "men."  
2. "quell'd," in f. e. "collid."   
816.—1. "devotement," in f. e. "denotement."  
2. "Probable," in f. e. "Probal."  
3. "angrily," not in f. e.  
4. "where," in f. e. "when."  
5. "to the," not in f. e.  
6. "sneak," in f. e. "speak."  
7. "so," not in f. e.  
817.—1. "our," in f. e. "her" and "their."  
818.—1. "delations," in f. e. "denotements."  
2. "fondly," in f. e. "strongly."  
819.—1. "aspicion," in f. e. "position."  
2. "[Offers to bind his Head," not in f. e.  
3. "Napkin," in f. e. "Handkerchief."  
820.—1. "Releasing him," not in f. e.  
2. "it," in f. e. "them."  
821.—1. "knows," in f. e. "feels."  
2. "to," in f. e. "by."  
3. "sudden," in f. e. "sullen."  
4. "[Offering it," not in f. e.  
822.—1. "And shift myself upon," in f. e. "And shut myself up in."  
2. "a," in f. e. "the."  
3. "convenient," in f. e. "continu-  
ous."  
823.—1. "shuddering," in f. e. "shadow-  
ing."  
2. "unfitting," in f. e. "unsuited."  
824.—1. "o'er me," in f. e. "Roman."  
825.—1. "knee," in f. e. "knees."  
2. "Kneel," not in f. e.  
3. "Rise," not in f. e.  
4. "hand," in f. e. "time."  
826.—1. "slowly moving," in f. e. "slow un-  
moving."  
2. "Kneeling," not in f. e.  
3. "Rising," not in f. e.  
4. "misdeed," in f. e. "misuse."

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827.—1. "[Musts," in f. e. "[Trumpets."  
2. "faith," in f. e. "father."  
828.—1. "Not," in f. e. "But."  
2. "In," in f. e. "I" and "Good."  
3. "In troth," in f. e. "I troth" and "By my troth."  
4. f. e. insert here, "[Retires to a little distance."  
5. "[Stands back," in f. e. "[Goes to his stand."  
6. "[Retiring," not in f. e.  
7. "forward," in f. e. "out" and "from his post."  
829.—1. "starts forward," in f. e. "rushes from his post."  
2. "unready," not in f. e.  
3. "cries out murder thus?" in f. e. "cries on murder?"  
4. f. e. add here, "O I O I O!"  
5. "[Looking at Rod," not in f. e.  
830.—1. "locking the Door after him," not in f. e.  
2. "the," in f. e. "thy."  
3. f. e. insert here, "[He smother's her."  
4. "Des. O Lord, Lord, Lord! [He smother's her." This line is not in f. e.  
5. "[Stabs her," not in f. e.  
831.—1. "[Going to the bed," not in f. e.  
2. "[Threatening her," not in f. e.  
3. "heaven," in f. e. "heavens."  
4. "Ground," in f. e. "Bed."  
5. "wind," in f. e. "north" and "air."  
6. "[Drawing," not in f. e.  
832.—1. "[They hold him," not in f. e.  
2. "[Stabs her," &c., not in f. e.  
3. f. e. insert here, "[The Moor runs at IAGO and is held and disarmed by MONTANO; IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out."  
4. "O Desdemond! Desdemond dead! O I O!" in f. e. "O Desdemonda dead, Desdemonda O I O I O!"  
5. "Enter LODOVICO and CASSIO," in f. e. "Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, carried in a chair, and officers with IAGO, prisoner."  
6. "Enter MONTANO and IAGO bound and Officers," not in f. e.  
7. "[Showing it," not in f. e.  
8. "[Producing it," not in f. e.  
833.—1. "them," in f. e. "him."  
2. "When," in f. e. "Where."  
3. f. e. insert here, "[Falling upon DESDEMONA."  
4. "on the Bed," not in f. e.  
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  
834.—1. "under Ventidius," in f. e. "in Ventidius' army."  
2. "in several Parts," in f. e. "dis-  
persed in several Parts."  
835.—1. "doom," in f. e. "damn."  
2. "filly," in f. e. "fully."  
3. "most," not in f. e.  
4. "fruitful," in f. e. "fertile."  
836.—1. "repetition souring," in f. e. "revolu-  
tion lowering."  
2. "would," in f. e. "could."  
3. "leave," in f. e. "love."  
837.—1. "like a fool, the way to lose him," in f. e. "like a fool: the way to lose him."  
2. "credence," in f. e. "evidence."  
838.—1. "Our," in f. e. "One."  
2. "foils," in f. e. "soils."  
3. "Fall," in f. e. "Call."  
4. "feels," in f. e. "ports."  
5. "lord," in f. e. "dear'd."  
839.—1. "arm-girt," in f. e. "arrogant" and "termagant."  
2. "boastfully," in f. e. "beastly."  
3. "warm," in f. e. "wand'd."  
4. "Lay," in f. e. "tie."  
5. "flood," in f. e. "field."  
840.—1. "[Shake hands," not in f. e.  
2. "No," in f. e. "As."  
841.—1. "you," in f. e. "your."  
2. "for," in f. e. "of."   
3. "My," in f. e. "By."  
4. "hearts," in f. e. "heart."  
5. "and," in f. e. "of."  
842.—1. "Smell," in f. e. "Swell."  
2. f. e. add, "and a Soothsayer."  
3. "with," in f. e. "my."  
4. "Enter a Soothsayer," not in f. e.  
5. "afear'd," in f. e. "a Fear."  
843.—1. "ELKS," not in f. e.  
2. "O! from Italy," in f. e. these words precede the direction, "Enter," &c.  
3. "his," in f. e. "is."  
4. "Knife," in f. e. "Dagger."  
5. "ELKS," not in f. e.  
844.—1. "[Flourish," not in f. e.

- 844.—2. "Targes," in f. e. "Air targes."  
 3. "[*They take hands*," not in f. e.  
 845.—1. "pyramids," in f. e. "pyramises."  
 2. f. e. "[*Aside*]," not in f. e.  
 3. "[*Walks aside*," in f. e. "[*Rises and walks aside*,"  
 6. "then," in f. e. "there."  
 846.—1. "Profess," in f. e. "Possess."  
 2. "*by the Boy*," not in f. e.  
 3. "The burden," not in f. e.  
 4. f. e. add. "*of Trumpets with Drums*"  
 5. "deeds," in f. e. "deed."  
 6. "Gains," in f. e. "Grants."  
 847.—1. "Elis, the Messenger," in f. e. "a Messenger."  
 2. "you," in f. e. "she."  
 848.—1. "but look'd," in f. e. "not took't."  
 2. "stay," in f. e. "stain."  
 3. "their," in f. e. "the."  
 849.—1. "held," in f. e. "left."  
 2. "Of," in f. e. "On."  
 3. "they," in f. e. "who."  
 4. "wronged," in f. e. "wrong led."  
 5. "his," in f. e. "their" and "them."  
 850.—1. "[*Giving it*," not in f. e.  
 2. "hag," in f. e. "nag."  
 3. f. e. insert here, "[*Aside*,"  
 851.—1. "By," in f. e. "A."  
 2. "what," in f. e. "on what."  
 852.—1. "mooted," in f. e. "mewed."  
 2. "qualities," in f. e. "quality."  
 3. "miseries," in f. e. "measures."  
 4. "bud," in f. e. "buds."  
 5. "who is," not in f. e.  
 6. "that in deputation," in f. e. "this in disputation."  
 7. "[*Tyrus kisses*," &c., not in f. e.  
 853.—1. "that," in f. e. "this."  
 2. "Re-enter," &c., in f. e. this line is put at the end of *Antony's* speech.  
 3. "but," in f. e. "thou."  
 4. "a," in f. e. "and."  
 854.—1. f. e. insert here, "[*Aside*,"  
 2. "who," in f. e. "whom."  
 3. "Omnes," in f. e. "Sold."  
 4. "[*Speaking together*," in f. e. "[*Several speaking together*,"  
 5. "Omnes," in f. e. "Sold." [*Several speaking*,"  
 6. "mine," in f. e. "thine."  
 7. "Thus it must be," in f. e. these words form part of *Cleopatra's* speech.  
 8. "hear," in f. e. "hear."  
 9. "armed Soldier," in f. e. "officer armed."  
 10. "Sold," in f. e. "1 Offic."  
 855.—1. "Captains," i. e. f. e. "Officers."  
 2. "Capt," in f. e. "2 Offic."  
 3. "[*Exeunt all but ENOBARBUS*," in f. e. "[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his train*,"  
 4. "[*Shouts afar off*," not in f. e.  
 5. "gests," in f. e. "gests."  
 856.—1. f. e. insert here, "[*To SCARUS*,"  
 2. "[*Pointing to SCARUS*," not in f. e.  
 3. "glowing," in f. e. "holy."  
 4. "[*Lying down*," not in f. e.  
 5. "fore sleep," in f. e. "for sleep."  
 6. "Do early," in f. e. "Demurely."  
 857.—1. "spell of Egypt! this great charm," in f. e. "soul of Egypt! this grave charm."  
 2. "doits," in f. e. "dolts."  
 3. "under," in f. e. "into."  
 4. "Cæsar's," in f. e. "Cæsar."

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 857.—5. "me," not in f. e.  
 6. "minded," in f. e. "mind."  
 858.—1. "his face," not in f. e.  
 2. "compos'd," in f. e. "dispos'd."  
 3. 4. "below," not in f. e.  
 5. "Thou," in f. e. "The."  
 859.—1. "condition," in f. e. "conclusion."  
 2. "port," in f. e. "sport."  
 3. f. e. insert here, "[*She faints*,"  
 4. "that," not in f. e.  
 5. "Split that self noble heart," in f. e. "Splitted the heart."  
 6. "Weighed," in f. e. "Waged."  
 7. "Have I followed thee to this?" in f. e. "I have followed thee to this."  
 860.—1. "All," in f. e. "Agr. Mec."  
 2. "dug," in f. e. "dung."  
 3. 4. 5. f. e. insert here, "[*Within*,"  
 6. "[*Disarms her*," in f. e. "[*Seizes and disarms her*,"  
 7. "accessary," in f. e. "necessary."  
 861.—1. "smites," in f. e. "shoots."  
 2. "[*Showing a Paper*," not in f. e.  
 3. "Ye," in f. e. "The."  
 4. "mischance," in f. e. "my chance."  
 862.—1. "And," in f. e. "Ara."  
 2. "[*Flourish*," not in f. e.  
 3. "spoken," in f. e. "spoke."  
 4. "assur'd," in f. e. "absurd."  
 5. "Re-enter," in f. e. "Enter."  
 6. "adder-worm," in f. e. "odd worm."  
 7. "nine," in f. e. "five."  
 863.—1. "[*She applies the Asp*," &c., in f. e. "[*To the Asp which she applies*," &c.  
 2. "Why," in f. e. "What."  
 3. "[*Falls, and dies*," in f. e. "[*Falls on a bed, and dies*,"  
 4. "all his Train," in f. e. "Attendants."

## CYMBELINE.

- 864.—1. "of," in f. e. "behind."  
 865.—1. "of's," in f. e. "of."  
 2. "for," in f. e. "to."  
 3. "Strange," in f. e. "That."  
 866.—1. "a beggar would," &c., in f. e. "a beggar; would'st," &c.  
 867.—1. "approbations," in f. e. "approbation."  
 2. "and her colours, are wont wonderfully," &c., in f. e. "under her colors, are wonderfully," &c.  
 3. "more," in f. e. "less."  
 868.—1. "you'll," in f. e. "you."  
 2. "alearn," in f. e. "a friend."  
 3. "good your vantage," in f. e. "your voyage."  
 4. "[*She talks apart*," not in f. e.  
 5. f. e. insert here, "[*Aside*,"  
 869.—1. "instruction," in f. e. "instructions."  
 2. "the," in f. e. "a."  
 3. "and presents it," not in f. e.  
 4. "chancest," in f. e. "changest."  
 5. "cope," in f. e. "crop."  
 6. "O'er," in f. e. "Of."  
 7. "th' unnumber'd," in f. e. "the number'd."  
 8. "to," not in f. e.  
 870.—1. "account beyond," in f. e. "account his beyond."  
 2. "bo-peeping," in f. e. "by peeping" and "lie peeping."

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 870.—3. "pay," in f. e. "play."  
 4. "condem," in f. e. "condem'd."  
 871.—1. "outstay'd," in f. e. "outstaid."  
 2. "as from the Bowling-alley," not in f. e.  
 3. "great," not in f. e.  
 4. "HELEN," in f. e. "a Lady."  
 5. "HELEN," in f. e. "a Lady."  
 872.—1. "[*Kissing her*," not in f. e.  
 2. "the," in f. e. "these."  
 3. "[*Takes out his tables*," not in f. e.  
 4. "dare," in f. e. "bare."  
 5. f. e. add. "The scene closes."  
 6. "fault," in f. e. "vice."  
 7. "an," not in f. e.  
 8. "[*Calla*," in f. e. "[*Knocks*,"  
 9. "and makes," in f. e. "yea and makes."  
 874.—1. "had," in f. e. "have."  
 2. "are," in f. e. "is."  
 3. "most," not in f. e.  
 4. "winged," in f. e. "wink ng."  
 875.—1. "foaming," in f. e. "German."  
 876.—1. "Clo," not in f. e.  
 2. "Cyn," not in f. e.  
 3. "by half," in f. e. "behalf."  
 877.—1. "bob," in f. e. "bribe" and "babe."  
 2. "vigor," in f. e. "figure."  
 3. "[*Horns wind*," not in f. e.  
 4. "[*Horn*," not in f. e.  
 878.—1. "[*Pis, offers a Letter*," not in f. e.  
 2. "[*Giving it*," not in f. e.  
 3. "Who smothers her with painting," in f. e. "Whose mother was her painting."  
 4. "followers," in f. e. "fellows."  
 5. "crack mine eye-balls first," in f. e. "wake mine eye-balls blind first."  
 6. "And," not in f. e.  
 879.—1. "empty," not in f. e.  
 2. "Privy, yet full," in f. e. "Pretty, and full."  
 3. "carriage," in f. e. "courage."  
 4. "rebuke," in f. e. "rebukes."  
 880.—1. "thy," in f. e. "my."  
 881.—1. "[*Seeing the Cave*," not in f. e.  
 2. "[*Exit into the Cave*," in f. e. "[*She enters the Cave*,"  
 3. "into the Cave," not in f. e.  
 4. "commands," in f. e. "commands."  
 882.—1. "perverse errant," in f. e. "imper-severant."  
 2. "[*They stand back*," not in f. e.  
 884.—1. "leafy," in f. e. "leaf of."  
 2. "winter-guard," in f. e. "winter-ground."  
 3. "is," in f. e. "are."  
 4. "and lasses must," in f. e. "and girls all must."  
 5. "[*They place him beside IMOGEN*," not in f. e.  
 885.—1. "For lo!" in f. e. "For so."  
 2. "thy," in f. e. "this."  
 3. "are," in f. e. "here."  
 886.—1. "with," in f. e. "our."  
 2. "You," in f. e. "Does."  
 3. "had," in f. e. "heard."  
 4. f. e. insert here, "[*Aside*,"  
 887.—1. "later," in f. e. "elder."  
 2. "men," in f. e. "them."  
 3. "Trumpets and Drums," not in f. e.  
 4. "Alarums on both sides," not in f. e.  
 5. 6. "Alarums," not in f. e.  
 7. "Briton," in f. e. "British."  
 888.—1. "Briton," in f. e. "British."  
 2. "we," in f. e. "us."  
 889.—1. "[*Finding the Tablet*," not in f. e.

















